

Slow Hands

Joel Tipke

Yeah, but nobody searches and nobody cares somehow
When the loving that you've wasted comes raining from a hapless cloud
 Then I might stop and look upon your face
 Disappear in the sweet, sweet gaze
 See the living that surrounds me dissipate in a violet place
 Can't you see what you've done to my heart and soul?
 This is a wasteland now
 We spies, we slow hands
 Put the weights all around yourself
 We spies, oh yeah, we slow hands
 You put the weights all around yourself
Now I submit my incentive is romance, I watch the pole dance
 Of the stars, we rejoice because the hurting is so painless
 From the distance of passing cars
 But I am married to your charms and grace
 I just go crazy like the good old days, you make me want
 To pick up a guitar and celebrate the myriad ways that I love you

 Can't you see what you've done to my heart and soul?
 This is a wasteland now
 We spies, yeah, we slow hands
 You put the weights all around yourself
 We spies, oh yeah, we slow hands
 Killer for hire, you know not yourself
 We spies, we slow hands
 You put the weights all around yourself
 We spies, oh yeah, we slow hands
 We retire like nobody else
 We spies, intimate slow hands
 Killer for hire, you know not yourself
 We spies, intimate slow hands
 You let the face slap around herself

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