

# Shawn Mullins, Eggshells

She sleeps 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'...