

Pins And Needles

Pop Rivets

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>