

# Slow Hands

Interpol

Yeah but nobody searches  
Nobody cares somehow  
When the loving that you've wasted  
Comes raining from a hapless cloud  
And I might stop and look upon your face  
Disappear in the sweet, sweet gaze  
See the living that surrounds me  
Dissipate in a violet place

Can't you see what you've done to my heart  
And soul?  
This is a wasteland now

We spies  
We slow hands  
Put the weights around yourself  
We spies  
Oh yeah we slow hands  
You put the weights all around yourself now

I submit my incentive is romance  
I watched the pole dance of the stars  
We rejoice because the hurting is so painless  
>From the distance of passing cars  
But I am married to your charms & grace  
I just go crazy like the good old days  
You make me want to pick up a guitar  
And celebrate the myriad ways that I love you

Can you see what you've done to my heart  
And soul?  
This is a wasteland now

We spies  
Yeah we slow hands  
You put the weights around yourself  
We spies  
Oh yeah we slow hands  
Killer, for hire you know not yourself

We spies  
We slow hands  
You put the weights all around yourself  
We spies  
Oh yeah we slow hands  
We retire like nobody else  
We spies  
Intimate slow hands killer  
For hire you know not yourself  
We spies  
Intimate slow hands  
You let the face slap around herself