

# Kid Gloves

## Fountains of Wayne

She's wearing kid gloves  
Will handle me carefully  
'Cause I've got a history  
Cracked up and fragile  
And bound to break easy And if she could talk to me  
What good would it do me  
It's no secret where I've been  
And I have worn so thin  
And she can see through me I don't believe a word of it  
Can't come around to her  
Now that I've heard of it  
Now that her soft touch is gone  
She's got her kid gloves on Here is what I've found  
New York just gets me down  
When the going got tough  
I got a bus ticket  
Back to my home town And all the way I dreamed  
Flesh wrapped in velveteen  
And the road wrapped around me  
The long lonely highway  
Gulped down by a Greyhound I don't believe a word of it  
Can't come around to her  
Now that I've heard of it  
Now that her soft touch is gone  
She's got her kid gloves on I don't believe a word of it  
Can't come around to her  
Now that I've heard of it  
Won't come around 'cause  
I'll only get hurt and it Now that her soft touch is gone  
How could she ever go on  
Without her kid gloves on

Songwriters

SCHLESINGER, ADAM L. / COLLINGWOOD, CHRIS Published by

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