

Hands

Aaron Taos

I know, them things ain't been alright in your sleep
You feel it in your dreams, can understand
You tell me I can't help with what you need
Although I'm on your side

It's in your hands, your hands
Your hands, your hands
Your hands, your hands
Your hands, your hands
Your hands

And some of the days I've watched you drift away
And more your face contorts and shifts your gaze
Now when did this rift appear, it's still not clear
It's haunting me
Just tell me to go, but I know
Deep in your soul you call my name
You call me in the nighttime
You call me in the day
You call me when you're speechless
You're too proud, it's inconvenient
So I sit alone
Waiting for someone who loves me
But's too scared to tell me

So it's in your hands, your hands
Your hands, your hands
Your hands, your hands
Your hands, your hands
Your hands, your hands
Your hands, your hands
Your hands, your hands
Your hands, your hands
Your hands