

Nirvana

"In His Room / In His Hands / Verse Chorus Verse"

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Driven conversations, even I can read
Wouldn't want to fake it, and I'm tired of this dream
(Not sure about this sentence)
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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