

No Hands

Joy Crookes

Hey b-

Meet me South East on the downbeat
With your khaki string vest intact
Though you're handsome, there's a red sun
And I can't help wonder what's next
Then you ask me, "What do you want from all our weekends in whiskey s
our?"
Told you I don't vouch for love, G
It takes too much of my power

Oh, can't stay too long
I might stain someone
Round and round I go
Got to set the tone
In the hands of none
That's where I belong

Spending nights in lonely castles
Where I learned to sing my cries
Sweetest sixteen, thrown to test me
I could not sit still if I tried

Learnin' to run before I could walk out
Learnin' to cuss before I could talk it out
Nah, nah, nah

Oh, can't stay too long
I might stain someone
Round and round I go
Got to set the tone
In the hands of none
That's where I belong

No hands (No, no hands)
Nobody cradles me like I can
No, like I can
No hands (No, no hands)
Nobody cradles me like I can
No, like I can

Oh, can't stay too long
I might stain someone
Round and round I go
Got to set the tone
In the hands of none
That's where I belong
That's where I belong