

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 Nashville Holding 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 world And 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 help I'm walking on eggshells
And I can't feel a thing
And nothing ever happens to me Nothing 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 quietly And 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 help And 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 eggshells You might be the one for me
But I will never know
Can't fall in love if I've fallen asleep Will I ever wake up?
I'm walking on eggshells And nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right
I don't know how to get help And 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 eggshells And everything is perfect
And I can't feel a thing
And everything is perfect

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