

HANDS

Blaise Moore

Do you like it, do you like it?
'Cause I want it, 'cause I want it?
But I'm still hurting, yeah I'm hurting
By now you'd think that I would learn

Try and put these thoughts into words
Mind's a mess, you can't be heard
And I can't listen to your voice no more
Without opening old wounds
Oh, oh

I smother you
I tried not to
I promise
Much did I lose
I cannot forget
Your hands on my neck
Oh, oh
Your hands on my neck
Oh, oh, yeah

Do you miss it, do you miss it?
Closing curtains, closing curtains?
'Cause I feel it, yeah I feel it
Every time that I'm alone

Try and put these thoughts into words
Mind's a mess, you can't be heard
And I can't listen to your music, no
Without feeling like I'm losing
Oh no

I smother you
I tried not to
I promise
Much did I lose
I cannot forget
Your hands on my neck
Oh, oh
Your hands on my neck
Oh, oh, yeah

How can I forget
What you did to my head?
(Do you like it, do you like it?)
What we did in your bed?

Oh
('Cause I want it, 'cause I want it)
How can I forget
What you did to my head?
(Do you like it, do you like it?)
What we did in your bed?

Oh
(Do you like it, do you like it?)
How can I forget

What you did to my head?
('Cause I want it, 'cause I want it)
What we did in your bed?

Oh
(Do you like it, do you like it?)
How can I forget
What you did to my head?
('Cause I want it, 'cause I want it)
What we did in your bed?