

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