

## Kid Gloves

Voxtro

Listen to the sounds, they're ringing out around you  
These are the cries of the dying breed  
Politics of hate you'd never get around to  
Blood over brains that we never need  
I saw you in the back, studied and relaxed  
Fixed in the pose like a silent stone  
Serenity intact, it's the feeling that I lack  
Life in the floors of a stable home  
I can trace you on paper like a sketch of a smell  
You're a breath to the runner in contest  
In close to the nerve, but you rest so far away  
And I have to give it up someday  
Every time I close my eyes, I see you in front of me  
Pretending in a love like this  
I have no choice but to put you in back of me  
Don't cover my footsteps  
Dead weight all right, I know you're no good for me  
Dead weight all right, I know you're no righteous  
leader  
You're dead weight all right, that's fine  
You get your hands off me  
You have to touch me with kid gloves  
You have to touch me with kid gloves  
Buy me to the wind, you talk me out of standstill  
I never felt so alive at once  
Finger to the quick, yes I can feel your hand still  
Pressed to the drain of the common months  
Cheer me up, cheer me, up I'm a miserable f\*\*k

Cheer me up, cheer me, up I'm a tireless bore  
Cheer me up, cheer me, I'm invisibly stuck all in  
myself  
Yes I'm a vanity whore  
Because it's race and it's power at the center of life  
We are blind to the people who need us  
But you're the kind of person who could understand that  
fault  
And I hope to measure you someday  
Every time I close my eyes, I see you in front of me  
Pretending in a love like this  
I have no choice but to put you in back of me  
Don't cover my footsteps  
Dead weight all right, I know you're no good for me  
Dead weight all right, I know you're no righteous  
leader  
Dead weight all right, that's fine  
You get your hands off me  
You have to touch me with kid gloves  
You have to touch me with kid gloves  
Cheer me up, cheer me, up I'm a miserable f\*\*k  
Cheer me up, cheer me, up I'm a tireless bore  
Cheer me up, cheer me, I'm invisibly stuck all in  
myself  
Yes I'm a vanity whore  
When you compromise yourself like that  
It's dedication  
So even on friendship (?)

Dead weight all right, I know you're no good for me  
Dead weight all right, I know you're no righteous  
leader  
Dead weight all right, that's fine, you get your hands  
off me  
You have to touch me with kid gloves  
You have to touch me with kid gloves