

Dirty Second Hands

Switchfoot

Please don't be so naive
You know you're not fooling anyone
You're not as tough as you think
With dirty second hands,
The dirty second hands

Can't get nothing for free
It becomes so predictable
You start fighting to breathe
The dirty second hands,
Your dirty second hands

Here's the face of everything that breaks you down
Now you face the face of everything that breaks you down

With an army of me
We invent our own enemies
Man verses machine
And the dirty second hands

In the land of the free
And the home of the remedy
The old clock is a thief
With dirty second hands

Are you really as tough as you think
You blink and you're over the brink
You bleed but you're blood runs pink
With dirty second hands, dirty second hands

You're not quite as tough as you thought
You bought the American rot
The very seed that you thought you shot
With dirty second hands, dirty second hands

You might be right,
The fight might be right inside you
The blind leading the lied to,
Tonight maybe you bind you with dirty second hands