

Sunset Rubdown, The Taming Of The Hands That

I am embracing the cold rushing in like ice to a diamond;
it's a new kind of rough you can find me in.

Da da da da da da

When the sail starts flying in the wind I say, "cool that looks cool now do you think the second

Da da da da da da

Don't get too close

You'll detect in the west coast air in my chest and the way I hold it in there.

It's the taming of the hands that came back to life when she synchronized swam on the ice in '03.

Oh, but enough about me

Will you live in the physical world?

Will you live in the physical world?

And explosions make debris and catching it kind of suits you well it doesn't suit me

She said, My sails are flailing in the wind.

I said, Can I use that in a song?

She said, I mean the end begins.

I said, I know. Can I use that too?

Da da da da da da

Will you live will you live in the physical world?

Will you live will you live in the physical world?

With the sun setting low and the shadows unfurled?

Can you live with the way they make you look unreal?

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Will you live will you live in the physical world?

With the sun setting low and the shadows unfurled?

Can you live with the way they make you look unreal?