

## **The Hampdens**

# **"Hands In The Ground"**

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If you're gone before I'm there  
And your yellowing walls appear  
Through the scrubbed graying sheets  
Look inside and see  
If you can't believe it's me  
Hiding out beneath eiderdown skies  
You are so hard to deceive  
Forget everything

I go outside  
To virgin ground and dig a hole  
And bury my hands in the soil  
Because I don't like how I'm feeling

If you can shake your head  
And break through my shadowy walls of sleep  
Draw the blinds above your bed  
And try hard to see  
Through the windows into the street  
At little patches of ironed out lawn  
It is so hard to believe you can do anything  
I don't know  
Everybody's on their backs  
And I don't know if they're sleeping

I go outside  
To virgin ground and dig a hole  
And bury my hands in the soil  
Because I don't like how I'm feeling

(Go outside,  
Shake your head  
Draw the blinds above your bed  
Feel the sun on the street and the dirt beneath your  
feet  
Take a chance  
Leave your home  
Pack your bags before you go  
Call your friend  
Shake his hand  
And then set off and don't look back)

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