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Hold My Hand

Reference number PT0759

There must be one sorta decent guy out there
who's willing to hold my hand,
hold it for all to see,
sweaty though it's bound to be.
'Cause if he held my hand,
he would own his heart before the count of three.
And maybe I could trick the guy to fall in love with me.

There must be some sweet fool
who would dare to take my hand on a crowded street,
or at a table in some café,
or even halfway through a matinee.
He'd sometimes squeeze,
and sometimes stroke and sometimes let it be.
And maybe I could trick that fool to fall in love with me.

I wouldn't care what those five fingers did all day.
They could roll cigars, or detail cars,
or draft a spaceship that flies to Mars.
They could feed the homeless, or match up DNA.
As long as those fingers are tangled up in mine by nightfall,
anythings... ev'rything's okay.

There must be one kinda normal chump out there,
who's ready to take a leap, give me a second look,
skip the cover, read the book.
And when I find that chump
who's willing to embrace my one demand, I'll give the moon,
because he held my hand.
My strangely clammy,
chewed-up fingernailed,
often trembling, yet virtuosic,
antibacterial, lotion wearing hand.