

In My Hands

[Ryan Cassata Music](#)

And I'm holding people's stories in my hands,
Cause they write me and tell me what's gone wrong.
And I'm holding people's stories in my hands,
Cause they write me and tell me who's to blame. Hey man, what you staring at?
Why you staring at me?
Don't you know that it's okay to have some courtesy.
Hey man, what you staring at?
Why you staring at my shades?
Don't you know that it's cool to be a flame,
We're all graceful anyway. Hard times, they equalize to every untied shoe,
Everybody's burning thin and burning through.
Realize, Don't terrorize, the souls that seem to cry,
In everyone's inside there's a burning out light...

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