Broken Hands

Fraser A. Gorman

When the light that shines turns bloody red
It'll distort halos in my head
I hate my hate Oh
When the ones you love turn leave and go
It'll distort all the things you know
I hate my hate Oh
Stay with me, you'll understand
I can't hold you, 'cause I've got broken hands
When your bestest friends are only blokes
That shows you all the bad things you don't know
I hate my hate Oh

Stay with me, I think you'll understand
I can't hold you 'cause I've got broken hands
Stay with me and you'll understand
Look at these fingers I can't hold you with
Broken hands
I've got broken hands
I've got broken hands
I've got broken hands
I've got broken hands

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