We Are Pilots

Shiny Toy Guns

Holding close my secrets
Naked broken pieces
From the madness in what you do
The fingers point right back at youWhat about my problems?
The people try to solve them
I guess Im under the weather
Since no one else belongs here, with meHello mother, some news for you
Im really not that crazy
Hello father, I'm curious?
Why you think there's something wrong with meSunday I cried all night and it hurt so bad
But if you try to understand, this is who I amColor coated sweetness
Swords beneath my clean dress
I'm making sense of shattered dreams
Because I want you to be proud of meWhat about my problems?
The people try to solve them?
I guess Im under the weather
Since no one else belongs here with me

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