

Straitjacket

VOILÀ

I tried, I tried
I tried to write down how I felt
But the paper stayed empty
Says it better than I could've myself

I tried, I tried
To write down all my dreams
But the paper stayed empty
Talk about irony

And I'd die to feel your hand in mine
Hold on to something one more time
I try but my hands are tied
And it's got me feeling like

I'm living in a straight jacket
I wanna hold you but I can't
I'm giving into old habits
Reaching for the past
And I'm going kinda manic
'Cause in my head I have it
In my head you're in my arms again

And I can't, I can't, I can't
Even walk my own house
The empty chair in the kitchen
I'll never have the heart to throw out

And I can't, I can't
Even talk to myself
'Cause there's just something missing
You were the half of me that could've helped

And I'd die to feel your hand in mine
And hold on to something one more time
And I try but my hands are tied
And it's got me feeling like

I'm living in a straight jacket
I wanna hold you but I can't
I'm giving into old habits
Reaching for the past
And I'm going kinda manic
'Cause in my head I have it
In my head you're in my arms again

I'd die to feel your hand in mine
Hold on to something one more time
I try but my hands are tied
And it's got me feeling like

I'm living in a straight jacket
I just wanna hold your hand
Going crazy as the time passes
I want it all again
I want it all again

I'm living in a straight jacket
I wanna hold you but I can't
I'm giving into old habits
Reaching for the past
I'm going kinda manic
'Cause in my head I have it
In my head you're in my arms again