

The Hands

Queensrÿche

When I'm lost... I find a way.
I hear voices. I feel them surround me,
Pull me from the edge.
I close my eyes and... .

My luck keeps holding strong,
Even when the boot comes down.
Waiting for the revolution but there's no one around except the
... hands out of nowhere, saving me again.
There's always something there watching out for me,
If I'm suffocating, it gives me air.

Finally now I remember,
But where I'm going now, I'm not sure.
Only one thing matters much to me anymore.

I'm looking for you.
Can you imagine? You can't think.
You won't find a way this time to frighten me.
You're running scared, now, always looking
Over your shoulder for a place where
You don't see my face.

But my luck keeps holding so strong,
Even with the state I'm in.
I'm like a revolution of one, even when I stumble I win.

Because there's hands out of nowhere, saving me again.
There's always something there, watching out for me.
When I'm suffocating, it gives me air.

I'm like a cat with only a few lives left
And I'm crawling through the shadows.
Watching my back waiting for the attack that I know is
Coming... I feel it's near.