

## Hands

The Swellers

Mourning dove, I think you're out of luck  
You know that putting the card face down is part of the game  
It feels like love and it fits like a glove  
But when you cut off all of the fingers it's not the same  
Wait for a better hand to play

Oh, I'm tired of waiting for something to shake  
We're better than this  
Oh, I'm tired of writing for you to relate  
We're better than this  
If I'm better than this  
Why am I still around

The weekend comes like the summer has done  
It's a bittersweet reunion for the sour tongues  
They say a real man does his own stunts  
And to measure twice then jump once  
I need to steady my hands if I wanna quit this race

Oh, I'm tired of waiting for something to shake  
We're better than this  
Oh, I'm tired of writing for you to relate  
We're better than this  
Oh, I'm tired of waiting for something to shake  
We're better than this  
Why am I still around

I could blame myself  
But I haven't made it yet  
Ready, set, hands down

Oh, I'm tired of waiting for something to shake  
We're better than this  
Oh, I'm tired of writing for you to relate  
We're better than this  
I'm tired of waiting for something to shake  
If we're better than this  
Why am I still around  
Ready, set, hands down