

# Lay Your Hands On Me

Peter Gabriel

Sat in the corner of the Garden Grill, with plastic flowers  
on the window sill  
No more miracles, loaves and fishes, been so busy with the  
washing of the dishes  
Reaction level's much too high - I can do without the stimuli

I'm living way beyond my ways and means, living in the  
zone of the inbetweens  
I can see the flashes on the frozen ocean, static charge of  
the cold emotion  
Watched on by the distant eyes - watched on by the silent  
hidden spies

But still the warmth flows through me  
And I sense you know me well  
No luck, no golden chances  
No mitigating circumstances now  
It's only common sense  
There are no accidents around here

I am willing - lay your hands on me  
I am ready - lay your hands on me  
I believe - lay your hands on me, over me

Working in gardens, thornless roses, fat men play with their  
garden hoses  
Poolside laughter has a cynical bite, sausage speared by the  
cocktail satellite  
I walk away from from light and sound, down stairways  
leading underground

But still the warmth flows through me  
And I sense you know me well  
It's only common sense  
There are no accidents around here

I am willing - lay your hands on me  
I am ready - lay your hands on me  
I believe - lay your hands on me, over me  
over me

Lay your hands on me  
Lay your hands on me  
Lay your hands on me, over me