

# Fingers And Thumbs

Polly Paulusma

After I kissed you, a sweet darkness came down  
Fingers were search lights, leading the way down  
We talk in fingers and thumbs  
In an ancient braille of daily vacant overflow

Fingers and thumbs can never lie  
We talk in fingers and thumbs  
With my hands out stretched I read your scars from head to toe  
No need to fake it anymore, that's what our tongues were made for

Now, I see you feelingly and my fingers have eyes  
They search for you constantly in sorrows and smiles like this  
We talk in fingers and thumbs  
In an ancient braille of daily ache and overflow

Fingers and thumbs can never lie  
We talk in fingers and thumbs  
With my hands out stretched I read your scars from head to toe  
No need to fake it anymore, that's what our tongues were made for

Be my translator till there's no more to tell  
Till our skin turns to water and our bones turn to sea shell  
We talk in fingers and thumbs  
In an ancient braille of daily ache and overflow

Fingers and thumbs can never lie  
We talk in fingers and thumbs  
With my hands out stretched I read your scars from head to toe  
No need to fake it anymore, that's what our tongues were made for