

People In Planes, Pretty Buildings

I will dive into my sleep
And I dream of the pretty buildings.
Wonder what she's doing now
And whether she's still living.
Telegraph your points of view
And Sheppard me from silence.
Sitting in this fit of rage,
I fall down from my pedestal.
I don't wanna feel this low again.
I ain't gonna steal your flame again.
I don't wanna feel...
Cause you know it hurts like hell
So come out of the closet
Let's talk about it
Cause you know it hurts like hell
Flowers bloom in harmony
And mixtapes from the 60's.
Fueled by the LSD,
He looks into his future
I don't wanna feel this low again.
I ain't gonna steal your flame again.
I don't wanna feel...
Cause you know it hurts like hell
So come out of the closet
Let's talk about it
Cause you know it hurts like hell
Honor came and I was dead
Before I left for school.
We paint the smiles onto our heads
And keep away from the animals.
And you know it hurts like hell
So when you reach the top
Just throw yourself off
And you know it hurts like hell
And that's you in a nutshell (x2)
And you know it hurts like hell
So come out of the closet
Let's talk about it
And you know it hurts like hell
And that's you in a nutshell!
That's you in a nutshell!