

# Something To Do With My Hands (Arab Strap Remix)

## Her Space Holiday

You know it kills me to see such a pretty girl so tired  
You've got your mother's cheekbones and your father's crooked smile  
Forget all those places that you've never really been  
And all those situations you somehow found yourself in  
Let your body sink into me  
Like your favorite memory  
Like a line of poetry  
Or a fucking fit of honesty  
I'll do my best to keep you, keep you sleepy as the south  
With my old watch on your wrist  
And my thumbs inside your mouth  
Suck on my fingertips until you kill all my prints  
So your boyfriend has no clue  
Of how much I've been touching you My problem with me is my problem with you  
It doesn't take much  
For me to come unglued  
I put my headphones on  
And hear your favorite songs  
And it kills me to know  
That this won't be one of them You know it saves me to think even for a little while  
I owned the set of shoulders that you came to rely on  
Like in that movie theater when you whispered in my ear  
I almost didn't make it  
This has been my hardest year  
Your job is killing you faster than a cancer could  
So now you're giving up like they always said you would  
You've got that old map out now and you found the farthest town  
You hope that if you're lucky this is where you'll settle down I don't care where you move I don't care if it's far  
All that I ask is that I know where you are  
In case our timing is right  
In case you need more from me  
Than a bit of advice  
Or a tongue full of sympathy

Songwriters

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