

Nirvana, In his hands

Given conversations, even I can read.
Would he wanna fake it? And I'm tired of this dream.
Takin medications, In the back of the room.
Given conversations, he'll died in june.

See the stab wounds, in his hands,
See the bible, in his hand.
He is dyin, in his room
He is cryin, in his room.
Dirty woman, in his wake.
He is commin back again.

Would he wanna fake it? Hell i dont mind
Given conversations, Whom they dont know.
Given medications, in a lighted room.
Wouldnt wanna thank him, I know I should.

See the stab wounds, in his hands,
Hes not comming back again.
Keep a promise, it is you.
Keep a promise, you would too.

Were not gonna make it, Well i dont mind.
Wouldnt wanna fake it, I dont have his time.
Given conversations Whom they dont know.
Takin medications, till my stomachs full.

See the stab wounds, in his hands.
Hes not commin, back again.
Does he love you? give em a chance
She don't love him I dont care.
Oh