

Headache

Tiny Moving Parts

Let's turn back the clock
And do this one more time
It's so hard finding a purpose in my emptiness
Cause I am an icicle
You are the summer heat
A language that I can barely speak

There is a headache in my head
A pulse in my brain
Nothing will ever change (or make sense)
There is nothing at all
There is nothing at all (nothing at all)
I prefer this weight on my chest
There is nothing at all
There is nothing at all

Such slim comfort buried in old pictures (this couch is not as long as I remember)
This couch is not as long as I remember
A different shape out of place
A different pace
Such sudden news that my body can't shake
Cause my stomach won't stomach the taste
Will you hold me like a baby
And tell me the things I need to know
I never want to be alone

There is a headache in my head
A pulse in my brain
Nothing will ever change (or make sense)
There is nothing at all
There is nothing at all (nothing at all)

There is nothing at all
There is nothing at all
I prefer this weight on my chest
There is nothing at all
There is nothing at all (there's nothing at all)
I prefer this weight on my chest
There is nothing at all
There is nothing at all (there's nothing at all)