

# Eggshells

Hawk Nelson

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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