The Draw

BÎ”STILLE

In my left hand there is the familiar
In my right hand there's the great unknown
I can see the madly different gross there
but I'm drawn to wilder nights at home
Don't listen to your friends,
see the despair, behind their eyes
Don't listen to your friends,
they only care and want to know why.I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
it's pulling me back
it's pulling me
I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
it's pulling me back
it's pulling meAre you drifting way beyond what's normal?
'Cause 'round your mind rings the words that they would say.
When you go home everything looks different
and you're scared of being left behind.
Just listen to your friends,
Trusted that fair look in their eyes
Just listen to your friends
They only care and hope you're alright.I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
it's pulling me back
it's pulling me
I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
it's pulling me back
it's pulling me(woah oh oh ohâ€¦
woah oh oh oh ohâ€¦)I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
it's pulling me back
it's pulling me
I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
it's pulling me back
it's pulling meI can feel the draw
I can feel it's pulling me back
it's pulling me back

it's pulling me
I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
it's pulling me back
it's pulling me
I can feel the draw
I can feel it's pulling me back
it's pulling me back
it's pulling me
I can feel the draw
the draw
the draw
the drawâ€¦..
the drawâ€¦

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