

# Pardon Me

## He Is We

Pardon me for my lack of excitement  
But I'm not entirely thrilled.  
Stutter when I talk  
Flail around as I walk  
Yeah the moment's been killed. And I'm not good at this no, not all.  
I'm not good at this. I'm a wreck and I know it  
And I tend to show it every chance that I get.  
Butterflies in the skies, they just fly on by.  
Yeah they're making me sick.  
They don't flutter about, I'd do without.  
All they do is kick.  
Mean it truly  
Sincere heart.  
Why do you do this to me?  
Tear me apart. It's my fault and I know it  
And I tend to blow it, no thanks to you.  
It's like you sit and you watch me  
You poke and you taunt me, it's all that you do.  
And I'm not fighting that no, not at all.  
Just want to be something, a name you call.  
The lips you taste just to fall, madly in love. Mean it truly  
Sincere heart.  
Why do you do this to me?  
Tear me apart.  
I got my eyes set on you  
My heart is burning red.  
All of my words come out wrong  
Run circles in my head.  
You had me and I melted  
In the palm of your hand.  
You know it yes I felt it  
You'll never understand. Mean it truly  
Sincere heart.  
Why do you do this to me?  
Tear me apart.  
Mean it truly  
Sincere heart.  
Why do you do this to me?  
Tear me apart.

