

Your Hands

Flotsam and Jetsam

Broken hearts, broken jaws
Lowly weekends break tonight
Beaten fools, beaten dogs
Stolen deals, inside jobs
Coldly run fingers through again
Swollen faces, beaten dogs
All turn away and say amen

When it's in your hands and you can't feel
When it's in your heart but you can't feel you fell

Know a little about nothing
I know two things that's for sure
I know a bit of everything
Watch em cheating, watch em leave
Going down, going, gone
Watch them buried within reach
Are you knowing what they're on

When it's in your hands and you can't feel
When it's in your heart but you can't feel you fell
When it's in your hands and you can't feel
When it's in your heart and you can't feel you fell

Cheaply spending, cheaply bought
Etherize those bloodshot eyes
Never ending, never caught
Turning heads, turning beds
Sleeping with the blown away
Trading heads, trading beds
Your heart in a bag and thrown away

When it's in your hands and you can't feel
When it's in your heart but you can't feel you fell
When it's in your hands but you can't feel
When it's in your heart but you can't feel you fell