

Lay Your Hands On Me

Peter Gabriel

Sat in the corner of the garden grill
With plastic flowers on the window still
No more miracles, loaves and fishes
Been so busy with the washing of the dishes
Reaction levels much too high
I can do without the stimuli I'm living way beyond my ways and means
Living in the zone of the in between
I can see the flashes on the frozen ocean
Static charge of the cold emotion
Watched on by the distant eyes
Watched on by the silent hidden spies But still the warmth flows through me
And I sense you know me well
No luck, no golden chances
No mitigating circumstances now
It's only common sense
There are no accidents around here I am willing
Lay your hands on me
I am ready
Lay your hands on me
I believe
Lay your hands on me, over me Working in gardens, thornless roses
Fat men play with their garden hoses
Poolside laughter has a cynical bite
Sausage speared by the cocktail satellite
I walk away from light and sound
Down stairways leading underground But still the warmth flows through me
And I sense you know me well
It's only common sense
There are no accidents around here I am willing
Lay your hands on me
I am ready
Lay your hands on me
I believe
Lay your hands on me, over me
Over me Lay your hands on me
Lay your hands on me
Lay your hands on me, over me Lay your hands on me
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