Delicate Hands

The Long Winters

You play hard to want
You're hard to crumble up
I belong to someone
Already gone
Hard to want
You're hard to crumble up
I belong to someone
Gone before I was born
Gone, she was gone before I was born

The last time we crossed
I held you under
Wanting to feel you
Wanting to breath
And I thought
You wanted to feel like breathing

You have delicate hands
And I know why
You have delicate hands
And I know why

There's nothing left to do
Not when you
Have the ocean for a view

The last time we crossed
I held you under
Wanting to feel you
Wanting to breath
And I thought
You wanted to feel like breathing
And I thought
You wanted to feel like breathing

The way of this hairstyle is making me lazy
I think I'm gonna leave it up all night
I want to feed you butter-rum candy
But someone beat you to me
Beat you to me

Someone beat you to me

The last time we crossed
I held you under
Wanting to feel you
Wanting to breath
And I thought
You wanted to feel like breathing

The last time we crossed
I held you under
Wanting to feel you
Wanting to breath
And I thought
You wanted to feel like breathing

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