

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 up And I open bloodshot eyes
Into fluorescent white
They flip the siren, hit the lights
Close the doors, and I am gone Now 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 just What have I to show except
The promises I never kept?
I lie here shaking on this bed
Under the weight of my regrets And I hope, that I will never let you down
And I know, that this can be more than just
Flashing lights and sounds Look 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 a Difference 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 it And I hope, that I will never let you down
And I know, that this can be more than just
Flashing lights and sounds Rhetoric 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 follow 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 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 ambulance And I hope, that I will never let you down
And I know, that this can be more than just
Flashing lights and sounds Can we pick you off the ground?
More than flashing lights and sounds

Songwriters

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