

# Flaws

## Bastille

When all of your flaws and all of my flaws  
Are laid out one by one  
The wonderful part of the mess that we made  
We pick ourselves undone All of your flaws and all of my flaws  
They lie there hand in hand  
Ones we've inherited, ones that we learned  
They pass from man to man There's a hole in my soul  
I can't fill it I can't fill it  
There's a hole in my soul  
Can you fill it? Can you fill it? You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve  
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground  
Dig them up; let's finish what we've started  
Dig them up, so nothing's left unturned  
All of your flaws and all of my flaws  
When they have been exhumed  
We'll see that we need them to be who we are  
Without them we'd be doomed There's a hole in my soul  
I can't fill it I can't fill it  
There's a hole in my soul  
Can you fill it? Can you fill it? You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve  
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground  
Dig them up; let's finish what we've started  
Dig them up, so nothing's left unturned Ooooooh  
Ooooooh  
When all of your flaws  
And all of my flaws are counted  
When all of your flaws  
And all of my flaws are counted  
You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve  
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground  
Dig them up,  
Let's finish what we've started  
Dig them up,  
So nothing's left unturned  
Ooooooh  
Ooooooh All of your flaws and all of my flaws  
Are laid out one by one  
Look at the wonderful mess that we made  
We pick ourselves undone  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

