

# Kind Of Like Spitting, Hands

I've been singing of Allison's hands in my hands  
But she keeps them in her pocket  
She hides them in the sand  
I remember so well dark nights, spine to spine  
So she has to stay behind to recover  
Be free

I am thinking of Allison's trust  
It's been so hard to find  
I know I won't get it this time  
By writing a catchy melody line  
I am dreaming of Allison's light  
Coming into to bloom  
But my dreams will never do

The comfort that she needs I can't provide

It's a choice to just react  
I'm gonna learn that lesson  
For the rest of my life  
Going through hell  
No, I won't look back

But if you want to show me life  
The offer is open  
But you still won't arrive  
We could be equals  
Finally arrive  
So in love in the middle of the ride