

Ms. John Soda, Hands

Things may seem
somehow unsure
in times
Things refined
directions signed
sometimes

Today, we hold it
we're friends tomorrow
Today, we call it
and then tomorrow
The perfect chance
once in a while
And lucky hands
once in a while

Whoever near
ever so far
sometimes
Whatever dear
ever so feared
sometimes
Whoever near...
Whoever near...

Days in sights
days then heard
in times
Days and signs
becoming clear
sometimes

Today, we hold it
we're friends tomorrow
Today, we call it
and then tomorrow
The perfect chance
once in a while
And lucky hands...

Today, we hold it
we're friends tomorrow
Today, we call it
and then tomorrow
However life
compared to show,
Ones' beg one's forth
but only go

Today, we hold it
we're friends tomorrow
Today, we call it
and then tomorrow
The perfect chance
once in a while
And lucky hands
once in a while