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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