

The Swellers, Hands

Mourning dove, I think you're out of luck.
You know that putting the card face down is part of the game.
It feels like love and it fits like a glove,
but when you cut off all of the fingers, it's not the same.
Wait for a better hand to play.
Oh, I'm tired of waiting for something to shake.
We're better than this.
Oh, I'm tired of writing for you to relate.
We're better than this.
If I'm better than this, why am I still around?
The weekend comes like the summer is done.
It's a bittersweet reunion for the sour tongues.
They say a real man does his own stunts and to measure twice,
then jump once. I need to steady my hands if I wanna quit this race.
I could blame myself, but I haven't made it yet.
Ready, set, hands down.