

# Sitting On My Hands

## Over It

Rip the game open, Toe the line on your next breath.

Headfirst, up in arms! Or will forty shades of green

Paint their masks where I see red?

On the other hand love might fail the acid test?

So what if this time they saved the last for best?

All bets are off, all hands on deck in line to take it to the limit.

Its not like three sheets to the wind, wee wide awake with eyes wide open

Armed straight to the teeth, a dark horse biting at the bit?With ace in sleeve, out at the wheel,

As guiltless as the day is long,

Last call last chance to find strength

To watch the way the unanswered caged bird sings.

He hit the mark wee got to redefine the way

We know the ropes-should walls close in, still nothing wrong

Get up and buy in, I can face this sitting on my hands?Wont bait and switch for anything else than a clean sweep

And ill clue you in, the nick of time cuts to the quick?When friends fail and lamps burn dim

You haven got a better to reason to give.

Let keep it up and the sun wont ever set.

Give space to time and time will erase emptiness and set your stage.

The sun in her eyes made all the lies seem worth believing.

Lyrics provided by

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