

## Dallas, Airports, Bodybags

American Music Club

Shuffling through people like cards  
I can't find anyone to take my losing hand  
Winning streak left me high and dry  
A winning streak that slowly drains from the land

I'm hanging by a thread

Forget me I pray to the day  
Tired of being stuck on a pin  
Forget me don't see me this way  
Jumping out of my skin

Hanging by a thread

Shuffling through people like cards  
Let them blow around like sand  
Maybe it'll uncover some beauty in their eyes  
Maybe it'll give me a place to breathe  
Maybe give me some room to stand

I'm hanging by a thread