

My Hands Up

Trespassers William

Turning into something I can't cope
With not having Stop, stop it
Could I put my hands up
And ask that you stop? Do I need to be in love?
I'm lost when it's just me
With only a hope to make
You happy enough to stay Return the words, the looks
I give you like they're falling out of me
Seconds change and at the end
Your face is inerasable True, I need to be in love
I'm lost when it's just me
With only a hope to make
You happy enough
Do I need to be in love? What is there otherwise from loving?
Just takes a face
To make everything else erase Stop, stop it
Could I put my hands up
And ask that you stop?

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