

Hands

Swervedriver

I just love this part of the world
The food's fine and the sun shines
And the people seem so relaxed
They ride motorbikes lidless
It seems like nobody's ever been anywhere
They didn't wanna be
I guess I'm not long for this world

He just seems to kind of sit there all day long
In his little store
Where time stood still long before
Meticulous man, time on his hands
Time is his hands
He told me
You too can exist in your very own parallel time
Time ticks and how do you get your kicks?
Right now I could do with any kicks

Back home it's another dead cold night
The street lights emanate kind of surreal glows
Upon the real cold driven snow
That we all know so well
And I walk alone
But when there's a song in my head
I don't really feel alone
The busy streets are empty now
And everybody's gone home