

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 you
What about my problems?
The people try to solve them
I guess I'm under the weather
Since no one else belongs here, with me
Hello mother, some news for you
I'm really not that crazy
Hello father, I'm curious?
Why you think there's something wrong with me
Sunday I cried all night and it hurt so bad
But if you try to understand, this is who I am
Color coated sweetness
Swords beneath my clean dress
I'm making sense of shattered dreams
Because I want you to be proud of me
What about my problems?
The people try to solve them?
I guess I'm under the weather
Since no one else belongs here with me

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