

You hate your chin
And I hate my collarbone
My ribs are too big
And you'd buy another nose
If you could afford it with all of the change
You make at the tables you wait

My hair is boring
And you hate the sound of your
Voice in recordings, and ever since we
Packed up and
Left Philadelphia we thought the light
Of the coast would make everything right
But

We are, broken
People, holding
Onto, something
But I wanna hold onto you, yeah

Remember the night, when we cursed
Yesterday
Facing a mirror, planning our getaway?
Now it makes it easier now that we know
That I love your chin, and you love my
Collarbone

Here's to the arm, that you broke in 6th
Grade and it
Never really healed and it gets in the way
And I
Know that you hate it, but I love the shape
Of how the "K" looks when you write your name

We are, broken
People, holding
Onto, something
But I wanna hold onto you, yeah

Remember the night, when we cursed
Yesterday
Facing a mirror, planning our getaway?
Now it makes it easier now that we know
That I love your chin, and you love my
Collarbone

We are, broken
(Yeah)
People, holding
(You love my you love my, yeah)
Onto, something
But I wanna hold onto you, yeah

Remember the night, when we cursed
Yesterday
Facing a mirror, planning our getaway?
Now it makes it easier now that we know

That I love your chin, and you love my
Collarbone

I spent my life, learning to hate myself
You spent the night, told me to shut my
Mouth
Now it makes it easier now that we know
That I love your chin, and you love my
Collarbone

Keys in the car yeah we can go anywhere
Aim for the stars, but you know we're
Famous here
Rolling around on a 10 dollar rug
Your chin in my collarbone fits like a hand in a glove