

Smooth It Out

Tiny Moving Parts

It's like second-hand smoke in your lungs
You cough, you cough, you cough, you cough, you cough
But it's okay
It's a phase, they say
Breathing is just temporary medicine
Nothing seems to matter
When no one needs noticing
The missteps, the smoke breaks
It's all in your head they say

Try to smooth it out
Scan an open road, distort the traffic
Never getting used to these second guesses
I can't pretend these things never happened
In every silence, there is a static
There is a static
So I'll try to smooth it out
It's whatever
Let me be the weight on your shoulders
I'll try to smooth it out

I will starve myself
I will do anything
'Cause you yawn
To turn life mute
I will starve myself
I will do anything
'Cause you yawn
To turn life mute
I will starve myself
I will do anything
To help

Scan an open road, distort the traffic
Never getting used to these second guesses
I can't pretend these things never happened
In every silence, there is a static
Scan an open road, distort the traffic
Never getting used to these second guesses
I can't pretend these things never happened
It's all in your head

It's like second-hand smoke
(You cough, you cough, you cough, you cough, you cough)
It's like second-hand smoke
(You cough, you cough, you cough, you cough, you cough)
It's like second-hand smoke
(You cough, you cough, you cough, you cough, you cough)
The missteps, the smoke breaks
It's all in your head