

# Lay Your Hands On Me

Peter Gabriel

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Sat in the corner of the garden grill  
With plastic flowers on the window still  
No more miracles, loaves and fishes  
Been so busy with the washing of the dishes  
Reaction levels much too high  
I can do without the stimuli I'm living way beyond my ways and means  
Living in the zone of the in between  
I can see the flashes on the frozen ocean  
Static charge of the cold emotion  
Watched on by the distant eyes  
Watched on by the silent hidden spies But still the warmth flows through me  
And I sense you know me well  
No luck, no golden chances  
No mitigating circumstances now  
It's only common sense  
There are no accidents around here I am willing  
Lay your hands on me  
I am ready  
Lay your hands on me  
I believe  
Lay your hands on me, over me Working in gardens, thornless roses  
Fat men play with their garden hoses  
Poolside laughter has a cynical bite  
Sausage speared by the cocktail satellite  
I walk away from light and sound  
Down stairways leading underground But still the warmth flows through me  
And I sense you know me well  
It's only common sense  
There are no accidents around here I am willing  
Lay your hands on me  
I am ready  
Lay your hands on me

I believe  
Lay your hands on me, over me  
Over me Lay your hands on me  
Lay your hands on me  
Lay your hands on me, over me Lay your hands on me  
Lay your hands on me  
Lay your hands on me  
Lay your hands on me, over me  
Lay your hands on me, over me  
Lay your hands on me, over me  
Lay your hands on me, over me  
Lay your hands on me, over me  
Lay your hands on me, over me  
Lay your hands on me, over me  
Lay your hands on me

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