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Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

Slow Hands (Live at Palacio de los Deportes, Mexico City, 2005)

Par Interpol

Album : Antics

Yeah, but nobody searches

Nobody cares somehow

When the loving that you've wasted

Comes raining from a hapless cloud

And I might stop and look upon your face

Disappear in the sweet, sweet gaze

See the living that surrounds me

Dissipate in a violet blaze

Can't you see what you've done to my heart

And soul?

This is a wasteland now

We spies

We slow hands

Put the weights around yourself

We spies, oh yeah

We slow hands

You put the weights all around yourself now
I submit my incentive is romance
I watched the pole dance of the stars
We rejoice because the hurting is so painless
From the distance of passing cars
But I am married to your charms and grace
I just go crazy like the good old days
You make me want to pick up a guitar
And celebrate the myriad ways that I love you
Can you see what you've done to my heart
And soul?

This is a wasteland now

We spies, yeah

We slow hands

You put the weights around yourself

We spies, oh yeah

We slow hands

Killer, for hire you know not yourself

We spies

We slow hands

You put the weights all around yourself

We spies, oh yeah

We slow hands

We retire like nobody else

We spies

Intimate slow hands killer

For hire you know not yourself

We spies

Intimate slow hands

You let the face slap around herself

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