

Grace Potter & The Nocturnals "Sweet Hands"

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Tuesday night feet on the floor
Keys in hand, headed out that door
I look to you but you don't look back
There's a slow train coming and a clickety-clack

Come on, baby, give it to me
If I chase you're running up that tree
Seems there's nothing I can do
To get a little bit of love from my hands to you

You've got the sweetest little hands on this side of the
Rio Grande
And if you love me you've got to love me right
So take your sticky little fingers and hold me tight

It's like touch and go without the touch
It's all I ask but it's still too much
You've got to love me tender
You've got to love me tough
But what you're giving me just ain't enough

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