

## Time Is In My Hands

Paddy and the Rats

We are the kids in the cradle of  
Cold, anxious nightmares  
We are the kids who sell love  
For fake hope and broken dreams  
Before the breakdown you hear us singing  
Our desperate hymns  
And no one will remember our names  
But I will stand up again

And I can say here I go on my own again  
I'll stand up for me now  
Sure I know time is in my hands  
And I will keep it in mind  
That I will rule my world this time  
Now I clean down all my grime  
Here I go on my own again

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