

# Bastille, Flaws

When all of your flaws and all of my flaws  
Are laid out one by one  
The wonderful part of the mess that we made  
We pick ourselves undone

All of your flaws and all of my flaws  
They lie there hand in hand  
Ones we've inherited, ones that we learned  
They pass from man to man

There's a hole in my soul  
I can't fill it I can't fill it  
There's a hole in my soul  
Can you fill it? Can you fill it?

You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve  
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground  
Dig them up  
Let's finish what we've started  
Dig them up  
So nothing's left untouched

All of your flaws and all of my flaws,  
When they have been exhumed  
We'll see that we need them to be who we are  
Without them we'd be doomed

There's a hole in my soul  
I can't fill it I can't fill it  
There's a hole in my soul  
Can you fill it? Can you fill it?

You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve  
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground  
Dig them up  
Let's finish what we've started  
Dig them up  
So nothing's left untouched

Ooooooh, ooooooh  
Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu...

When all of your flaws  
And all of my flaws are counted  
When all of your flaws  
And all of my flaws are counted

You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve  
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground  
Dig them up  
Let's finish what we've started  
Dig them up  
So nothing's left untouched

Ooooooh, ooooooh

All of your flaws and all of my flaws  
Are laid out one by one  
Look at the wonderful mess that we made  
We pick ourselves undone