

New Pornographers, The "Your Hands"

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Put-put-put your hands together
For the silver bullet make me
Put-put-put your heads together
For the cause and cure we're waiting

Digging through and past the center
Of the earth go straight
Play the scientist and vandal
Sweating either way

Put-put-put your hands together
For the silver bullet make me
Put the voice of the idol maker
Rising definite and shaking

Pick your gift for accident for
Wrapped it in skintight
Pull the strings that make this thing
You pushed with all your might

Crude plays they used to stage (oh my)
You've saved the best for later (oh my)
Crude plays, and yet they made you mine (Mine)
(You're mine, mine
All mine, mine, all mine)

Put-put-put your hands together
For the silver bullet make me
Put-put-put your hands together
For the future perfect waiting

You can only cover so much territory of course
Belting carols at the sun about the things you've lost

Put-put-put your hands together
For the cause and cure is calling
Put-put-put your hands together
For the silver bullet falling

Digging through and past the center
Of the earth go straight

Play the scientist and vandal
Sweating either way

Crude plays they used to stage (oh my)
You've saved the best for later (oh my)
Crude plays, and yet they made you mine (mine)
(You're mine, mine
All mine, mine, all mine)
[repeat]

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