

Intoxicated Hands

Damien Jurado

She took advantage of intoxicated hands
And he pretended to be asleep
But underneath the blankets
Their legs linked like a chain

Now come tomorrow morning
How will you explain?

Was it that whiskey talking
Or is it your heart
That made you say I love you to me
As you held me in your arms
And you'll have the explanation
For that, what has come about

I loved you, seven long years
And now, that you found me out
Just get out

I was just like the others
I wanted to be more
Shame it took that whiskey baby
To bring me to your door
You'll have the explanations
For that what has come about

When I loved you seven long years, my boy, and
Now that you found me out
Just get out