

Idle Hands

The Futureheads

Lend me your ears and let me tell you a lie
The needs must when the devil drives

You have had a lot to say today
I don't mind I'll take it all away

Give him his due, and don't speak ill of the dead
He will appear, where angels fear to tread

You have had a lot to say today
I don't mind I'll take it all away

All of the things you thought you knew
All of this time we're never true
Oh, what can you do? You, you can't control
How far you've come or what you know

Oh! I can't see any way out
We're falling apart, ripped at the seams, broken, thrashing about
The devil may care, but I don't, what does that say?
Our idle hands can't hold on anyway

You have had a lot to say today
I don't mind I'll take it all away

You, you can't control
How far you've come or what you know
No, no, no... You can't control
The answer to a question you don't know

All of the things you thought you knew
All of this time we're never true
All of the times you never asked why
You just lived your lies
Which came true
And grew to be something new
Something terrible, festering
Cover your eyes in shame
Nothing but lies
You're not listening
Lies
You're not listening
Lies
You're not listening
Lies
You're not listening