

Interpol, Slow Hands

Nobody searches
And nobody cares somehow
When the loving that you've wasted
Comes raining from a hapless cloud
Then I might stop and look upon your face
Disappear in the sweet sweet gaze
See the living that surrounds me
Dissipate in a violent blaze

Can't you see what you've done to my heart and soul?
This is a wasteland now
We spies we slow hands
You put the weights around your self
We spies oh yeah we slow hands
You put the weights all around your self now

I submit my incentive is romance
I watched the pole dance of the stars
We rejoice because the hurting is so painless
From the distance of passing cars
But I am married to your charms & grace
I just feel crazy like the good old days
You make me want to pick up a guitar
And celebrate the myriad ways that I love you

Can't you see what you've done to my heart and soul?
This is a wasteland now
We spies yeah we slow hands
You put the weights around your self
We spies oh yeah we slow hands
Killer for hire you know not yourself

We spies we slow hands
You put the weights around your self
We spies oh yeah we slow hands
We retire like nobody else
We spies intimate slow hands
Killer for hire you know not yourself
We spies intimate slow hands
You let the face slap around the self