The Artist In The Ambulance

Thrice

Late night, brakes lock, hear the tires squeal
Red light, can't stop, so I spin the wheel
My world goes black before I
Feel an angel lift me upAnd I open bloodshot eyes
Into fluorescent white

They flip the siren, hit the lights

Close the doors, and I am goneNow I lay here owing my life

To a stranger, and I realize

That empty words are not enough

I'm left here with the question of justWhat have I to show except

The promises I never kept?

I lie here shaking on this bed

Under the weight of my regretsAnd I hope, that I will never let you down And I know, that this can be more than just

Flashing lights and soundsLook around and you'll see that at times

It feels like no one really cares

It gets me down, but I'm still gonna try to do

What's right, I know that there's aDifference between sleight of hand

And giving everything you have

There's a line drawn in the sand

I'm working up the will to cross itAnd I hope, that I will never let you down And I know, that this can be more than just

Flashing lights and soundsRhetoric can't raise the dead, I'm sick of always

Talking, when there's no change

Rhetoric can't raise the dead, I'm sick of empty words

Let's lead, and not followLate night, brakes lock, hear the tires squeal

Red light, can't stop, so I spin the wheel

My world goes black before I

Feel an angel steal me from the Greedy jaws of death and chance

And pull me in with steady hands

They've given me a second chance

The artist in the ambulanceAnd I hope, that I will never let you down

And I know, that this can be more than just

Flashing lights and soundsCan we pick you off the ground?

More than flashing lights and sounds

Songwriters

BRECKENRIDGE, EDWARD CARRINGTON / BRECKENRIDGE, JAMES RILEY / KENSRUE, DUSTIN MICHAEL / TERANISHI, TEPPEIPublished by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/