

Chevelle, Mia

Watch me heap up what I've sown
I'm made of peanuts, not of shells
God spares a quality of himself
Uniquely designed but we can't help ourselves

So - Why, I made the face that bugs you
I won't design conversation around you
I made the face that bugs you

Spyglass scans the fields
Hold my hand, feel a chill in here
Tired of looking through you
I've found myself, can you find you

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I won't design

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Why, I made the face
I won't design