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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