

Human Hands

Elvis Costello

I've been talking to the wall and it's been answering me
Oh darling how I miss you
I'm just the mere shadow of my former selfishness
I crave the silhouette of your kiss
With only the blue light of the TV on
Lip reading threats and false alarms
There's a boy somewhere holding hands with himself
And a girl in a window on the Reaperbarn

Whenever I put my foot in my mouth and you begin to doubt
That it's you that I'm dreaming about
Do I have to draw you a diagram?
All I ever want is just to fall into your human hands

With the kings and queens of the dance hall craze
Checkmate in three moves in your heyday
But the girls don't listen to your line anymore
Now you're part of someone else

On the factory floor and you still say "Wheres the action?"
Now you manufacture happiness
And get sold on the cheap for someone's satisfaction

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All you toy soldiers and scaremongers
Are you living in this world sometimes I wonder
In between saying you've seen too much and saying you've seen i
t all before

Tighter and tighter I hold you tightly
You know I love you more than slightly
Although I've never said it like this before

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