

# 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