

# Pipsqueak

## Braid

fixing up the broken door  
a fresh collage of wood and oil  
once a stately iron gate  
pressure's on to renovate  
too late water makes the hinges swing  
water hinges everything  
i was once immovable  
eager to stay comfortable  
growing up getting tall  
trust in not a thing at all  
i was taught to never hate  
but it's too late i can taste it  
not a drop is wasted  
lets synchronize our watches baby  
i'm afraid of the dark  
when in pain you cry  
from the most sensitive part of your eyes this a come on? come on  
shake me like a bad sun  
till i'm cool

Lyrics provided by

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