

## Fistful of Love

Antony and the Johnsons

I was lying in my bed last night, staring  
At a ceiling full of stars  
When it suddenly hit me  
I just have to let you know how I feel

We live together in a photograph of time  
I look into your eyes  
And the seas open up to me  
I tell you I love you  
And I always will  
And I know that you can't tell me  
I know that you can't tell me

So I'm left to pick up  
The hints, the little symbols of your devotion  
So I'm left to pick up  
The hints, the little symbols of your devotion

I feel your fists  
And I know it's out of love  
And I feel the whip  
And I know it's out of love

I feel your burning eyes, burning holes  
Straight through my heart  
It's out of love  
It's out of love

I accept and I collect upon my body  
The memories of your devotion  
I accept and I collect upon my body  
The memories of your devotion

I feel your fists  
And I know it's out of love  
And I feel the whip  
And I know it's out of love

I feel your burning eyes, burning holes  
Straight through my heart  
It's out of love  
It's out of love

Give a little fistful of love  
Give a little fistful ov love