

Nirvana, In His Room (Hands)

Driven conversations, even I can read (dream?)
Wouldn't want to fake it, and I'm tired of this dream (?)
Taking medications, in the back of the room
Driven conversations, he died in June.
See the stab wounds in his hands
See him dying in his room
He's dying in his room
He's dying in his room
Heading for me, heading this way
He is coming, I don't care
Wouldn't want to fake it, well I don't mind
Giving conversations to a friend of mine
Giving medications, in a lighted room
Wouldn't want to fake it (thank him?), I know I should
See the stab wounds in his hands
You killed him, I don't care
Keep a promise, you would too
Keep a promise, you would too
See the silence in his head
He is coming, I don't care
We're not gonna make it, well I don't mind
Wouldn't want to fake it, but I have this time (?)
Giving conversations, to (?) whom they don't know
Taking medications till my stomach's full.
See a famine in his head
See him coming at their heels
He loves you, give him a chance
I don't love him, I don't care
See him starving, give her hell
It is over, we don't care In His Room
This verse is from the Offramp Club (11/90) and appears
on "Outcesticide" and "A Season In Hell". It was repeated
for all 3 verses. I think the chorus is the same as the
previous version.
Wouldn't wanna fake it, even if I try
Feelin' so sedated, even if I'm high
Taking medications, Till my stomach's full
Wouldn't want to fake it, running in the hole. (2nd & 3rd repeat: going)