

# Trespassers William, My Hands Up

Turning into something I can't cope  
With not having  
Stop, stop it  
Could I put my hands up  
And ask that you stop  
Do I need to be in love  
I'm lost when it's just me  
With only a hope to make  
You happy enough to stay  
Return the words, the looks  
I give you like they're falling out of me  
Seconds change  
And at the end  
Your face is inerasable  
True, I need to be in love  
I'm lost when it's just me  
With only a hope to make  
You happy enough  
Do I need to be in love  
What is there otherwise from loving  
Just takes a face  
To make everything else erase  
Stop, stop it  
Could I put my hands up  
And ask that you stop