

# Pins And Needles

## Mutemath

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

Sometimes I get tired of pins and needles  
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  
Sometimes I get tired of pins and needles  
For I turn a fire on the skin  
Oh 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  
I'm one of them  
I'm one of them

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