

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