They Follow Me

The Notwist

Hands, Hands
on a face again
i couldn't help myself
but run away
those hands
rueing everything
but i'm not afraid
of no one elseHands, your hands
on my face again
and i can't help myself
but go a straight
these hands
they suit everything
and i'm not afraid
of nothing else
all the wrong things i can do
come on me when i'm without you
all the wrong things i can do
follow me when i'm without you

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