

Grave

"Too many hands"

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She's one of a kind
Sometimes hard to find
Like a rainbow
Well, she's lost all her glory
And could tell you some stories
That we all should know

And there's too many hands
Being laid on her
Too many eyes will never see
That it's dragging her down
But you won't hear a sound as
She turns 'round

Her beauty all aflight
It always seems to turn the tide
At midnight

And for her there is no rest
We are doing what is best
For our future

One of these days she may not
Be so good to you

One of these days she might
Shake you to the ground
But her fire is still
Burning
And her heart is still yearning
To be found

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