

# Fingers

## Anthea

With your fingers touching me  
I feel tender  
And the same thing you promised me  
It was early December  
You go your way  
And I go mine  
And you say your sorry  
And I say I'm fine

It's alright  
I make my? and I forget  
It's alright  
It's alright

With your words controlling me  
Comes a sense of security  
But the same thing you gave to me  
You took it back, instantly  
So here we go again  
And I stay here  
With no more promises  
Nowhere near

It's alright  
I make my ?? and I forget  
It's alright  
It's alright

Fingers  
Fingers  
Fingers  
Fingers

It's alright  
It's alright  
It's alright  
It's alright

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