

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