

Fences

"Hands"

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Your hands at your side,
And your eyes looking down,
A smile slowly forming, I heard not a sound.
The way oh, you talk with your hands.

I took you by your hand, into another room,
We talked about our fathers and lazy afternoons.
The way oh, you talk with your hands.

We spent some nights hiding in the sheets,
Smoking cigarettes and letting our parts meet.
The way oh, you talk with your hands.

The way, oh.
The way, oh.
The way, oh.
You talk with your hands.

Can see it in your smile,
That thoughts of me are fading,
When something inbetween us keeps me anticipating.
The way oh, you talk with your hands.

Your new man's coming home, and I'm left all alone,
He's taken my crown, and taken my thrown.
The way oh, you talk with your hands.

Now I'm left where I first saw your face,
Still living in the time,
Still living in the place.
The way oh, you talk with your hands.

The way, oh.
The way, oh.
The way, oh.
You talk with your hands.

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