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)