

## Hands

Tunng

Hands

He stands with his head in his hands  
In the corridor in A&E  
He couldn't resuscitate 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