

# Out Of Control

Mindy Smith

The blood is dry in the wounds I hide  
The scars are settling in  
So I keep the light low and they still show  
I sit and count every stitch

What it means, what it really means  
It's time I let everything go  
That's killing me and turning me  
Spinning me so out of control  
I don't want to let go  
I don't want to let go

Don't know what for but these open doors  
Keep slamming in on me  
And if life's a joke then it's getting old  
And I hope God's looking out for me

What it means, what it really means  
It's time I let everything go  
That's killing me and turning me  
Spinning me so out of control  
I don't want to let go  
I don't want to let go

The blood in the wounds I hid  
The scars are settling in