

Urma, Out Of My Hands

I try to hide, to disappear
To let you think that I don't feel
Well, you don't play that game...

Just take a dive inside my eyes
Dismiss the clown and give some life
So now, we're in your game...

How can I keep your trace away?
Desire versus conscious faith...
I am in your face again...

Bad judgement and a day in vain
A smile got hurt...no words to say
Until the next time.

It's out of my hands...out of me
Can't run away from you...

I try but isn't good enough
The little tricks run out of gas
Just when you come around

The way you see through all my walls
The player's tired when you call
I'll lose the bet again

How can I keep your trace away?
Desire versus conscious faith...
I am in your face again

I guess I'll take the worse of me
The way I am, a blind must see
You'll find a better man

It's out of my hands...out of me
Can't run away from you...