

Hands

The Rumble Strips

Oh no, where are my hands
They're in my pockets
Away from your hands
And that is where they will stay
Because you are far away
You said you had something to say
But while you were talking, my feet started walking away

Before I knew where I was
I was up short of the motorway And I kept on walking
And the rain was beating down on my head
And I kept on walking
And all the while I let you call my name
But I kept doing just the same
Til I feel like trying to complain
But I don't think they will listen

Keep going, keep going and there ain't no way of knowing
When to stop, when to stop, it's tearing me apart

Cause I would like to be polite
Sit and hold you for the night
Like my parents would stick around My manners start from the ankles down

Oh no, where are my hands
They're in my pockets
Away from your hands
I'm far away from your plans
Far, far away from your plans

I keep going, keep going and there ain't no way of knowing
When I'll stop, when I'll stop and it's happening a lot

And you told me that I was your man
I try to speak, instead I follow my feet
I ran, I ran