

Something To Do With My Hands

Her Space Holiday

You know it kills me to see such a pretty girl so tired
You've got your mother's cheekbones and your father's crooked smile
Forget all those places that you've never really been
And all those situations you somehow found yourself in
Let your body sink into me
Like your favorite memory
Like a line of poetry
Or a fucking fit of honesty
I'll do my best to keep you, keep you sleepy as the south
With my old watch on your wrist
And my thumbs inside your mouth
Suck on my fingertips until you kill all my prints
So your boyfriend has no clue
Of how much I've been touching you

My problem with me is my problem with you
It doesn't take much
For me to come unglued
I put my headphones on
And hear your favorite songs
And it kills me to know
That this won't be one of them

You know it saves me to think even for a little while
I owned the set of shoulders that you came to rely on
Like in that movie theater when you whispered in my ear
I almost didn't make it
This has been my hardest year
Your job is killing you faster than a cancer could
So now you're giving up like they always said you would
You've got that old map out now and you found the farthest town
You hope that if you're lucky this is where you'll settle down

I don't care where you move I don't care if it's far
All that I ask is that I know where you are
In case our timing is right
In case you need more from me
Than a bit of advice
Or a tongue full of sympathy