

## 15 Minutes Late "Out Of Place"

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Punctuate destruction  
With your chosen circumstance  
Things that fall are rebuilt  
But they're missing what they had

So I think that I  
I will lie face down in the sand  
And wait for the tide to come in

Everything here has fallen out of place  
And I've grown tired of the taste  
There's nothing here

Everything here has fallen out of place  
And I've grown tired of the taste  
Of my own tears

I'm starting not to care  
It's all that's making sense now

Please give me my heart back  
Take my pride and keep the change  
Every single word said  
Was a meaningless exchange

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