

Back of Your Hand

Polly Paulusma

You know I nearly stayed home tonight
I've been burning the candle both ends
I've been a-trailing my paws in the sticky dark ponds
Of some special old friends
Water and wine
Casting my line back, forth, out there again

And so I scraped on my face
With some hair of the dog from the night before
And I'm amazed at the grace of the barman
The poise of his steady free pour
Vodka and gin
That's when my rovin' eye
Bumps into yours

I'm gonna write down my number
On the back of your hand
And in the morning you'll remember
Just how lovely I am
You've got a face like a story
And a smile I could steal
And pretend that I've borrowed
So come on and call me tomorrow

So I've been biding my time in this booth
By the ever-revolving back door
I've seen a lot of fishes jump here
To know something good when it slithers on shore
Lemon and lime
Barman calls time
So I'm heading for home

I'm gonna write down my number
On the back of your hand
And in the morning you'll remember
Just how lovely I am
You've got a face like a story
And a smile I could steal
And pretend that I've borrowed
So come on and call me tomorrow

The good ones get away so easy
The bad ones tug the line to tease me
So come on, make it hard for me to run

I'm gonna write down my number
On the back of your hand
And in the morning I'll remember
Just how lucky I am
You've got a face like a story
And a smile I could steal
And pretend that I've borrowed
So come on and call me tomorrow

Steal and pretend that I've borrowed
So come on and call me tomorrow
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