

Unpersons "Dry Hand"

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My hand burnt when i touched her,
and i dreamt for a moment.
bury me in a box of photographs,
a thick bleak wind across
myÂ...

your face is so slick slick slick
i cut my fingers on your edges
it's so cruel, it burns, it's so cruelÂ...

'when people mistake revenge for love, honey,
this ain't my father's hand.
honey, this ain't my father's hand.
baby, you're so slick,
you're a slick image,
little girl,
slick slick slickÂ...'

my hand dries in the wind now
(thick thick thick)
and it is burnt
(black black black)
but for a moment it was red
(and slick slick slick)

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