

Nirvana "In His Hands"

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Driven conversations, even I can read
Wouldn't want to fake it, and I'm tired of this dream
Taking medications, in the back of the room
Driven conversations, he died in June.
See the stab wounds in his hands
See him dying in his room
He's dying in his room
He's dying in his room
Heading for me, heading this way
He is coming, I don't care
Wouldn't want to fake it, well I don't mind
Giving conversations to a friend of mine
Giving medications, in a lighted room
Wouldn't want to fake it, I know I should
See the stab wounds in his hands
You killed him, I don't care
Keep a promise, you would too
Keep a promise, even you
See the silence in his head
He is coming, I don't care
We're not gonna make it, well I don't mind
Wouldn't want to fake it, but I have this time
Giving conversations, to whom they don't know
Taking medications till my stomach's full.
See a famine in his head
See him coming at their heels
He loves you, give him a chance
I don't love him, I don't care
See him starving, give her hell
It is over, we don't care In His Room

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