

Jay Brannan

"Both Hands"

Visit "[Both Hands](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I am walking out in the rain
and I am listening to the low moan of the dial tone
again
And I am getting nowhere with you
And I can't let it go
And I can't get through

And the old woman behind pink curtains
And closed door, on the first floor
She's listening through the air shaft
To see how long our swan song can last
And both hands
Please use both hands.
Oh no don't close your eyes.
I am writing graffiti on your body
I am drawing the story of how hard we tried
How hard we tried
How hard we tried

And I am watching your chest rise and fall
Like the tides of my life and the rest of it all
And your bones have been my bed frame
And your flesh has been my pillow
I've been waiting for sleep
To offer up the deep, with both hands
Oh ah, with both hands

And in each others shadow we grew less and less tall
and eventually our theories couldn't explain it all.
I'm recording our history now on the bedroom wall
And when we leave the landlord will come
And paint over it all.

I'm walking out in the rain
And I am listening to the low moan of the dial tone
again
And I am getting nowhere with you
And I can't let it go
And I can't get through

Both hands, please use both hands.

Don't close your eyes
I am writing graffiti on your body
I am drawing the story of how hard we tried
How hard we tried

Visit [Jay Brannan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.