

The Back of Your Hand

Dwight Yoakam

When you give it up for gone
But your still digging in the mind
And your staring out the window
Saying everything will be just fine
Keepin' with whole affair
Every word seems out of line
No matter what angle you get
Its polished till it shines

Take a guess at where I stand
Pick a number one to two
Take a look at the back of your hand
Just like you know it
You know me too

And when you say who the hell am I living with
What just went down
Where did this come from
Why are all my colors faded brown
When did it change
What's with the rage
Who's the dude with the extrall
What's the verse the line the chapter the page

Take a guess at where I stand
Pick a number one to two
Take a look at the back of your hand
Just like you know it
You know me too

You think your alone without any place left to go
Like you need one of those kisses long and slow
First glance is not what it seems
But there's some things I just know
Like you take two sugars with a splash of cream
You take a guess

Where I stand oh pick a number one to two
Then take a look
Back of your hand
Just like you know it
You know me too
Yeah like you know it
You know me too
Just like you know it
You know me too