

Clare Bowditch

"Your Other Hand"

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Black dog, thick the fog, 'yellow fog that rubs it's back
against the window'.
You're sure there must be more. You're sure, but you're
drinking anyway.
Sweet pain, back again, back again and now you've
really started thinking
what if this is it?
Take the wheel baby, take the wheel baby now.

No more wasting your life chasing dead ideals.
See the past? It's gone. Let's roll on with the show.

Oh love love love, we don't understand how to be
human.
It's a simply sum; hold your other hand.
Oh love love love, how we long for land, for a ship
that's able handed.
Go walk the plank, go take the dive.
Big Life.

One night you start a fight with yourself about your
wealth of imperfections.
Don't read the stupid magazines. Don't read them if
you don't feel like a laugh.
So who cares what you wear? Jzushed or bare;
whatever gets your motor rolling.
Feeling sadder? Doesn't matter. Take the wheel baby,
take the wheel baby now.

No more wasting your life chasing dead ideals.
See the past? It's gone. Let's roll on with the show.

Oh love love love, we don't understand how to be
human.
It's a simple sum; hold your other hand.
Oh love love love, how we long for land for a ship
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