

Spoons, Out Of My Hands

Your hands made me
From the clay on your wheel
Now I want to make you
But its much, much too late
Someone else has
Someone else has
Made you what you are

Your heart is
OUT OF MY HANDS

His fingerprints
Mark the way that your are
You cant get him out
And Im afraid more each day
That its contagious
Its contagious!
I feel the change in me

Your heart is
OUT OF MY HANDS