Elissa Franceschi "I Hold My Breath"

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Standing in a darkened space, I am told there is much time to wait. Standing in an open room, I'm in the corner, But I cannot get to you. Timing is a funny thing, Sometimes you're on, Sometimes you're off just by a second, oh, The moment comes but are you too late? You feel it inside you are wasting it. I'm a little rushed for time, but you've already started I can see you're on your way,

But I'm not on mine just yet.

You could just put me into that box, You could convince yourself I don't care so much. Well I do but I live with it and oh I learn, That maybe, yeh, maybe it's just not my turn. It's not my turn.

Watching dreams from up above they are not mine, But I know mine are good enough oh oh oh. I hold my breath in a separate line and I hope you don't notice coz' I've got my pride, yeh. I'm a little rushed for time, but you've already started oh.

I can see you're on your way, But I'm not on mine just yet.

You could just put me into that box, You could convince yourself I don't care so much. Well I do but I live with it and oh I learn, That maybe, yeh, maybe it's just not my turn. It's not my turn.

You could just put me into that box, You could convince yourself I don't care so much, Well I do but I live with it and oh I learn, That maybe, yeh, maybe it's just not my turn. No it's not my turn.

So I hold my breath, So I hold my breath, So I hold my breath, Hold my breath.

Wanna move away from the pressure, sllipping over me,

Wanna ignore the feeling that I'm not where I'm supposed to be.

х3

Wanna move away from the pressure, sllipping over me,

Wanna move away from the feeling that I'm not where I'm supposed to be.

x2

Wanna move away from the pressure, sllipping over me,

Wanna move away from the feeling.

x2

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