Slow Hands (Live Bonus)

Interpol

Yeah, but nobody searches
Nobody cares somehow
When the loving that you've wasted
Comes raining from a hapless cloud
And I might stop and look upon your face
Disappear in the sweet, sweet gaze
See the living that surrounds me
Dissipate in a violet blazeCan't you see what you've done to my heart
And soul?
This is a wasteland nowWe spies
We slow hands
Put the weights around yourself
We spies, oh yeah
We slow hands
You put the weights all around yourself nowI submit my incentive is romance
I watched 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 youCan you see what you've done to my heart
And soul?
This is a wasteland nowWe spies, yeah
We slow hands
You put the weights around yourself
We spies, oh yeah
We slow hands
Killer, for hire you know not yourselfWe 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

Songwriters
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