

The Northern Pikes, Love These Hands

I love these hands so soft and strong
I love these hands they can do no wrong
I love these hands they belong to you
And I will love these hands my life through
Cold night on the western shore
Wide awake and we're movin' too slow
Letters and pictures and old gravel roads
Carry me home
Well you held so tight in a rain of tears
I knew you were mine
I'd never leave you think I'd die if I did
You seem to know a lot for a small town kid
Let's plant a seed and watch it grow
Takin' it slow
Well a thousand miles on a telephone line)
And nothing in between
I wanna hold you and squeeze you so tight
I wanna hold you and make it alright
Please make it alright
Please make it alright
I have a picture I keep in my bag
I bring it out when my spirits drag
It's you and me from a long time ago
Takin' it slow
Well you hammer that nail and bite that lip
You can't wait til tomorrow