

## Sitting On My Hands

Over It

Rip the game open, Toe the line on your next breath.  
Headfirst, up in arms! Or will forty shades of green  
Paint their masks where I see red?  
On the other hand love might fail the acid test...  
So what if this time they saved the last for best?  
All bets are off, all hands on deck in line to take it to the limit.  
Its not like three sheets to the wind, we're wide awake with eyes wide open  
Armed straight to the teeth, a dark horse biting at the bit...  
With ace in sleeve, out at the wheel,  
As guiltless as the day is long,  
Last call last chance to find strength  
To watch the way the unanswered caged bird sings.  
He's hit the mark we've got to redefine the way  
We know the ropes-should walls close in, still nothing's wrong  
Get up and buy in, I can't face this sitting on my hands...  
Wont bait and switch for anything else than a clean sweep  
And ill clue you in, the nick of time cuts to the quick...  
When friends fail and lamps burn dim  
You haven't got a better to reason to give.  
Let's keep it up and the sun wont ever set.  
Give space to time and time will erase emptiness and set your stage.  
The sun in her eyes made all the lies seem worth believing.