

## Nirvana

# "In His Room In His Hands"

Visit "[In His Room In His Hands](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

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

Visit [Nirvana](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.