

# 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