

Sister Seven

"Out Of My Hands"

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Thinking of the permanent winds never changing
They've shaped the desert as long as most remember
Egypt, North Africa, Gibraltar and the likeâ€¦ Yeah
We believed that we could be as sure and faithful
Planets surrounding us always turn heavens clockwork
The greatest timekeeper men can hardly fathom
Pluto, Venus, the sun and the moon
And we believed that we could be as pure and sacred
Out of my hands how could we be out of my hands
Out of my hands how could we be out of my hands
There is a tree outside the house we shared together
I grabbed my arms around her when you were gone
There she's been standing five hundred years or more
And my mistake was asking you to be that patient
Out of my hands, how could we be, out of my hands
Out of my hands, how could we be, out of my hands
I'll send you a letter in the morning
While I travel to another sleepy town
And if once you could have loved me enough to let me
wander
Without constancy some consistency
Thinking of the permanent winds never changing
They've shaped the desert as long as most remember
Egypt, North Africa, Gibraltar and the likeâ€¦ Yeah
They will see their better days before the winds come
calling
They will see their better days before the winds come

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