

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>