

Hands Reversed

Tokyo Police Club

You've got to come into my kitchen for a crime
You've got to shoot me up and tie me to the kite
I'm gonna tell you what to do about yourself
Because the breakfast of the champions is a hedonistic health

Made of paper and glue
You're a Rubik's cube
You can buy it in cans, tin cans
You were always the first
But I think you've got your hands reversed
Hands reversed
Hands reversed
And cool for sure

Watching your weekends and your holidays combine
Trying to color in between the dotted lines
Your only souvenir's a suitcase full of sand
But when you feel like you're a million then I feel like I'm a grand

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You can buy it in cans (tin cans)
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