

## Panic Attack

Finger Eleven

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