

MGMT, Pieces Of What

When the world has turned
Paralyzed and wrong
Cold blooded claws
Never offered anything at all
Past the point of love
Shattered and untied
Waiting to pick up the pieces
That make it all alright

But pieces of what
Pieces of what
Pieces of what
Doesn't matter any more

Moonlight on my floor
Shining through the roof
They got the city surrounded
As if I needed proof
I forgot my fear
Feelings on the rise
Burying all of the pieces
Falling from the sky

But pieces of what
Pieces of what
Pieces of what
We used to call home
Pieces of what
We used to call home

Lay my dragon's teeth
And shallow water still
At the Belgian gates
I waited for my meal