

# Nirvana, In His Room (Hands)

Driven conversations, even I can read (dream?)  
Wouldn't want to fake it, and I'm tired of this dream (?)  
Taking medications, in the back of the room  
Driven conversations, he died in June.  
See the stab wounds in his hands  
See him dying in his room  
He's dying in his room  
He's dying in his room  
Heading for me, heading this way  
He is coming, I don't care  
Wouldn't want to fake it, well I don't mind  
Giving conversations to a friend of mine  
Giving medications, in a lighted room  
Wouldn't want to fake it (thank him?), I know I should  
See the stab wounds in his hands  
You killed him, I don't care  
Keep a promise, you would too  
Keep a promise, you would too  
See the silence in his head  
He is coming, I don't care  
We're not gonna make it, well I don't mind  
Wouldn't want to fake it, but I have this time (?)  
Giving conversations, to (?) whom they don't know  
Taking medications till my stomach's full.  
See a famine in his head  
See him coming at their heels  
He loves you, give him a chance  
I don't love him, I don't care  
See him starving, give her hell  
It is over, we don't care In His Room  
This verse is from the Offramp Club (11/90) and appears  
on "Outcesticide" and "A Season In Hell". It was repeated  
for all 3 verses. I think the chorus is the same as the  
previous version.  
Wouldn't wanna fake it, even if I try  
Feelin' so sedated, even if I'm high  
Taking medications, Till my stomach's full  
Wouldn't want to fake it, running in the hole. (2nd & 3rd repeat: going)