

Out Of My Hands

The Donnas

I'm sick of the state we're in
And every little thread is wearing thin
I've been livin' life in the slow lane
But somethings got to change

What time is it where you are
You're in bed, I'm at a bar
Right now opposites subtract
And I don't know if I can bridge the gap

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

At the mercy of a mile
In no place to make demands
I'll make it worth your while
But right now it's out of my hands
It's out of my hands

Ode to sleep pillows and sheets
The last place I'd expect us to meet
I'll be back before you know
So don't worry if you're running low
The phone bills, and missed calls, have
got us, they've got us hanging