

# Michael Penn, Out Of My Hands

I feel like I'm coming down with it  
All of the symptoms fit  
And I backslide  
An eye on the clock  
I don't talk much  
When I'm running  
On the inside  
When every conclusion reached  
Is out to you  
I put on my best face and my kid gloves, too  
And held up the end  
Until it's out of my hands  
Out of my hands

And if you tuned in to see blood  
It's not a subject that I surpass in  
My mission's been scrubbed; my brains were washed  
Because I never was your assassin

It's like a desert  
Sand will have to do  
And between my fingers  
Saw it running through  
Until it turned into this  
And out of my hands  
Out of my hands  
Out of my hands

So come up and check  
There's nothing up my sleeve  
All the while  
It's getting harder for you to believe

Out of my hands  
Out of my hands  
Out of my hands