FLAWS

Shane Dawson

When all of your flaws and all of my flaws
Are laid out one by one
A wonderful part of the mess that we made
We pick ourselves undone

All of your flaws and all of my flaws
They lie there hand in hand
Ones we've inherited, ones that we learned
They pass from man to man

There's a hole in my soul
I can't fill it I can't fill it
There's a hole in my soul
Can you fill it? Can you fill it?

You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground
Dig them up; let's finish what we've started
Dig them up, so nothing's left unturned

All of your flaws and all of my flaws,
When they have been exhumed
We'll see that we need them to be who we are
Without them we'd be doomed

There's a hole in my soul
I can't fill it I can't fill it
There's a hole in my soul
Can you fill it? Can you fill it?

You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground
Dig them up; let's finish what we've started
Dig them up, so nothing's left unturned

Oooooh
Oooooh

When all of your flaws
And all of my flaws are counted

When all of your flaws
And all of my flaws are counted

You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground
Dig them up. Let's finish what we've started
Dig them up. So nothing's left unturned

Oooooh
Oooooh

All of your flaws and all of my flaws
Are laid out one by one
Look at the wonderful mess that we made
We pick ourselves undone

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