

P.S.

Matthew Ryan

Come on get your hands off my sister
Come on get your hands off my brother
Come on get your hands off my father
Come on get your hands off my mother

Come on get your hands off my sister
Come on get your hands off my brother
Come on get your hands off my father
Come on get your hands off my lover

The road gets long
And it's gets harder
To get back home
To not feel alone

Darkness you're a cruel, cruel weather
Got me worried about our tether
If this is it for worse or better
I swear you'll have to come and get her

No one wants
To disappear
Below the smoke
That hovers here

Come on get your hands off my sister
Come on get your hands off my brother
Come on get your hands off my father
Come on get your hands off my lover

I only want
What gets harder to see
Beyond the junk
And misery

Come on get your hands off my sister
Come on get your hands off my brother
Come on get your hands off my father
Come on get your hands off my mother

Come on get your hands off my sister
Come on get your hands off my brother
Come on get your hands off my father
Come on get your hands off my lover

The truth gets hard
And it can wreck you
But I was born
To protect you

Come on get your hands off my sister
Come on get your hands off my brother
Come on get your hands off my father
Come on get your hands off my lover

I only want
What gets harder to see

Beyond the junk
And misery