

**Iota****"Through My Fingers"**Visit "[Through My Fingers](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

So baby, you don't have the time  
Too busy, you can't see the crime  
In keeping yourself to yourself  
Well, girl  
You don't look that good anyway  
Persistence paid off in the end  
She insisted we'd only be friends  
That was then this is now one year later  
It's not right, no not quite  
All the lights are on but no-one's home tonight  
Girl with a summer tan  
Slips through my fingers like sand  
All I wanted to see was you  
Coming home to me  
Smiled so wide I'm tearing my face  
When she moved her stuff into my place  
But all I see now are notes on a table  
Yeah, I love you too  
But what good does that do?  
We gotta get together baby  
Me'n'you  
Girl with a summer tan...  
I go crazy pacing the floor  
Learn my lines  
Then you walk through the door  
When I see you it fires something in me  
Your loving shows  
I wanna burn these clothes  
Take your right there where you're standing  
Lace and all.  
Girl with a summer tan...

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