

# Jennifer Nettles, Shade Of The Hand Of Fear

Wait a minute mister,  
I think it might be best,  
Cause the way you look sure seems to suggest the slightest bit of interest,  
I should come with a warning.

See the majority of my life I've been in rare form,  
You know a couple of steps below the norm.  
But I'd empty the pockets of the jeans I've worn tonight,  
If you'll forget yourself until the morning.

Cause I'm thinking I could kiss you the warmest of all your breathing days.  
You don't have to kiss me back.  
I just need to be sure I remember the way,  
It could make me comfortable.

See I haven't slept for going on five hundred years  
And hide me 'neath the shade of the hand of fear,  
And don't be confused the way I look is merely  
A nack for finding dark corners.

Ask my friends cause they all think they know,  
Least it seemed from the last letter that he wrote,  
That I just can't calm down this hot-blooded music in my throat.  
And in comparison it made him boring.

Still I'm thinking I could love you,  
The sweetest of all your breathing days,  
You don't have to give it back.  
I just need to be sure I remember the way,  
It could make me comfortable.

So wait a minute mister,  
I think it might be best,  
Cause the way you look sure seems to suggest  
The slightest bit of interest.

I should come with a warning.