

## In his hands - 1/1

**Interprété par Nirvana.**

In His Hands

He is gonna chase you in and out of a dream  
You're not gonna thank him and I'm tired of this dream  
Take him on occasion in the back of the room  
If they don't show any affection he'll die 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

I don't want to thank you, well I don't mind  
Gave his only pleasures to a friend of mine  
He's not gonna catch you in a lighted room  
You don't 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  
They don't want to thank him, they don't have any time  
In a conversation whom they don't know  
They don't have any patience, they're becoming slow

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.