

In Your Hands

Thrice

Bound to this couch, I lie in waiting
Watching wind blown memories
Slip past my window sill I
Can't fall asleep Voice in my head disturbs me
Waking nightmares keep
Have my cries fallen on deaf ears
Can you hear me Or am I talking to myself again
Is there anybody listening
Are you taking this in
Am I wasting my breath Tell me is the wind in your sails
Worth everything you give
Are you looking for something
Forgiveness I leave it up to you
I guess, I'm better off removed
Because the situations
Growing too thick
In your hands Could it have been something I said
Or was it something that I did
Did I ruin my chance
Have you written me off Tell me where did I cross the line
And can I work my way back this time
Will I always regret this
Decision I leave it up to you
I hope you find a good excuse
Because I've given about all that I can give
In your hands Are you taking this in
Am I wasting my breath
Did I ruin my chance
Have you written me off Are you taking this in
Am I wasting my breath
Did I ruin my chance
Have you written me off

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