Hold Your Own Hand

Mothers

Betrayed with every movement
Cold fingers not forgotten
The things we touched with them
Loved
LovedI burned up all my songs
And waved them out for the dogs
I think I could learn to loveAlmost 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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