

## Hands

Ataxia

Man, I know it has to be good  
Moving apart to the woods  
Dance words endangered design  
Hands moving hit the world twice  
Hands, out in this majesty light  
Plans, Over then into the light

His whole world she does intoxicate  
His own hands lie farther in decays  
We're meant to be unplayed (x3)

Bands, down the hall  
Don't know they're small  
I'm picking out the day  
When I will be upstaged  
I'm picking out the day  
Picking out the day

Friends, large and small  
Short and tall  
Fall out to their final day (x4)

Fights, too hard to recall  
Sing into the wall  
Together complain (x3)

When, I get the room I will play  
When, they laugh like it is the shame  
Friends don't tend to use (x4)

Plans, which have already been made  
Advance, towards the day after their day  
They're making plans for you (x4)