

Cliks, The "My Hand"

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She laid down, but with her face away.
In my fear, wouldn't know what to say.
Was dear to anyone but you.
It's so clear, but what am I to do?

Your friends, they all say, "you're a number."
But I don't care, they're all numbers.
Friends, I can fit them all in one hand.
Minus my thumb, minus my finger,
my hand.

I'm not weak, I'm just the sober one.
Can I speak up with a candid tone?
Why don't you call when I know for sure,
you are feeling lonely?

And if they could talk, my fingers would walk,
to the culprit.
They'd find all the names of all those to blame.
This is bullshit.
And all of the fiction I find deranged
and much more than I can stand.
You cut off my thumb, crippled my finger,
why come my hand?

[unreleased, available for purchase at ?dept_id=4173]

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