

The Buzzcocks, Palm Of Your Hand

It's not so strange you know to feel like this
I thought of you I knew that you'd understand
I think it's time you know we did more than kiss
Ever fallen in love with the palm of your hand
I've made up my mind as a bull sees red
To get my tail wagged must I sit up and beg

And if you want to brush up on technique
You can read all about it in the book that I found
When the spirit is willing the flesh won't be weak
There's little more to it than just jerking around
I'm hungry for the most perfect of needs
My craving feeds at the palm of your hand

My temperature shoots up to one hundred degrees
It's manual automatic makes me weak at the knees
My craving feeds at the palm of your hand
Executive attention yes the kind that relieves
You've got the instruments of pleasure at the end of your sleeves
My craving feeds at the palm of your hand
Palm of your hand
The palm of your hand
At the palm of your hand

[Solo]

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It's not so strange you know to feel like this
I thought of you I knew that you'd understand
I think it's time you know we did more than kiss
Ever fallen in love with the palm of your hand
It's practically safe not much risk of disease
My craving feeds at the palm of your hand

My temperature shoots up to one hundred degrees
It's manual automatic makes me weak at the knees
My craving feeds at the palm of your hand
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