

Pretty Buildings

People In Planes

I will dive into my sleep
And I dream of the pretty buildings
Wonder what's she's doing now
And whether she's still living

Telegraph your point of view
And shepherd me from silence
Sitting in this fit of rage
I fall down from my pedestal

I don't wanna feel this low again
I ain't gonna steal your flame again
I dont wanna feel...

Cause you know it hurts like hell
So come out of the closet
Lets' talk about it
Cause you know it hurts like hell

Flowers bloom in harmony
And mix tapes from the 60's
Fueled by the LSD
He looks into his future

I don't wanna feel this low again
I ain't gonna steal your flame again
I dont wanna feel...

Cause you know it hurts like hell
So come out of the closet
Lets' talk about it
Cause you know it hurts like hell

Morning came and I was dead
Before I left for school
We paint the smiles onto our heads
And keep away from the animals

And you know it hurts like hell
So when you reach the top
Just throw yourself off
And you know it hurts like hell
That's you in a nutshell
That's you in a nutshell

And you know it hurts like hell
So come out of the closet
Let's talk about it
And you know it hurts like hell
That's you in a nutshell
That's you in a nutshell