Slow Hands (Eden Session)

Interpol

Yeah, but nobody searches and nobody cares somehow
When the loving that you've wasted comes raining from a hapless cloud
Then I might stop and look upon your face
Disappear in the sweet, sweet gaze
See the living that surrounds me dissipate in a violet placeCan't you see what you've done to my heart and soul?
This is a wasteland nowWe spies, we slow hands
Put the weights all around yourself
We spies, oh yeah, we slow hands
You put the weights all around yourselfNow I submit my incentive is romance, I watch the pole dance
Of the stars, we rejoice because the hurting is so painless
From the distance of passing cars
But I am married to your charms and grace
I just go crazy like the good old days, you make me want
To pick up a guitar and celebrate the myriad ways that I love youCan't you see what you've done to my heart and soul?
This is a wasteland nowWe spies, yeah, we slow hands
You put the weights all around yourself
We spies, oh yeah, we slow hands
Killer for hire, you know not yourselfWe spies, we slow hands
You put the weights all around yourself
We spies, oh yeah, we slow hands
We retire like nobody elseWe spies, intimate slow hands
Killer for hire, you know not yourself
We spies, intimate slow hands
You let the face slap around herself

Songwriters
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