Pardon Me

He Is We

Pardon me for my lack of excitement
But I'm not entirely thrilled
St-st-stutter when I talk, flail around as I walk
Yeah the moments been killed
And I'm not good at this no, not all
I'm not good at this
I'm a wreck and I know it and I tend to show it every chance that I get
Butterflies in the skies they just fly on by
They're making me sick
They don't flutter about I'd do without
All they do is kick
Mean it truly
Sincere heart
Why do you do this to me, tear me apart?
It's my fault and I know it and I tend to blow it no thanks to you
It's like you sit and you watch me
You poke and you taunt me

It's all that you do
And I'm not fighting that no, not at all
Just want to be something, a name you call
The lips you taste just to fall madly in love
Mean it truly
Sincere heart
Why do you do this to me, tear me apart?
I got my eyes set on you
My heart is burning red
All of my words come out wrong
Run circles in my head
You had me and I melted
In the palm of your hand
You know it, yes I felt it
You'll never understand
Mean it truly
Sincere heart
Why do you do this to me, tear me apart?

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