

Pretty Buildings

People In Planes

I will dive into my sleep
And dream of the pretty buildings
Wonder what she's doing now
And whether she's still living

Telegraph your points of view
And Shepard me from silence
Sitting in this fit of rage
Fall down from my pedestal

I don't wanna feel this low again
I ain't gonna steal your flame again
I don't wanna feel

Cause you know it hurts like hell
So come out of the closet
Let's talk about it
Cause you know it hurts like hell

Flowers bloom in harmony
And mix tapes from the sixties
Few will buy the LSD
He looks into his future

I don't wanna feel this low again
I ain't gonna steal your flame again
I don't wanna feel

Cause you know it hurts like hell
So come out of the closet
Let's talk about it
Cause you know it hurts like hell

Morning came and I was dead
Before I left for school
We'll paint the smiles onto our heads
To keep away from the animals

And you know it hurts like hell
So when you reach the top

Just throw yourself off
And you know it hurts like hell

That's you in a nut shell, that's you in a nut shell

And you know it hurts like hell
So come out of the closet
And let's talk about it
And you know it hurts like hell

That's you in a nut shell, that's you in a nut shell

Lyrics submitted by Brittany.

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