

## **Herman Düne**

# **"With A Fistful Of Faith"**

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I know I have a lot of friends  
But the one hand that could hold mine is just gone man  
I could sit here in the sofa  
Staring at the television  
But my eyes are blind and my ears are deaf  
Since the baby ran away man

Oh dear, I don't want to see you standing there, oh  
dear!  
With a fist full of faith and eyes full of tears

And I remember her face in the shadow of a baseball  
hat  
And I remember your arms wrapped around my neck  
If I could go back then I would trade  
Every stupid thing I said  
Just not to kiss that lovely mouth again...

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