Eggshells

Landon Pigg

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

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

That's just the problem with me these days
I'm walking on eggshells
Nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right
I don't know how to get help
I'm walking on eggshells

And I can't feel a thing
And nothing ever happens to me

Nothing in this world it seems can sweep me off my feet
Everything's amazing, but only in theory
Someone help me cause I'm losing it quietly

That's just the problem with me these days
I'm walking on eggshells
Nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right
I don't 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
I'm walking on eggshells

You might be the one for me but I will never know
I can't fall in love if I've fallen asleep
Will I ever wake up?
I'm walking on eggshells

Nothing ever goes wrong and nothing ever goes right
I don't 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
I'm walking on eggshells

Give me feathers or give me nails
I'm walking on eggshells

Everything is perfect
I can't feel a thing
Everything is perfect