

Finger Eleven, Panic Attack

Thought I could fake this thing alright
Thought it could somehow get me by
Watching the doctors as they slide
Needles into my eye

Thought I could finally get around
Laughable symptoms keep me down
Faces I see all keep me blind
And now they're redemption's mine

Now that I can't exchange actions for words
Now that I found these inside fears the worst
Now that I know there's no place left to hide
Can I become all I thought I might

As the leaders who follow the path of whoever was standing round them
Call to say what I'm missing and into a detail they always go
Don't believe them but offer condolences under the circumstances
All too often I'm missing the spirit to fit in so call me out

Thought I could soundly sleep tonight
Positive clear and breathing right
Panic attacks, panic attacks me now
Seems like a fair redemption