

## Two Hands

King Crimson

Oh they're touching  
They're touching each other  
They're feeling  
They push and move  
And love each other, love each other  
They fit together like two hands...

I am a face  
in the painting on the wall  
I pose and shudder  
And watch from the foot of the bed  
Sometimes I think I can  
Feel everything...

The wind is blowing  
My hair in their direction  
The wind is bending my hair  
There are no windows in the painting  
No open windows, no open windows, no...