

# The Rumble Strips, Hands

Oh no, where are my hands  
They're in my pockets  
Away from your hands  
And that is where they will stay  
Because you are far away  
You said you had something to say  
But while you were talking, my feet started walking away

Before I knew where I was  
I was up short of the motorway  
And I kept on walking  
And the rain was beating down on my head  
And I kept on walking  
And all the while I let you call my name  
But I kept doing just the same  
Til I feel like trying to complain  
But I don't think they will listen

Keep going, keep going and there ain't no way of knowing  
When to stop, when to stop, it's tearing me apart

Cause I would like to be polite  
Sit and hold you for the night  
Like my parents would stick around  
My manners start from the ankles down

Oh no, where are my hands  
They're in my pockets  
Away from your hands  
I'm far away from your plans  
Far, far away from your plans

I keep going, keep going and there ain't no way of knowing  
When I'll stop, when I'll stop and it's happening a lot

And you told me that I was your man  
I try to speak, instead I follow my feet  
I ran, I ran