

Hands

Alex Isley

Been traveling and it's been too long
The weeks feel like months since I've been gone
These sheets on my skin, the only I touch I've known
Nothing like the feeling that I left back home

Help me remember
Though it's hard not to dream about
'Cause it's the one sensation that I can't seem to go without
Out of reach but you're close enough so at least I can see your
face
But I need to feel 'em on me
Pull me into your embrace with your

Hands
No silk, no satin
Just touch me with your hands
Your hands
Your hands
I'll hold on 'til you hold me with your hands

Your hands

Your palms and fingertips stimulate me
Curves anticipating
I've been meditating
On the places your caress could take me
In a state of our own making, it's electric
Couldn't pull away when it's magnetic
When you feel me, you make sure I don't forget it
'Cause this could slip away if you let it

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