

Blue October, Picking Up Pieces

I really need to talk with you
I keep stepping on the vein
That keeps my lifeline flowing thru
I wanna be your perfect stick of glue
But I dont feel perfect at all
Sad and insecure flaw
I find it hard to hold conversation
I get sweaty sick and I wanna walk away
Its not you its strictly me in this situation
Im wondering will it ever go awayjust go away
sometimes I feel like weeping
awake and when Im sleeping
perfecting how to put a game face on
this puzzle Ive been keeping
has been in hiding creeping out the closet door
spilling out onto the floor
How long will I be picking up pieces
How long will I be picking up my heart
Ill be as honest as I feel
Im getting more paranoid and Im hearing things
And they never turn out real
It feels like my heart is made of pure steel
Its just so heavy all the time
Yea Im scared of death
And Im scared of living
I gave up on the past cause its unforgiving
I misplaced my trust
I watched my word begin to rust
Im a balloon about to bust
I need a place for reliving
But sometimes I feel like weeping
awake and when Im sleeping
perfecting how to put a game face on
this puzzle Ive been keeping
has been in hiding creeping out the closet door
spilling out onto the floor
How long will I be picking up pieces
How long will I be picking up my heart
How long (in another space and time)
Will I be picking up pieces in the corner of my mind
How long (its getting oh so hard to find)
Keep picking up pieces in the corner of my mind
But I still walk on