

Warm Hands, Cold Heart

Des'ree

One rainy day, chivalry walked up to me
Asking for directions to a good time
Dashing was his smile, responded I instinctively
Accept the invitation for a while

I couldn't get away, I sipped the wine, I wanted more
He was psychological addiction, I bowed my head to pray
But the devil said "girl, stay and play"
I was so exposed, had no protection

He had: warm hands, cold heart
Tryin' to love and tryin' to please
Wit, charm, a head start, almost brought me to my knees
Warm hands, cold heart, trying to love a better day
Almost spirited me away

My will left home, packed its bags and flew away
Dashing was my succour, was my weakness
I was so alone, would have stayed that way a thousand days
I enjoyed his bitter, not his sweetness

He was messin' with my psyche, he was playin' with my mind
Adventure and excitement, can be hard to find
But the pleasure in the danger, was so intoxicating
I had to break away. Yeah, yeah, yeah

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