

# What's the Point

## The Kite String Tangle

Far from those who know my name  
It all starts to feel the same  
Holding on too tight  
Knuckles turning white

I find it hard to trust at all  
To lose control  
But I'm closing my eyes and I'm letting go  
It's too late to turn and run  
Repeat what I've done

What if I  
Put my life in to your hands?  
What if I  
Put my life in your hands?

And I want the best  
And I'm thinking something else to give  
I want it all  
But I'm thinking something else you can give

You owe it to yourself  
To let go

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We both know  
That something's there  
I've watched you back  
And you felt my stare  
But you never turned around  
And your voice cut through the sound

Struggling to find the air  
To fill your lungs  
You say you're alright  
But your head is hung  
I can see you come undone  
Cause you know what you've become

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