

# Pick Up The Pieces

## Eve 6

Whoooooah  
Whoooooah  
Your mother saved you?re medals  
She put them in a box in a room  
Basket, base, and footballs  
Plastic creatures from the county zoo  
She thinks about you often  
She has no idea you?re rotten  
All the colors have run off and you have been exposed  
Now let me do the talking  
With a hymn and a secret hid beneath a broken heart  
Can you start?to pick up the pieces  
A hymn and a secret love  
Beneath a bleacher  
Wham, bam, fold the hand  
Pick up the pieces  
Whoooooah  
Whoooooah  
Blessed by your genetics  
You possess a certain aesthetic charm  
But something?s disconnected  
And you?re quite capable of causing harm

Your malice is volcanic  
Your insecurity titanic  
Your mood is always manic and I do suppose  
This masquerade?s become a habit  
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Can you start?to pick up the pieces  
A hymn and a secret love beneath the bleacher  
Wham, bam, fold the hand  
Pick up the pieces  
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