Slide Through Your Hands

She came back so far stepped back from the moment that she knew she would fall moved into a crowded little room down a dimly lit hall. Her eyes were a mystery one moment light then tired and scared said that she was happy now hoped he wouldn't find her here. She goes out walking late September when the leaves are all gone sometimes she stops and turns around you know that memory lingers on.

She says I know I think I understand some people walk protected safe from troubles they'd never understand. No matter how hard I try I feel like sinking sand I wake up in the night afraid that I might slide through your hands.

Underneath the twisted trees underneath the eyes of everyone he came back one night screaming out her name crying look what you have done. We just stood there watching wishing there was somewhere we could run away and hide it took two men to hold him down and to get him outside I wish I was a river a river running free and running wild I'd wrap my waves around her and carry her off long into the night.

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