

# Eggshells

## The Greatful Dead

Dodging dried vomit on the sidewalk as I walk  
I'm singing some stupid song I heard on the radio  
Strolling down the most important street in NashvilleHolding in my left hand the weak mans hammer  
I always keep an extra set of nails in case I break one  
But nothing ever seems to get broken in my worldAnd that's just the problem with me these days  
I'm walking on eggshells  
And nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right  
I don't know how to get helpI'm walking on eggshells  
And I can't feel a thing  
And nothing ever happens to meNothing in this world it seems can sweep me off my feet  
Everything's amazing, but only in theory  
Someone help me 'cause I'm losing it quietlyAnd that's just the problem with me these days  
I'm walking on eggshells  
And nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right  
I don't know how to get helpAnd everything is perfect  
But nothing ever moves me, no  
And nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right  
Give me feathers or give me nails, I'm walking on eggshellsYou might be the one for me  
But I will never know  
Can't fall in love if I've fallen asleepWill I ever wake up?  
I'm walking on eggshellsAnd nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right  
I don't know how to get helpAnd everything is perfect  
But nothing ever moves me, no  
Nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right  
Give me feathers or give me nails, I'm walking on eggshells  
Give me feathers or give me nails, I'm walking on eggshellsAnd everything is perfect  
And I can't feel a thing  
And everything is perfect

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