

Back Of My Hand

Ron Sexsmith

Like the back of my hand
I know my way around
I know the lay of the land
Every square inch of this town
I look around at the faces I see
As I take my thoughts out for a walk
I know where things stand
Like the back of my hand

Down in front of the stage
The curtain's set to rise
Where no one's acting their age
Everybody's in disguise
And looking up at the faces
I clearly can see that it's not going down
The way they planned
Like the back of my hands
Like the back of my hands

Somehow the world today
Seems shot in Super 8
It has this nostalgic glow
If I lose all track of time
It's no skin off my back
Cos I'm not going anywhere
So I know I won't be late

I'm not going anywhere
So I know I won't be late
Hmm mmm

Like the back of my hands
I know if there's a God
That only he understands
What to us just seems so odd
He's looking down on creation
The same way that I'm looking down as I play
The Baby Grand
At the back of my hands
Like the back of my hands
Like the back of my hands