

## **Donnas, The**

### **"Out Of My Hands"**

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Iâ€™m sick of the state weâ€™re in  
And every little thread is wearing thin  
Iâ€™ve been livinâ€™ life in the slow lane  
But somethingâ€™s got to change

What time is it where you are  
Youâ€™re in bed, Iâ€™m at a bar  
Right now opposites subtract  
And I donâ€™t know if I can bridge the gap

The phone bills, and missed calls, have  
got us they got us

At the mercy of a mile  
In no place to make demands  
Iâ€™ll make it worth your while  
But right now itâ€™s out of my hands  
Itâ€™s out of my hands

Ode to sleep pillows and sheets  
The last place Iâ€™d expect us to meet  
Iâ€™ll be back before you know  
So donâ€™t worry if youâ€™re running low  
The phone bills, and missed calls, have  
got us, theyâ€™ve got us hanging

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