

## **Horrors, The "Gloves"**

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Today I found a baby's glove  
Lying on the drainage board, so still  
Yesterday a leather glove  
From the slim fingered hand of a woman

The next time I saw one  
It was lying half frozen  
And twisted on the kerb  
And I couldn't take it

Now I have my own private collection  
All lined in rows when you open up the wardrobe doors  
Now I have no room for my obsession  
Lined up and labelled in neat little packets

The next time I saw one  
It stuck inside my head  
And became all that  
I could think about

And through wax seals and padlocks  
A hand through my ribcage  
Past the choking I saw palms and fingers grasping  
Shoulders...collarbone...crushing  
I imagined myself  
Hacking desperately at a sea of appendages,  
Forward and right,  
Freeing myself like a butcher,  
Feeling the mash of bone and sinew  
Running slowly down the front of my body  
And I couldn't take it any more

I said, I've got to go,  
I've got to get out of here,  
I've got to go,  
And I ran down the street,  
I've got to go,  
I've got to get out of here,  
I've got to go..

