

clouds above my head

Tiny Moving Parts

I am sick of this cycle turning in the opposite direction
You made me so happy way back in kindergarten
The first kiss we created during recess at the daycare
The time out sessions nearby the closets
They were beyond worth it. They were beyond worth it
Let it flood, let it flood, let it flood with love

The children in the background, they've always stayed in focus
The camera could never do its justice
And I'm still sick to my stomach about it
The aperture was far too open for you to even notice
And the light blinds my expression
And all of the attention was never what they wanted in the first place
I've always had the darkest clouds above my head

Storms bring me nothing but problems
Why?

Signs for good luck are never good signs (never good signs)
They higher your hopes up just to see you die inside
Please lie to me, tell me that I am okay
Because it's getting worse, it's getting worse
And I guess when you're a kid stuck inside a candy store
You're bound to get sick of everything
And I have learned that signs for good luck are never good signs
They higher your hopes up just to see you die inside