

# 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