

# Your Hands

Michael Malarkey

Keepin' the wolves at bay.  
When there's rust in the leaves it's a sign that the moods gonn  
a change,  
And come pick a fight.  
So I'll wrap my self up in my jacket and gloves.  
Disguised in the hide of a cow,  
As if my skin weren't enough,  
To protect me from the elements.

Fighting and shouting above,  
Bursting apart like a landmine,  
Everything seems to uncork and fester like wine.

Loosen the strings on the boat,  
I try to unwind but my minds spinning out now.  
I'm still shooting blind,  
And I hit things occasionally, but in fear.  
The need to be tougher than any man alive.

As if my skin weren't to cloak me from the storm.  
And I need your hands,  
To lie here in this ground.  
And I need your heart here, so I can hear the sound,  
Of my own.

Mistrusting my lucky stars,  
Burned out but I still think they're shining.  
Like an ocean of watches and clocks they tell different times.  
You give me your match, you give me a choice,  
And our secret is silent, it's still at night.  
I could scavenge around watching the woodland.  
The keys to keeping the calm.  
But my minds not enough to keep my soul calm,  
'till one there's more messenger gone.

Like a rusty blade to keep the wolves at bay.  
And I need your hands here,  
To lighten this ground.  
And I need your heart here,  
So I can hear the sound.  
I need your hand here,  
To lighten this ground.  
And I need your heart here, baby, so I can hear the sound,  
of my own.