

Lay Your Hands On Me

Benjy Davis Project

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 betweens
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, over me
Lay your hands on me
Lay your hands on me

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