

# Where Have Those Hands Been?

## The Paper Chase

Mary Lou, Mary Lou:

"This one's for you, 'cause I know you."

I know I said "until the four walls, they fall in,"

but not when knee caps have caved in.

I guess it's "the way it was before." "No one really knows anyone." "Pretty please, I got to do it, God," I said.

"I got the arm. I got the rocket.

I wasn't born to be some saint,

when I could rather do what you can't." "So, since you snapped your legs on skates,

I see you writhe on the bedroom floor.

I feel the dirty in every place,

on the certain light, on the certain face.

The way it was before.

On and on and on...I'll have to hide those kitchen knives. I know it all. I know everything:

the little secrets that you keep.

I'm gonna haunt your dreams at night;

you'll have to hide those kitchen knives. I know it all. I know everything.

Your little brothers can't hide from me.

I'm gonna cut you off at the knee.

I know what you want. So, do you ever feel that pain -

the one I feel on the bedroom floor?

And when you're hanging to bottom rods,

I know, I know, I know, I know what you want. I know you're inching for exchange;

I gather that all you young boys do.

So, when coughing up on your hands,

(just remember)

they don't know you like I do. They don't know you like I do:

the little secrets that you keep.

I'm gonna haunt your dreams at night;

you'll have to hide those kitchen knives. They don't know you like I do.

How could they know you like I do?

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