

Hands

Kind of Like Spitting

I've been singing of Allison's hands in my hands
But she keeps them in her pocket
She hides them in the sand
I remember so well dark nights, spine to spine
So she has to stay behind to recover
Be free

I am thinking of Allison's trust
It's been so hard to find
I know I won't get it this time
By writing a catchy melody line
I am dreaming of Allison's light
Coming into to bloom
But my dreams will never do

The comfort that she needs I can't provide

It's a choice to just react
I'm gonna learn that lesson
For the rest of my life
Going through hell
No, I won't look back

But if you want to show me life
The offer is open
But you still won't arrive
We could be equals
Finally arrive
So in love in the middle of the ride