

Nickel Creek, Hanging By A Thread

There's a kind of emptiness
That consumes you
There's a kind of hunger
That can eat you up
There's a cold and darker side
Of the moonlight
And there's a lonely side of love

With you here
Baby I am strong
No sign of weakness
With you gone
Baby I am hanging by a thread

There's a certain kind of pain
That can numb you
There's a type of freedom
That can tie you down
Sometimes the unexplained can define you
Sometimes silence is the only sound

With you here
Baby I am strong
No sign of weakness
With you gone
Baby I am hanging by a thread

Interlude

With you here
Baby I am strong
No sign of weakness
With you gone
Baby I am hanging by a thread