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 practicaly safe not much risk of disease My craving feeds at the palm of your hand

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