

# Switchfoot, Dirty Second Hands

Please don't be so naive  
You know you're not fooling anyone  
You're not as tough as you think  
With dirty second hands, dirty second hands

Can't get nothing for free  
It becomes so predictable  
You start fighting to breathe  
The dirty second hands, dirty second hands

(chorus)  
Here's the face of everything that breaks you down  
Now you face the face of everything that breaks you down

With an army of me  
We invent our own enemies  
Man versus machine  
And the dirty second hands, the dirty second hands

In the land of the free  
And the home of the remedy  
The old clock is a thief  
With dirty second hands, dirty second hands

(chorus)  
Are you really as tough as you think  
You blink and you're over the brink  
You bleed but the blood runs pink  
With dirty second hands, dirty second hands

You're not quite as tough as you thought  
You bought the American rot  
The very seed that you thought you shot  
With dirty second hands, dirty second hands

You might be right, the fight might be right  
Inside you the blind leading the lied-to, tonight  
Maybe you bind you with dirty second hands

(chorus)