

Hold My Hand

Van Hunt

You look at me from every angle
Follow my every move from the bed to the door
What you said could mean a million things
It's too early to assume you're the one
I've been waiting for

Hold my hand
That's something you don't have to understand for you to do
Hold my hand
Young lover come and get under my skin
It'll all make sense to you

Day and night you watch me from your hiding place
But you don't tell anyone else about us
Footsteps in the shadows reveal secrets of a young belle
Fresh from her shell and curious

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Hold my hand
Young lover come and get under my skin
It'll all make sense to you

Love won't sit still long enough for you to take a picture
Of the bitter and the sweet
Blow it up and wonder what it's like to be a victor
Or to take defeat

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Hold my hand
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It'll all make sense to you