

Common Cold

Tiny Moving Parts

My lungs need to act like windows and open up

I
I can't
Breathe

Tell the furniture to take off their costumes
I'm sick and tired of feeling empty in a crowded room
Being claustrophobic never felt so selfish
I know I'm not crazy
I would take anything to bypass my mood
You can't consume what you're allergic to

I
I can't
I can't breathe

Turn the lights off, turn the lights off
I don't wanna see anything
Turn the lights off
Hope is all I need to bring

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I'll lay you by the door
You'll leak into the
You'll leak into the floor
You'll leak into the floorboards

I wanna hear you speak
Either you're shrinking or this place is expanding
Like sewers in the spring
An overdose of hope is all you need to bring

To the table
I've tried before
Try again
Impossible
Believe me
Believe you?
I don't believe in anything

Turn the lights off, turn the lights off
I don't wanna see anything
Turn the lights off
Hope is all I need to bring
To the table
I've tried before
Try again
Impossible
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I don't believe in anything