Pick Up the Pieces

Eve 6

Whoooooaah
Whoooooaah
Your mother saved youre 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 youre rotten
All the colors have run off and you have been exposed
Now let me do the talkingWith a hymn and a secret hid beneath a broken heart
Can you startto pick up the pieces
A hymn and a secret love
Beneath a bleacher
Wham, bam, fold the hand
Pick up the pieces
Whoooooaah
WhoooooaahBlessed by your genetics
You possess a certain aesthetic charm
But somethings disconnected
And youre quite capable of causing harm
Your malice is volcanic
Your insecurity titanic
Your mood is always manic and I do suppose
This masquerades become a habitWith a hymn and a secret hid beneath a broken heart
Can you startto pick up the pieces
A hymn and a secret love beneath the bleacher
Wham, bam, fold the hand
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