

Tokyo Rose, The Tin Man Gets His Heart

You hold your head in your hands
Your pregnant sighs are fully loaded
You hold your breath like a gun
Or just like a grenade before you throw it
Into the first place that you belong
Straight at the first face you can count on
You couldn't be more wrong
Not if you said the world was flat
And were the only one
You're scared they'll lead you on
But if you just leat your guard down
You'll find you're one of them
That bitter taste in your mouth
Shows you're still reeling from rejection
That cautious pace with which you walk
Shows just how quick you'll change direction
Out of the first place that you belong
Away from faces you can count on
Your hollow chest will rust
Or maybe cave in from lack of trust
You're grasping out at straws
You think everybody's out to pick at your flaws
You couldn't be more wrong
Because you're just like all of them