

Merry Ellen Kirk

"Lay Your Hands On Me"

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Sat in the corner of the garden grill
With the plastic flowers on the windowsill
No more miracles, loaves and fishes
Been so busy with the washing of the dishes
Reaction level's much too high, I can do without the
stimuli

I'm living way beyond my ways and means
Living in the zone of the in-betweens
I can see the flashes on the frozen ocean
Static charge of the cold emotion
Watched on by the distant eyes
Watched on by the silent, hidden spies

But still the warmth flows through me
And I sense you know me well
No luck, no golden chances
No mitigating circumstances now
It's only common sense
There are no accidents around here

I am willing, lay your hands on me
I am ready, lay your hands on me
I believe, lay your hands on me, over me

Working in gardens, thornless roses,
Fat men play with their garden hoses
Poolside laughter has a cynical bite,
Sausage speared by the cocktail satellite
I walk away from from light and sound,
Down stairways leading underground

But still the warmth flows through me
And I sense you know me well
It's only common sense
There are no accidents around here

I am willing, lay your hands on me
I am ready, lay your hands on me
I believe, lay your hands on me, over me
Over me

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