

Gutter Twins

"Idle Hands"

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With my idle hands
There?s nothing I can do
But be the Devil?s plaything, Baby
And know that I?ve been used
Your lips are cold, they suffer me
They drag me under, Baby
Into your suffering
Let your hands do what they will do
Stand inside, make your maker?s move
And your old eyes don?t look the same
They?ve seen better, Baby, in the light
Just like stones, like me
They work for my eyes
Growing through mine

My eyes have seen
They have been shown
This is an occupation
To stand alone
I suffer you
You suffer me
We are the Devil?s plaything into this reckoning
Let your hands do what they will do
Stand inside; make your maker?s move
But your old eyes don?t look the same
They?ve seen heaven, Baby, in denial
Just like stones, like me
Work for mine,
Work for mine

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