

Sinead Oconnor**"Hand That Rocks The Cradle"**

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please don't cry
for the ghost in the storm outside
they'll not invade this sacred shrine
nor infiltrate your mind
my life down I will lie
if the bogeyman should try
to play tricks on your sacred mind
to tease, torment and tantalize
waring shadows loom
a piano plays in an empty room
there'll be blood on the (cleaver) tonight
and when darkness lifts and the room is bright
I'll still be by your side
you'll never be alone again

as long as the hand that rocks the cradle is mine
as long as the hand that rocks the cradle is mine

seeing shadows shimmy, die
and when the wardrobe (.....)
the sadness in your beautiful eyes
your untouched, unspoiled, wondrous eyes

my life down I will lie
should restless spirits try
to play tricks on your sacred mind

I once had a child and it saved my life
and I never even asked his name
I just looked into his wondrous eyes
and said never
never never again
and all too soon I did return
just like a moth to a flame
so rattle my bones all over the stones
because I'm only a beggar and nobody alms
see how words recind

I'm here and here I'll stay
together
together we'll pray

you'll never need be alone again
your eyes

as long as the hand that rocks the cradle is mine
as long as the hand that rocks the cradle is mine

climb upon my sunny bones

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