

Hands

Ataxia

Man, I know it has to be good
Moving apart to the woods
Dance words endangered design
Hands moving hit the world twice
Hands, out in this majesty light
Plans, Over then into the light

His whole world she does intoxicate
His own hands lie farther in decays
We're meant to be unplayed (x3)

Bands, down the hall
Don't know they're small
I'm picking out the day
When I will be upstaged
I'm picking out the day
Picking out the day

Friends, large and small
Short and tall
Fall out to their final day (x4)

Fights, too hard to recall
Sing into the wall
Together complain (x3)

When, I get the room I will play
When, they laugh like it is the shame
Friends don't tend to use (x4)

Plans, which have already been made
Advance, towards the day after their day
They're making plans for you (x4)