

Brooke Waggoner

"Come Love, See My Hands"

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Yeah I put on a shirt and I flirt with my own reflection
I've no companion
Yeah my toes are sleepy, my eyes are weepy, they fell
out
And I shoved them in the spout

And I'd sing
Ooo ooo ooo ooo

Yeah I pull of my limbs, give 'em to the wind in silence
I've no defiance
Yeah my legs are weak, my lips won't speak I twist
them
And rudely kiss them

And I don't know why I write this
And scratch it on the back of your books
And I don't know why I sketch you
And waste it on the edge o' ya looks
I don't know why I plant these
And fashion them from slices of earth
I guess I'm slave to the spirit
Of needing to create and give birth

And we all sing
Ooo ooo ooo ooo

And come love, see my hands
Come love, see my hands
Come love, see my hands
Oh come on, and see my hands

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