

We Are Pilots

Shiny Toy Guns

Holding close my secrets
Naked broken pieces
-from the madness in what you do
The fingers point right back at you
What about my problems?
The people try to solve them
I guess I'm under the weather...
Since no one else belongs here, with me

[Chorus]

Hello mother,
Some news for you:)
I'm really not that crazy.
Hello father,
I'm curious?
Why you think there's something wrong with me.

Sunday I cried all night...
And it hurt so bad
But if you try to understand--

This is who I am.

Color coated sweetness
Swords beneath my clean dress
I'm making sense of shattered dreams
Because I want you to be proud of me
What about my problems?
The people try to solve them?
I guess i'm under the weather
Since no one else belongs here with me....