

## Jennylyn Mercado

### "The Wrong Hands"

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I still wear these worn out jeans  
I have to wear long-johns underneath  
Down by the harbour there's a cool, cool breeze  
I've never wondered if oceans can freeze

The strings on my fathers old guitar  
The positions of the northern stars  
The clock-like beat of the budgies heart  
Tick, tick, tick now they know where you are

I tried the light therapy  
From a Xerox-machine  
The gentle beat of a tambourine

And it's not that I can't stand  
To see you with another man  
I just don't want to see good love  
Fall into the wrong hands

Behind the craze there's a pretty sunset  
The water shines like tiny bells  
I feel the warmth in a cigarette  
But everything else

And it's not that I can't stand  
To see you with another man  
I just don't want to see good love  
Fall into the wrong hands

I tried the light therapy  
From the Xerox-machine  
The gentle beat of a tambourine

And it's not that I can't stand  
To see you ruin our plans  
I just don't want to see good love  
Fall into the wrong hands  
Fall into the wrong hands

