

# Hands Like Houses, This Ain't No Place For Animals

The gasoline is mixing with the oxygen.  
In this carousel, the silence is so surreal.  
I've been misled through empty streets to the heart that never beats  
Of a body that I can't keep.

We're blessed with these horrors for highways.  
This city turns, no longer content to just brush shoulders.  
Have we lost our touch?

A light goes on.  
We throw our blankets aside.  
It's been hours now and we still know nothing.

The scars just don't heal the same, when we collide.

I'd never say that we step to the other side to keep us from brushing shoulders.  
But it's collisions we need to remind us that we're alive.

I'd never say that you make me sick, but you're turning all the questions to cancers.  
Someone call in the emergency and we'll peel back the dressings so we can see  
The kind of things that the surgeons see,  
When the bloodwork won't give us the answers.  
They'll never tell us, because they don't know what's killing us.

My heart's at a million miles an hour as we brace for the impact,  
It makes time stand still.  
Forcing momentum into a moment so for a split second, I see your face  
In between all the broken glass hanging like a mobile.  
This is a picture we'll never quite forget.

The surgeons pick, they pick at my body.  
Their fingers dance, they dance all around me.  
Hold still while they pick at my body.  
They'll dance all around me.

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Breathe your anaesthetic words to slow us down.  
(I've got a secret, I'll never tell. Trust me, I'll keep it)  
Tear back the skin to find, to chase a pulse back home.  
(I'll never tell)

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