

Rusted Root, Hands Are Law

I rode in a boat
With concrete women
They like their coca-colas
plasticine
These witches of the rocky shores
cast their spells by whipping stones
against my skull
Makes my days roll
like thunder
but when all I was,
was really bored

Now I might be thinking it's over
looking around the theatre for a girl
and you might be drifting upon these
same waves

Your hands are law
Your hands are law

And so I've weaved
many webs
cause in my hands my heart
is shakin' yea
cause on your velvet throne
all my babies scream so tenderly
back to the womb they cry for

Now I might be thinking it's over
looking around the theatre for a girl
and you might be drifting upon these
same waves

Your hands are law
Your hands are law