

James Yuill**"They're Chasing My Hands"**

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There is a man I used to know
Rarely do I see him
Rarely does he comfort me now
Whenever I was down he would watch over me, over
me
The love he gave me is all I need
The love he gave me is all I need

There was a boy I used to know
Who cried for the weekend or for Valentines
Whenever he was down I would watch over him, over
him
The tears he gave me was all I want
The tears he gave me was all I want

They're chasing my hands
They're chasing my feet
They're chasing my hands
They're chasing my hands

There is a girl I used to see
Mainly on the weekends or when I was free
If ever I would take time she would look down on me,
down on me
The space she gave me was all I need
The space she gave me was all I need

They're chasing my hands
They're chasing my feet
They're chasing my hands
They're chasing my hands

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