

Two Hands

King Crimson

Oh they're touching
They're touching each other
They're feeling
They push and move
And love each other, love each other
They fit together like two hands I am a face
in the painting on the wall
I pose and shudder
And watch from the foot of the bed
Sometimes I think I can
Feel everything The wind is blowing
My hair in their direction
The wind is bending my hair
There are no windows in the painting
No open windows, no open windows, no

Songwriters

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