Kim Carnes "Invisible Hands"

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(Martin Page/Brian Fairweather)

I have your photograph
I have it hanging on my wall
You neither cry or laugh
Finding it hard to forget it all

Oh I'm reachin' out my invisible hands To touch you Oh I'm reachin' out my invisible hands To feel you

You make the evening news You never had an alibi Your evidence my be the truth But they believed my lies

Oh I'm reachin' out my invisible hands To touch you Oh I'm reachin' out my invisible hands To feel you

Is it a lie
When you're asking me why
Hold out my had
When you don't understand
Is it a lie

When you're asking me why Who fires the gun..gun..gun..gun

Oh I'm reachin' out my invisible hands To touch you Oh I'm reachin' out my invisible hands To feel you

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When you're asking me why
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Who fires the gun..gun..gun..gun

Oh I'm reachin' out my invisible hands To touch you Oh I'm reachin' out my invisible hands To feel you

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