

You're Blessed

Iceage

I bleed upon every straw
Every straw, you need, I bleed
You're blessed
Blessed with holy hands

If you could keep me together
I won't stay home
No, I never

I lie in a pool of spit and fear
But I won't stay weak
Or hurt or shattered

Holding on
Holding on

Funny names, second skin
Funny skin, second hands
It's a life, paranoid
You're blessed with holy hands

If you could keep me together
I won't stay home
No, I never