Hands

Ms. John Soda

Things may seem/somehow unsure in times
Things refined/directions signed sometimes

Today, we hold it
We're friends tomorrow
Today, we call it
And then tomorrow
The perfect chance
Once in a while
And lucky hands
Once in a while

Whoever near
Ever so far, sometimes
Whatever dear
Ever so feared sometimes
Whoever near...
Whoever near...

Days in sights
Days then heard, in times
Days and signs
Becoming clear, sometimes

Today, we hold it

We're friends tomorrow
Today, we call it
And then tomorrow
The perfect chance
Once in a while
And lucky hands...

Today, we hold it
We're friends tomorrow
Today, we call it
And then tomorrow
However life
Compared to show,
Ones' beg one's forth

But only go

Today, we hold it
We're friends tomorrow
Today, we call it
And then tomorrow
The perfect chance
Once in a while
And lucky hands
Once in a while

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