

# Red Right Hands

## Harlem Shakes

Youâ€™re on my mind, on my mind  
Ainâ€™t gonna be down for long

I go blind, I go blind,  
Each time I look for you

Counting clean sheep  
We daydream sleep  
Sisters read our palms whoa-a  
Our TVs watched us like all-knowing mouths  
They say

Learning something, don't burn nothing  
Wind up nothing too whoa-a  
Our real folks in Brazil won't say what to do

And he walks in this Casanova  
Drinks in every hand  
Sings sweet songs of all our plans  
Sweet songs of all our plans

And he walks in this Casanova  
Hides his red right hand  
Sings sweet songs of all our land  
Sweet songs

You're on my mind, on my mind  
Ain't gonna be down for long

I go blind, I go blind,  
Each time I look for you

(Yeah)

Dirty winos, dollar dance halls  
One squall ends them all whoa-a  
Ten feet hope, wicked chains and just enough rope

Unless you're born dead, unless you're undead  
Our moms are still our moms whoa-a

Can't recall what shook us like non-fiction songs

And he walks in this Casanova  
Drinks in every hand  
Sings sweet songs of all our plans  
Sad songs of all our plans

And he walks in this Casanova  
Hides his red right hand  
Sings sweet songs of all our land  
Sweet songs

You're on my mind, on my mind  
And gonna leak off slow

Hold me light, hold me right  
Each time I track you down

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