

In Your Hands

Thrice

bound to this couch, i lie in waiting
watching wind blown memories slip by my window sill
i can't fall asleep, voice in my head disturbs me
waking nightmares keep, have my cries fallen on deaf ears
can you hear me or am i....

talking to myself again, is there anybody listening
are you taking this in, am i wasting my breath
tell me, is the wind in your sails worth everything you give
are you looking for something, forgiveness

i leave it up to you, i guess i'm better off removed
because the situations growing too thick,
in your hands

could it have been something i said,
or was it something that i did
did i ruin my chance, have you written me off
tell me where did i cross the line,
and can i work my way back this time
will i always regret this decision
i leave it up to you,
i hope you find a good excuse because
i've given about all that i can give,
in your hands

are you taking this in, am i wasting my breath
did i ruin my chance, have you written me off

i could try to count the times that i've been through this in my mind,
but i'm running out of fingers and i don't have that much time

are you taking this in, am i wasting my breath
did i ruin my chance, have you written me off