

# Swervedriver, Hands

I just love this part of the world  
The food's fine and the sun shines  
And the people seem so relaxed  
They ride motorbikes lidless  
It seems like nobody's ever been anywhere  
They didn't wanna be  
I guess I'm not long for this world

He just seems to kind of sit there all day long  
In his little store  
Where time stood still long before  
Meticulous man, time on his hands  
Time is his hands  
He told me  
You too can exist in your very own parallel time  
Time ticks and how do you get your kicks?  
Right now I could do with any kicks

Back home it's another dead cold night  
The street lights emanate kind of surreal glows  
Upon the real cold driven snow  
That we all know so well  
And I walk alone  
But when there's a song in my head  
I don't really feel alone  
The busy streets are empty now  
And everybody's gone home