

Idle Hands

The Gutter Twins

With my idle hands there's nothing I can't do
But be the Devil's plaything baby and know that I've been used
Your lips are cold, they suffer me
They drag me under baby into your suffering

Let your hands do what they will do
Stand inside, make your maker's move
And your eyes don't look the same
They seem enervated, in denial
Cast like stones like you been rode for miles
Rode for miles

My eyes have seen, they have been shown
This is an occupation to stand alone
I suffer you, you suffer me
We are the Devil's plaything into this reckoning

Let your hands do what they will do
Stand inside, make your maker's move
And your eyes don't look the same
They seem enervated, in denial
Cast like stones like you been rode for miles
Rode for miles