

Your Red Hand (Killed)

The New Amsterdams

If I ever catch your red hand
Talking shit on my friends again
I will institute my revenge
It is cold and sweet
Lack of faith may be the final straw
A power struggle that could end it all
A test of confidence has come to call
Is your trust in me? I don't know why, but I do
Anything, anything that you ask me to
Heard your answer on the radio
About them famous words, you used to know
That was so, three years ago
Aren't you over it? I don't want you coming close to me
California falls into the sea
But if the stars align for your fifteen
Here's your minutes I don't know why, but I do
Anything, anything that you ask me to
If I ever catch your red hand
Talking shit on my friends again
I will institute my revenge
It is cold and sweet

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Published by
LILIAN SOPHIA

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