

Thrice "In Your Hands"

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Bound to this couch, I lie in waiting
Watching wind blown memories
Slip past my window sill I
Can't fall asleep

Voice in my head disturbs me
Waking nightmares keep
Have my cries fallen on deaf ears
Can you hear me

Or am I talking to myself again
Is there anybody listening
Are you taking this in
Am I wasting my breath

Tell me is the wind in your sails
Worth everything you give
Are you looking for something
Forgiveness

I leave it up to you
I guess, I'm better off removed
Because the situation's
Growing too thick
In your hands

Could it have been something I said
Or was it something that I did
Did I ruin my chance
Have you written me off

Tell me where did I cross the line
And can I work my way back this time
Will I always regret this
Decision

I leave it up to you
I hope you find a good excuse
Because I've given about all that I can give
In your hands

Are you taking this in

Am I wasting my breath
Did I ruin my chance
Have you written me off

Are you taking this in
Am I wasting my breath
Did I ruin my chance
Have you written me off

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