Scared Of Lots Of Everything

Biffy Clyro

You're a floating work of art
Just out of eyesight
Over our heads
I'm a missing piece of
Your puzzled expression
Over and out

I'm not the same
But I can change
The things you say
So don't complain
And I wish I could change back
I'm not the same
But I can change
The things you say
So don't complain
And I wish I could change back

I'm a bubble bursting out
The speed of our infants
Over tonight
And finding chocolate bars
Stashed in a coffin
Over and out

I'm not the same
But I can change
The things you say
So don't complain
And I wish I could change back
I'm not the same
But I can change
The things you say
So don't complain
And I wish I could change back

This could hide a fire
If there's room, you can rock it tight
Girls are dressing up in twos
And does it feel
Real enough for you
Real enough for
You
You
You

Under the floorboards
There's a tonne of gold
Under the floorboards
There's a tonne of gold

How does it feel
To have a magical place called home
All of God's affection
And my eyes sewn
How does it feel
To have a magical place called home

All of God's affection
And my eyes sewn

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