

Hold Your Own Hand

Mothers

Betrayed with every movement
Cold fingers not forgotten
The things we touched with them
Loved
Loved I burned up all my songs
And waved them out for the dogs
I think I could learn to love Almost close enough
To taste her [?]
Almost close enough
But not quite
Keep those little hands
Right there in your pockets
Keep those little hands
I can't say that I want them
I can't say I believe them

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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