

# These Hands

## Pressure 4-5

Life. It's like I'm never there  
Time. I've got no more to spare  
Awake to the sound of a million people  
Look around to see  
That no one's there[Chorus]  
Breaking out of a new cell  
What you wanted to be  
Try to reason  
Try to think

Want some sympathyUsed. These hands are used and dirty  
And screaming for something newWait. I've waited for so long  
To break away from all that's wrong  
But it's inconsequential  
It seems nothing matters

It seems nothing matters unless you scream[Chorus]Used. These hands are used and dirty  
And screaming for something newYou saidÃ¢?Â'nothingBreak up the pieces, they're killing you slowly  
No fiction fact or fantasy could make you see[Chorus]

Songwriters

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