

Slightly Defect Hands

Thirteen Senses

Gold turned into stone
Wish that it would show that i would
Been sinking so low, oh no

Dead ends in a start
We never get far show that is has
No meaning in it all, oh no

So many emptys to fill
My trembling hands can't help from my beginning

Slighty defected not one happened
Selling your stories not one happened

Whenever your wasted
Your not in my hands
Your in some other persons hands
Whenever your wasted
Your not in my hands
Your in some other persons hands

Lines drawn on a map
Points us to go where we have been
Already we've been so low

Friends talking of you
Saying bad things but its the things
Your thinking of you, oh no

Throw me line if you will
My trembling hands can't hold the truth you telling

Overly wasted not one happened
Under-productive not one happened

Whenever your sorry
Your not in my hands
Your in some other defect hands
Whenever your sorry
Your not in my hands
Your in some other defect hands

Whenever your sorry
Your not in my hands
Your in some other defect hands
Whenever your sorry
Your not in my hands
Your in some slighty defect hands