

Thrice

"The Artist in The Ambulance"

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late night, brakes lock, hear the tires squeal
red light, cant stop so i spin the wheel
my world goes black before i feel an angel lift me up
and i open bloodshot eyes into fluorescent white
they flip the siren, hit the lights, close the doors and i
am gone
now i lay here owing my life to a stranger
and i realize that empty words are not enough
i'm left here with the question of just
what have i to show except the promises i never kept?
i lie here shaking on this bed, under the weight of my
regrets
i hope that i will never let you down
i know that this can be more than just flashing lights
and sound
look around and you'll see that at times it feels like no
one really cares
it gets me down but im still gonna try to do whats right,
i know that there's

a difference between sleight of hand, and giving
everything you have
there's a line drawn in the sand, i'm working up the will
to cross it
rhetoric can't raise the dead
i'm sick of always talking when there's no change
i'm sick of empty words, let's lead and not follow
late night, brakes lock, hear the tires squeal
red light, cant stop so i spin the wheel
my world goes black before i feel an angel steal me
from the
greedy jaws of death and chance, and pull me in with
steady hands
they've given me a second chance, the artist in the
ambulance
can we pick you off the ground, more than flashing
lights and sound

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