

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.