

Pick Up the Pieces

EVE 6

Your mother saved your medals
She put them in a box in a room
Basket bass and footballs
Plastic creatures from the county zoo
She thinks about you often
She has no idea you're rotten
All the colours have run off and you have been exposed
Now let me do the talking

R: With a hymn and a secret
Hid beneath a broken heart
Can you start to pick up the pieces?
A hymn and a secret
Love beneath the bleacher when
Bound for the head
Pick up the pieces

Blessed by your genetics
You possess a certain aesthetic charm
Something's disconnected
And your quite capable of causing harm
Your malice is volcanic
Your insecurity titanic
Your mood is always manic and I do suppose
This masquerade's become a habit

R: