

In His Hands

Nirvana

He is gonna chase you in and out of a dream
You're not gonna thank him and I'm tired of this dream
Take him on occassion in the back of the room
If they don't show any affection he'll died in June

See the stab wounds in his hands
See him dying in his room
He's dying in his room
He's dying in his room
Heading for me, heading this way
He is coming, I don't care

I don't want to thank you, well I don't mind
Gave his only pleasures to a friend of mine
He's not gonna catch you in a lighted room
You don't thank him I know I should

See the stab wounds in his hands
You killed him, I don't care
Keep a promise, you would too
Keep a promise, you would too
See the silence in his head
He is coming, I don't care

We're not gonna make it, well I don't mind
They don't want to thank him, they don't have any time
In a conversation whom they don't know
They don't have any patience, they're becoming slow

See a famine in his head
See him coming at their heels
He loves you, give him a chance
I don't love him, I don't care
See him starving, give her hell
It is over, we don't care