

## Hands Of Love

Stan Ridgway

On a crowded street, or from a passing car  
I can see the world from where I am  
People stand in line so they can buy their things  
They buy a vegetable or a can  
I taste the water and the water tastes hot  
I taste the water and the water tastes hot

Hands of love  
They keep on slipping  
Hands of love  
They keep on gripping

My home, it might as well just be a cave  
And the ones next door don't talk to me  
And when I'm lyin' in bed at night, I hear the sounds  
Of the sirens and the dogs and the people screaming  
I taste the water and the water tastes hot  
I taste the water and the water tastes hot

Hands of love  
They keep on slipping  
Hands of love  
They keep on gripping  
Hands of love  
They keep on gripping

I taste the water and the water tastes hot  
I taste the water and the water tastes hot  
Whistle down the... whistle down the road  
(hands of love, they keep on slipping)  
Whistle down the... whistle down the road  
(hands of love, they keep on gripping)  
Whistle down the... whistle down the road  
(hands of love, they keep on slipping)  
Hands of love ...