

Harbor Water

Handguns

I thought I was content
with her the day that I left town.
But the snow falling down in Philadelphia
is proving me wrong.

Shes got my heartbeat racing and
I can't stop singing.
Shes got my heart in the palm of her hand
and I can't find any of my friends.
Shes got my heart in the palm of her
and I don't care if I ever find my friends.

And I'd drink dirty harbor water
just to see if this could go farther.

So we sit staring at each other,
lets make this night last forever,
and I don't want to go back home (home!),
same damn town, same toll road.
And I am freezing cold (cold!)
without your hand to hold.

She had my heart in the palm of her hand,
I hope that I see her again.
She had my heart in the palm of her hand,
but I drove home alone in the end.