

# 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

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Lyrics submitted by Brittany.

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