

Maccabees, The "Seventeen Hands"

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Call out the soft sound
The four letter word that you found
Call it out
Call out the soft sound
And make it round
Everyone together
Hell for leather over good ground

All caught up and love struck
All caught up in love struck hands, struck hands
You're all caught up and love struck
Never seem to get enough
And everything you wanted
Gonna get it go aesthetic go

Hold out your left one
The number three finger from your thumb
And put it on, put it on the left one
And lay it down one upon the other
As a measure of the way it stands

All caught up and love struck
All caught up in love struck hands, struck hands
You're all caught up and mud stuck
Money made on good luck
And everything you wanted
Gonna get it go aesthetic go

So call out you're all fired up
You're all fired up
Call it out
Call out you're all fired up
You're all fired up
Call it out

Call out if you're love struck
All caught up with love struck hands around
Call out, you found it out

Cos you always would set it up
Only to let up

Hey, hey those are silver hairs
On your father's chin
And on your mother's head

Hey, hey those are still laughter lines
On your father's brow
And round your mother's eyes.

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