

# Head East, Back In My Own Hands

Well I knew a girl, she was the child of the devil  
It took me so damn long to see  
That she could wrap me around her fingers  
Til there was nothin' left of poor old me

I had a night job down in the city  
Where the hours seem to turn into days  
The frozen clock on the wall it wouldn't move at all  
I had to make my getaway

So I laid my cards down on the table  
I had a feelin' I was ready and able  
Now I'm livin' it my own way  
I hear the music that I gotta play  
It's so easy wakin' up to the day  
With my life back in my own hands

There are times when I can't sing this song  
When the days and nights have gone all wrong  
But with somebody to love, a little help from above  
I'll get my feet back on the ground before long

Chorus

Back in my own hands  
Back in my own hands  
Back in my own hands

There are times when I can't sing this song  
When the days and nights are always goin' wrong  
But with somebody to love, a little help from above  
I'll get my feet back on the ground before long

Chorus

Now I'm livin' it my own way  
I hear the music I gotta play  
It's so easy wakin' up to the day  
With my life back in my own hands  
Back in my own hands  
Back in my own hands