Hand on Heart

Red Lorry Yellow Lorry

So tell me what I pay for the price of freedom
No healthy survival in rooms unattached
Just trying to touch you, but never to hold you
In this burning confusion, with hands made of clay

You've got your hand on my heart
You've got your hand on my heart
You've got your hand on my heart
You've got your hand on my heart

In this prison of nowhere, you've played my emotions
You've stretched my condition, my head is all fire
With gates made of iron, like a lamb to the slaughter
Emotional torture is a game you enjoy

You've got your hand on my heart
You've got your hand on my heart
You've got your hand on my heart
You've got your hand on my heart

The importance of nothing, your own bleak conclusion
Illusions an answer, but never the healer
And crippled in silence, the stretch of a lifetime
The power to hold me, your pleasure to gain

It's a dicey situation I have found myself in
It's a dicey situation I have found myself in

You've got your hand on my heart
You've got your hand on my heart
You've got your hand on my heart
You've got your hand on my heart
On my heart

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