

Kim Carnes, Invisible Hands

Martin Page/Brian Fairweather)

I have your photograph
I have it hanging on my wall
You neither cry or laugh
Finding it hard to forget it all

Oh I'm reachin' out my invisible hands
To touch you
Oh I'm reachin' out my invisible hands
To feel you

You make the evening news
You never had an alibi
Your evidence my be the truth
But they believed my lies

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Oh I'm reachin' out my invisible hands
To feel you

Is it a lie
When you're asking me why
Hold out my had
When you don't understand
Is it a lie
When you're asking me why
Who fires the gun..gun..gun..gun

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