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 e 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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