

# Unfold

Jason Mraz

Hands in Line  
Arms close to my side  
I'm fighting tides  
Of an ocean's undertow  
And I figure that I might not make it  
I'm taking empty but seldom speaking  
And the words retreat  
Yeah, they breath in histories  
Still at ease  
And the story's untold  
And my arms unfold

My hands are high  
And I'm holding on, I'm holding out  
And I figure that I  
Figure that I just might make it  
And I'm waking empty but seldom sleeping  
And the words repeat breathing histories  
Into stories untold but I unfold

See now quality is what you see now  
In the corner of your eye  
And don't be surprised  
If you hear the bells ring  
As they form from the sky  
They sound bong, bong, bong, bong, ba da  
Yea yea bong, bong, bong, bong ba da yea, yea

And I'm always holding on  
And I'm already holding out  
Said I'm holding out your side  
And I'm holding out this time  
Cause I figure that I, and I figure that I  
Just might make it and I'm  
Waking empty but seldom sleeping  
And the words repeat breathin histories untold  
But I unfold