

## Out Of My Hands

The Donnas

I'm sick of the state we're in  
And every little thread is wearing thin  
I've been livin' life in the slow lane  
But somethings got to change

What time is it where you are  
You're in bed, I'm at a bar  
Right now opposites subtract  
And I don't know if I can bridge the gap

The phone bills, and missed calls, have  
got us they've got us

At the mercy of a mile  
In no place to make demands  
I'll make it worth your while  
But right now it's out of my hands  
It's out of my hands

Ode to sleep pillows and sheets  
The last place I'd expect us to meet  
I'll be back before you know  
So don't worry if you're running low  
The phone bills, and missed calls, have  
got us, they've got us hanging