

My Hands Up

Trespassers William

Turning into something I can't cope
With not having
Stop, stop it
Could I put my hands up

And ask that you stop
Do I need to be in love
I'm lost when it's just me
With only a hope to make

You happy enough to stay
Return the words, the looks
I give you like they're falling out of me
Seconds change

And at the end
Your face is inerasable
True, I need to be in love
I'm lost when it's just me

With only a hope to make
You happy enough
Do I need to be in love
What is there otherwise from loving

Just takes a face
To make everything else erase
Stop, stop it
Could I put my hands up
And ask that you stop