

Landon Pigg, Eggshells

Dodging dried vomit on the sidewalk as I walk
Im singing some stupid song I heard on the radio
Strolling down the most important street in Nashville

Holding in my left hand the weak mans hammer
I always keep an extra set of nails in case I break one
But nothing ever seems to get broken in my world

Thats just the problem with me these days
Im walking on eggshells
Nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right
I dont know how to get help
Im walking on eggshells

And I cant feel a thing
And nothing ever happens to me

Nothing in this world it seems can sweep me off my feet
Everythings amazing, but only in theory
Someone help me cause Im losing it quietly

Thats just the problem with me these days
Im walking on eggshells
Nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right
I dont know how to get help
And everything is perfect
But nothing ever moves me
Nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right
Give me feathers or give me nails
Im walking on eggshells

You might be the one for me but I will never know
I cant fall in love if Ive fallen asleep
Will I ever wake up?
Im walking on eggshells

Nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right
I dont know how to get help
And everything is perfect
But nothing ever moves me
Nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right
Give me feathers or give me nails
Im walking on eggshells

Give me feathers or give me nails
Im walking on eggshells

Everything is perfect
I cant feel a thing
Everything is perfect