

American Music Club, Heaven Of Your Hands

American Music Club

United Kingdom

Heaven Of Your Hands

Once was a woman with a silver voice
Said she was accustomed to my face
But i could tell she'd never love anyone
And wanted to run away because i could tell
That she really understands

There was so much that i had to offer
But now i'm all alone at four am
And all i got is the midnight shivers
So i turn the dial and think
Maybe i'll find myself a friend
Who say they understand
Why i waste all my time so far away
From the heaven of your hands

And anyone can give you an answer
'cause nothing in this life seems real
But i'm nothing without the touch i just don't feel

Mother don't you hear your baby crying
Why don't you reach down and pick it up
Mother all your baby's toys are broken
And i know heaven's not for me
That's something i understand i don't know how to live
Without the heaven of your hands

There's a heaven in your hands