

# Back Of My Hand

Ron Sexsmith

Like the back of my hand  
I know my way around  
I know the lay of the land  
Every square inch of this town  
I look around at the faces I see  
As I take my thoughts out for a walk  
I know where things stand  
Like the back of my hand

Down in front of the stage  
The curtain's set to rise  
Where no one's acting their age  
Everybody's in disguise  
And looking up at the faces  
I clearly can see that it's not going down  
The way they planned  
Like the back of my hands  
Like the back of my hands

Somehow the world today  
Seems shot in Super 8  
It has this nostalgic glow  
If I lose all track of time  
It's no skin off my back  
Cos I'm not going anywhere  
So I know I won't be late

I'm not going anywhere  
So I know I won't be late  
Hmm mmm

Like the back of my hands  
I know if there's a God  
That only he understands  
What to us just seems so odd  
He's looking down on creation  
The same way that I'm looking down as I play  
The Baby Grand  
At the back of my hands  
Like the back of my hands  
Like the back of my hands