

# Hole In My Hand

Benjamin Francis Leftwich

There is nothing we could say or do  
To stop the world from tearing us in two  
From your heart where I drew a line  
Through the water and down your spine

I blew a hole in my hand to see you  
I drew a line through the sand to be with you

Can you hear me call your name?  
In the winter it didn't sound the same  
When my gun jams, my heart stops again  
And I close my eyes and see you

I blew a hole in my hand to see you  
I drew a line through the sand to be with you  
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I wanna come home  
And I wanna come soon  
I wanna come out  
And I want it to be with you

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And I wanna come soon  
I wanna come out  
And I want it to be with you

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