Unfold

Jason Mraz

Hands in Line
Arms close to my side
I'm fighting tides
Of an ocean's undertow
And I figure that I might not make it
I'm taking empty but seldom speaking
And the words retreat
Yeah, they breath in histories
Still at ease
And the story's untold
And my arms unfoldMy hands are high
And I'm holding on, I'm holding out
And I figure that I
Figure that I just might make it
And I'm waking empty but seldom sleeping
And the words repeat breathing histories
Into stories untold but I unfoldSee now quality is what you see now
In the corner of your eye
And don't be surprised
If you hear the bells ring
As they form from the sky
They sound bong, bong, bong, bong, ba da
Yea yea bong, bong, bong,bong ba da yea, yeaAnd I'm always holding on
And I'm already holding out
Said I'm holding out your side
And I'm holding out this time
Cause I figure that I, and I figure that I
Just might make it and I'm
Waking empty but seldom sleeping
And the words repeat breathin histories untold
But I unfold

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