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## **Tokyo Police Club** "Hands Reversed"

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You've got to come into my kitchen for a crime You've got to shoot me up and tie me to the kite I'm gonna tell you what to do about yourself Because the breakfast of the champions is a hedonistic health

Made of paper and glue You're a Rubik's cube You can buy it in cans, tin cans You were always the first But I think you've got your hands reversed Hands reversed Hands reversed And cool for sure

Watching your weekends and your holidays combine Trying to color in between the dotted lines Your only souvenir's a suitcase full of sand

But when you feel like you're a million then I feel like I'm a grand

Made of paper and glue You're a Rubik's cube You can buy it in cans (tin cans) You were always the first But I think you've got your hands reversed Hands reversed Hands reversed And cool for sure

Made of paper and glue You're a Rubik's cube You can buy it in cans (tin cans) You were always the first But I think you've got your hands reversed Hands reversed Hands reversed And cool for sure

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