Hands

Tunng

Hands

He stands with his head in his hands
In the corridor in A&E
He couldn't resucitate her
And now he'll go home to his wife for tea

We sing as the sky falls down
We sing as the sky collapses
And make what we can of this
It's okay, we're all going to end up dead and gone

He crawls into her aorta
To pull him out of his reverie
And mentally puts her back together
With sticks and glue until she breathes

He crawls like a rat inside her spine
It's a passage to another world
He pulls on a coat of new born skin
And sends a secret message to that girl

Positions himself in space
And looks down on such slight a thing
Swears he'll make what he can of this
Because one day out there we will all be dead

So leave your imprint upon
All the atoms you press against
All the people you press against
Because one day out there we will all be
Leave your imprint upon
Every mouth that you press against
Every word that you press against
It's okay because one day we will be dead

All the Lidl lights

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!