

Hand

The Baroque

I'm here waiting
For something new to break my heart
So callous laden that I can't feel a thing at all
So will you catch my fall?
From lost and not found, to run and not hide
My hand inside your hand
Losing my grip falling so far
My hand inside
The fear is keeping time with the beating of my heart
I'm doin' way too much thinkin'
And it's tearing me apart
Then I, I feel you reach for me
From lost and not found, to run and not hide
My hand inside your hand

Losing my grip falling so far
My hand inside
I hear your voice and follow
So hard to believe and still I go
Yeah still I go
Lost and not found, to run and not hide
My hand inside of your hand
I'm losing my grip falling so far
My hand inside, inside of your hand
To lost and not found, to run and not hide
My hand inside of your hand
My hand inside of your hand

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