# The Handshake

## A. Paul Ortega

I just shook the handshake
I just sealed the deal
I'll try not to let them take
Everything they can steal
People always told me
Says, don't forget your roots
I know I can feel them
Underneath my leather boots
You toss all the mornings lost
To the clouds and you watch it go
Your fair-weather friends on a parachute binge
Get lost when the wind blows
The handshake's stuck
On the tip of my tongue
It tastes like death
But it looks like fun
I was a loner
I was just waiting by myself
When you warped temptress
Rose to bring me happiness and wealth
Black tears, black smile
Black credit cards and shoes
You can call all the people you want
But it's you who's being used
Under your black eyes, honey
Right beneath your nose
A curse on all creation
Every single thing you know
White smoke, white light
White marble on the floor
It will only take a few seconds of darkness
To figure out what's in store, little girl
You only convince yourself that you want
But you don't know
You keep on trying to wash the blood from your hands
But it won't go
We're gonna keep you on the run
We got the handshake under our tongue
We got the handshake under our tongue

We got the handshake under our tongue

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