

## Hand on Heart

Red Lorry Yellow Lorry

so tell me what I pay for the price of freedom  
no healthy survival in rooms unattached  
just trying to touch you, but never to hold you  
in this burning confusion, with hands made of clay

you've got your hand on my heart  
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you've got your hand on my heart

in this prison of nowhere, you've played my emotions  
you've stretched my condition, my head is all fire  
with gates made of iron, like a lamb to the slaughter  
emotional torture is a game you enjoy

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the importance of nothing, your own bleak conclusion  
illusions an answer, but never the healer  
and crippled in silence, the stretch of a lifetime  
the power to hold me, your pleasure to gain  
it's a dicey situation I have found myself in  
it's a dicey situation I have found myself in

you've got your hand on my heart  
you've got your hand on my heart  
you've got your hand on my heart  
you've got your hand on my heart

on my heart