

These Hands

Pepper

I hear your favorite song,
As it blows through the speakers,
Of this old car,
I remember driving up to the top of the Beverly Hills,
We fogged up the windows,
Kissed by the streetlight,

Oh, Look at these hands,
See what they've done,
It's hard to remember this,
Cause we were having so much fun,
Oh, I was your man,
but that's over and done,
Well I miss your shiny lips,
And the way you chased the sun,

I watched you put your makeup on,
Then rode through a red light
No hands on the wheel,
You always wanna hotbox us on the freeway
And you'd tell me to drive home,
With the headlights off,

Yeah, Look at these hands,
See what they've done,
It's hard to remember this,
Cause we were having so much fun,
Oh, I was your man,
but that's over and done,
Well I miss your shiny lips,
And the way you chased the sun,

Was it the way that you smile,
Or was it the way that you laughed at life,
So flick a nickel anytime,
I would always make you mine,
Even through the headlights,
Oh, flick a nickel anytime,
I would always make you mine,
Even through the red lights,

Now baby,

Look at these hands,
See what they've done,
It's hard to remember this,
Cause we were having so much fun,
Oh, I was your man,
but that's over and done,
Well I miss your shiny lips,
And the way you chased the sun,

Look at these hands,
See what they've done,
It's hard to remember this,
Cause we were having so much fun,
Oh, I was your man,
but that's over and done,
Well I miss your shiny lips,
And the way you chased the sun...

Lyrics submitted by Paige Kilkenny.

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