

# 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