

Drawing Pins

Nothing But Thieves

Every light is blinding
Every minute lasts all day
Every thought is fighting
They're not falling into place

I'm held down by drawing pins
They pierce the skin
Lights are on but one's in
When you talk
I don't feel like I belong here at all

Tell me what you did it,
what you did it, what you did it for
Cos I can't figure it out

I could use some Magick
C'mon Crowley, let me in

I'm held down by drawing pins
They pierce the skin
I try not to fall asleep
When you talk
I don't think I belong here at all

What do I have to do
To be loved, loved by you