

# Palm Of Your Hand

**Buzzcocks**

It's not so strange you know to feel like this  
I thought of you I knew that you'd understand  
I think it's time you know we did more than kiss  
Ever fallen in love with the palm of your hand  
I've made up my mind as a bull sees red  
To get my tail wagged must I sit up and beg

And if you want to brush up on technique  
You can read all about it in the book that I found  
When the spirit is willing the flesh won't be weak  
There's little more to it than just jerking around  
I'm hungry for the most perfect of needs  
My craving feeds at the palm of your hand

My temperature shoots up to one hundred degrees  
It's manual automatic makes me weak at the knees  
My craving feeds at the palm of your hand  
Executive attention yes the kind that relieves  
You've got the instruments of pleasure at the end of your sleeves  
My craving feeds at the palm of your hand  
Palm of your hand  
The palm of your hand  
At the palm of your hand

My temperature shoots up to one hundred degrees  
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My craving feeds at the palm of your hand  
Palm of your hand  
The palm of your hand  
At the palm of your hand

It's not so strange you know to feel like this  
I thought of you I knew that you'd understand  
I think it's time you know we did more than kiss  
Ever fallen in love with the palm of your hand  
It's practically safe not much risk of disease  
My craving feeds at the palm of your hand

My temperature shoots up to one hundred degrees  
It's manual automatic makes me weak at the knees  
My craving feeds at the palm of your hand  
Executive attention yes the kind that relieves  
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