

Hands

The Swellers

Mourning dove, I think you're out of luck
You know that putting the card face down is part of the game
It feels like love and it fits like a glove
But when you cut off all of the fingers it's not the same
Wait for a better hand to play

Oh, I'm tired of waiting for something to shake
We're better than this
Oh, I'm tired of writing for you to relate
We're better than this
If I'm better than this
Why am I still around

The weekend comes like the summer has done
It's a bittersweet reunion for the sour tongues
They say a real man does his own stunts
And to measure twice then jump once
I need to steady my hands if I wanna quit this race

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Why am I still around

I could blame myself
But I haven't made it yet
Ready, set, hands down

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We're better than this
Oh, I'm tired of writing for you to relate
We're better than this
I'm tired of waiting for something to shake
If we're better than this
Why am I still around
Ready, set, hands down