

# Hands Reversed

## Tokyo Police Club

You've got to come into my kitchen for a crime  
You've got to shoot me up and tie me to the kite  
I'm gonna tell you what to do about yourself  
Because the breakfast of the champions is a hedonistic health  
Made of paper and glue  
You're a Rubik's cube  
You can buy it in cans, tin cans  
You were always the first  
But I think you've got your hands reversed  
Hands reversed  
Hands reversed  
And cool for sure  
Watching your weekends and your holidays combine  
Trying to color in between the dotted lines  
Your only souvenir's a suitcase full of sand  
But when you feel like you're a million then I feel like I'm a grand  
Made of paper and glue  
You're a Rubik's cube  
You can buy it in cans (tin cans)  
You were always the first  
But I think you've got your hands reversed  
Hands reversed  
Hands reversed  
And cool for sure

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