

# 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