

His Hands

Jennifer Nettles

I remember that day when he walked up to me.

Wrote his number down, put it in the pocket of my bluejeans.

And I fell like a feather, yeah, just like that, we were together.

He was my perfect gentleman, sweet like, real sweet. And his hands felt like thunder on my skin,

His breath hot, oh, how or how could I forget

that his eyes looked right through me and that was it.

Silence was the only sound then, and my heart pounded. Told me things would be different leaving church that

Sunday,

but the only change coming was the quarters in the ashtray.

Yeah I should have known better when the last three times he swore

that he would never lay another finger on me but the truth's on my face. And his hands felt like thunder on my
skin,

his breath hot, oh, how could I forget.

His eyes looked right through me and that was it.

Silence was the only sound then, and my heart pounded. Oh I, thought that he was all I ever wanted.

Should have come with a warning.

Just like you, I've been there too.

Oh I got bag and I got a plan.

Girl you better get out while you can... while you can, while you can. Cause his hands felt like thunder on my
skin,

His breath hot, oh how could I forget

that his eyes looked right through me and that was it.

Silence was the only sound then, silence was the only sound then,

silence was the only sound then, and my heart heart pounded.

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