

Hands

Greyson Chance

This ain't no high school love
You can tell me what you want
Come up the stairs in the dark
And I'll leave the door unlocked

Mmm, you think it's head or heels
But if you're not breaking bones
Then what's the point of chasin' pavements
If you end up at home?
This ain't no high school love
Why don't you tell me what you want?

I wonder if you'll ever understand
What it's like to be loved by these hands
I wonder if you'll ever learn to know
What it's like to be warm in the cold
Take a chance on the holy grail
Make me wonder if you'd ever waste it
I wonder if you'll ever understand
What it's like to be loved by these hands

This ain't no water in a drought
Why don't you drink me up and over?
Cut off the thorns of your stems
We can sweat in the Oklahoma summer

Mmm, you think it's head or heels
But if you're not breaking bones
Then what's the point of chasin' pavements?
(Hey)

I wonder if you'll ever understand (Oh)
What it's like to be loved by these hands (By these hands, by these hands)
I wonder if you'll ever learn to know (Oh)
What it's like to be warm in the cold (Warm in the cold)
Take a chance on the holy grail
Make me wonder if you'd ever waste it (Oh)
I wonder if you'll ever understand
What it's like to be loved by these hands

These hands, these hands

This ain't no high school love
You can tell me what you want
Turn off the telly in the room
I'll keep my focus on you
To change your point of view

I wonder if you'll ever understand
What it's like to be loved by a man
I wonder if you'll ever learn to know (Oh)
What it's like to be warm in the cold (Warm in the cold)
Take a chance on the holy grail
Make me wonder if you'd ever waste it (Oh)
I wonder if you'll ever understand
What it's like to be loved by these hands

These hands, these hands