

With Your Two Hands

The Wind and the Wave

You built a house with your two hands
You built a fire down in the sand
You drive no matter where we go
And I tried but it's so hard to get my mother to discard
And wash the smell of camping from our clothes

Fools will die alone

Way down that desert road
You turned and said, "away we go"
And up we went like feathers in the wind
He keeps his options open
All the girls he wants are spoken for
We're gonna watch the world fold in

Fools will die alone
Fools will die alone
Fools will die alone
Fools...

Oh, you're talking shit but you ain't saying nothing really
You've got a knack for burning bridges down
You point and shoot with no precision
Quit your job for television
Now you're fucking me around

Fools will die alone
Fools will die alone
Fools will die alone
Fools...

Well, it's a race to the death, baby
Don't make this harder than it is
It's a race to the death, yeah
I don't like that fire you play with

Way down that desert road
You turned and said, "away we go"
And up we went like feathers in the wind

Fools, fools, fools will die alone
Fools...

Well, it's a race to the death, baby
Don't make this harder than it is
It's a race to the death, yeah
I don't like that fire you play with

Fools die alone
Only fools die alone
Only fools die alone
Only fools die alone