

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
I hope that I will never let you down, I know
That this can be more than just flashing lights and sound
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
Rhetoric can't raise the dead, I'm sick of
always talking
When there's no change, 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, can we pick you off the ground
More than flashing lights and sound

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