

## Seventeen Hands

The Maccabees

Call out the soft sound  
The four letter word that you found  
Call it out  
Call out the soft sound  
And make it round  
Everyone together  
Hell for leather over good ground

All caught up and love struck  
All caught up in love struck hands, struck hands  
You're all caught up and love struck  
Never seem to get enough  
And everything you wanted  
Gonna get it go aesthetic go

Hold out your left one  
The number three finger from your thumb  
And put it on, put it on the left one  
And lay it down one upon the other  
As a measure of the way it stands

All caught up and love struck  
All caught up in love struck hands, struck hands  
You're all caught up and mud stuck  
Money made on good luck  
And everything you wanted  
Gonna get it go aesthetic go

So call out you're all fired up  
You're all fired up  
Call it out  
Call out you're all fired up  
You're all fired up  
Call it out

Call out if you're love struck  
All caught up with love struck hands around  
Call out, you found it out

Cos you always would set it up  
Only to let up

Hey, hey those are silver hairs  
On your father's chin  
And on your mother's head

Hey, hey those are still laughter lines  
On your father's brow  
And round your mother's eyes.