

Hoobastank, Pieces

Turn around and pick up the pieces
I, like a rock, sink
Sinking til I hit the bottom
The water is much deeper than I thought
Nothing to swim with
Kicking but I keep sinking
A lesson that no one could have ever taught
Cause I can almost breathe the air
Right beyond my fingertips
I'll turn around and pick up the pieces
One more push and I'll be there
Back where I belong
I'll turn around and pick up the pieces
I see the picture
Blurry but now it's in focus
A fairy tale I purchased on my own
I finally woke up
Everything is better
A chance for me to open up and grow
I can almost breathe the air
Right beyond my fingertips
I'll turn around and pick up the pieces
One more push and I'll be there
Back where I belong
I'll turn around and pick up the pieces
Suffocating sinking further almost everyday
Barely treading water knowing I will not give up
I will not give up
I will not give up
I can almost breathe the air
Right beyond my fingertips
I'll turn around and pick up the pieces
One more push and I'll be there
Back where I belong
I'll turn around and pick up the pieces
Turn around and pick up the pieces