

Better Things

Passion Pit

That was our fifth song
And I hope you enjoyed it
Now this would be our best song
That you have ever heard
The dirt bike's going on stage
Thank you

You're gonna drive me crazy
You're gonna drive me mad
You got an angel on your shoulder
Makin' hairpins out of glass

I believe in believing
The things that we don't see
And the skin violin is where
The neighbors won't read meals

And the family heirloom jewelry
With sets and heaps of thieves
Will cast down things
That you've never ever seen

Like the gods, like the glory, like the stories
That your fathers set before you
Ride the tiger 'round the kingdom, oh no
Oh no, there's a meeting in the canyons
Oh no, this is rising to the clouds

You're gonna drive me crazy
You're gonna drive me mad
You got an angel on your shoulder
Makin' hairpins out of glass

Baby, don't be unhappy
Baby, don't be sad
Better things are coming
I swear there's truth in that

I'm shooting off the cannons
And the clouds begin to flow
And the baskets weave but the ones heap
Are the ones we'll never keep

Just pretend that things are mobile
And they're never staying put
And the way we were the day
We climbed to the top of the steeple

With it's people spewing angels out their mouths
And letting tables turn to charcoal
In the lipstick and the lipstick in the evening
Oh no, we were waving like the trees
Oh no, then they moved us to the sky

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Makin' hairpins outta glass

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Two or three times the bell will ring
It's when we look for the better things
We search for this, we all have none
I feel it crash upon your skin

I find it hard to believe there's more
Of these things behind the door
Do you miss me like I miss you?
Do I miss you like you miss me?

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