

British Lions, My Life In Your Hands

(john fiddler/morgan fisher/overend watts)

Think of the love that I gave you
When you're living all alone
I don't know how to behave with you
Wish you'd bury my love like a bone
And baby we can dig it out
And baby we can dig it in
But if you leave me lying here
You'll be guilty of a sin

Remember the days that we spent
Trying out a little tenderness
Now who's the lucky guy
With your hands on him and his on your dress
Remember the time that we spent
Alone in our room?
Did we create a harmony
Or just an image of this fool?

'n mama
My life's in your hands
My life's in your hands
My life's in your hands

Now here's a big empty man
He's alive but his head's in his hands

And just like the sands of time
You can feel him going down
Just can't escape his reason and rhyme
So don't you think you won the game
His memory lives in you just the same
And I know you're thinking o' him
And you are guilty of the sin

'n mama
My life's in your hands
My life's in your hands
My life's in your hands
My life's in your hands
Babe, my life's in your hands
Look at me, your life's in my hands
Look at you, my life's in your hands
Hey, yeahhh

'n mama
My life's in your hands
My life's in your hands
Hey, my life's in your hands
Ooh, my life's in your hands

I believe these changing days
Have burned my love in fiery flames