

Pieces

Hoobastank

Turn around and pick up the pieces I, like a rock, sink
Sinking 'til I hit the bottom
The water is much deeper than I thought
Nothing to swim with
Kicking but I keep sinking
A lesson that no one could have ever taught 'Cause I can almost breathe the air
Right beyond my fingertips
I'll turn around and pick up the pieces
One more push and I'll be there
Back where I belong
I'll turn around and pick up the pieces I see the picture
Blurry but now it's in focus
A fairy tale I purchased on my own
But I finally woke up
Everything is better
A chance for me to open up and grow 'Cause I can almost breathe the air
Right beyond my fingertips
I'll turn around and pick up the pieces
One more push and I'll be there
Back where I belong, I mean
I'll turn around and pick up the pieces Turn around and pick up the pieces
Turn around and pick up the pieces
Turn around and pick up the pieces Suffocating sinking further almost everyday
Turn around and pick up the pieces
Barely treading water knowing I will not give up
I will not give up
I will not give up 'Cause I can almost breathe the air
Right beyond my fingertips
I'll turn around and pick up the pieces
One more push and I'll be there
Back where I belong
I'll turn around and pick up the pieces

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