Shawn Mullins, Eggshells

She slees with the windows open
yet she's still locked safe inside
and to block out the sounds of the city's commotion
she turns her fan up on high
yea she lives just far enough away from home
to see the whole scene
and down the street the kids throw sticks and stones
and end up on the the TV screen
yea they throw their sticks and stones
and end up on the TV screen
and she used to walk on these gracefully
but now they crunch beneath her feet
I guess she must be changin'
there's just no way to keep it neat
and her father still barks like a soldier
returning from victory
but now eh's much older
and that bark isn't as scary as it used to be
yea she watches his self torture
no one left to abuse but himself
but still her memory scorches her
and she struggles to love herself
her memory scorches her
and she struggles to love herself
and she used to walk on these gracefully
but now they crunch beneath her feet
and I guess she must be changin'
she never was to good at stayin' in her seat
and this town grows hungry and restless
hungry for what I ain't sure
but they're sweepin' the streets of the trash and the homeless
and raisin' the rent
and breakin' the poor
and I used to walk on these gracefully
but now they crunch beneath my feet
and I guess I must be changin'
there's just no way to keep it neat
I used to walk on these gracefully
I guess I must be changin'...