

# The Church, Into My Hands

I take love into my hands  
Journey back to winterland  
Cut my losses, grow my hair  
See some man to take me there  
As it gets so uncertain  
When the girl gets too near  
It's never as good as I hoped  
Or as bad as I feared  
Some seek sleek and slithering charms  
Out of reach their grasping arms  
Our skin like milk, our breath of words  
Like happy, awful and absurd  
You know it's always out here in my head  
Stupid bloody things get said  
Then drifting on a summer pond  
I notice that my love has gone