

# Eggshells

Shawn Mullins

She sleeps with the windows open  
Yet she's still locked safe inside  
And to block out the sounds of the city's commotion  
She turns her fan up on high

Yea, she lives just far enough away from home  
To see the whole scene  
And down the street, the kids throw sticks and stones  
And end up on the the TV screen  
Yea, they throw their sticks and stones  
And end up on the TV screen

And she used to walk on these gracefully  
But now they crunch beneath her feet  
I guess she must be changin'  
There's just no way to keep it neat

And her father still barks like a soldier  
Returning from victory  
But now she's much older  
And that bark isn't as scary as it used to be

Yea, she watches his self torture  
No one left to abuse but himself  
But still her memory scorches her  
And she struggles to love herself  
Her memory scorches her  
And she struggles to love herself

And she used to walk on these gracefully  
But now they crunch beneath her feet  
And I guess she must be changin'  
She never was too good at stayin' in her seat

And this town grows hungry and restless  
Hungry for what, I ain't sure  
But they're sweepin' the streets of the trash and the homeless  
And raisin' the rent and breakin' the poor

And I used to walk on these gracefully  
But now they crunch beneath my feet  
And I guess I must be changin'  
There's just no way to keep it neat

I used to walk on these gracefully  
I guess I must be changin'