

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 ...