

Peter Gabriel, Lay Your Hands On Me

Sat in the corner of the Garden Grill, with plastic flowers
on the window sill
No more miracles, loaves and fishes, been so busy with the
washing of the dishes
Reaction level's much too high - I can do without the stimuli

I'm living way beyond my ways and means, living in the
zone of the inbetweens
I can see the flashes on the frozen ocean, static charge of
the cold emotion
Watched on by the distant eyes - watched on by the silent
hidden spies

But still the warmth flows through me
And I sense you know me well
No luck, no golden chances
No mitigating circumstances now
It's only common sense
There are no accidents around here

I am willing - lay your hands on me
I am ready - lay your hands on me
I believe - lay your hands on me, over me

Working in gardens, thornless roses, fat men play with their
garden hoses
Poolside laughter has a cynical bite, sausage speared by the
cocktail satellite
I walk away from from light and sound, down stairways
leading underground

But still the warmth flows through me
And I sense you know me well
It's only common sense
There are no accidents around here

I am willing - lay your hands on me
I am ready - lay your hands on me
I believe - lay your hands on me, over me
over me

Lay your hands on me
Lay your hands on me
Lay your hands on me, over me