Pins And Needles

CharMaine Ford

Paper thin conviction
Turning another page
Planning how to build myself to be
Everything that I am not at all

Sometimes I get tired of pins and needles
For I turn a fire on the skin
And I'm growing fond of broken people
As I see that I am one of them
I'm one of them
I'm one of them oh

Oh why must I work so hard
Just so I can feel like the noble ones
Obligations to my heart of gold
Superficial lines explain it all

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For I turn a fire on the skin
Oh I'm growing fond of broken people
As I see that I am one of them
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Oh And I'm growing fond of broken people
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