

Slide Through Your Hands

Jim Cuddy

She came back so far
stepped back from the moment
that she knew she would fall
moved into a crowded little room
down a dimly lit hall.
Her eyes were a mystery
one moment light then
tired and scared
said that she was happy now
hoped he wouldn't find her here.
She goes out walking
late September when
the leaves are all gone
sometimes she stops and turns around
you know that memory lingers on.

She says I know
I think I understand
some people walk protected
safe from troubles they'd never understand.
No matter how hard I try
I feel like sinking sand
I wake up in the night
afraid that I might
slide through your hands.

Underneath the twisted trees
underneath the eyes of everyone
he came back one night screaming out her name
crying look what you have done.
We just stood there watching
wishing there was somewhere
we could run away and hide
it took two men to hold him down
and to get him outside
I wish I was a river
a river running free and running wild
I'd wrap my waves around her
and carry her off long into the night.

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