

The Smiths

"The Hand That Rocks The Cradle"

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Please don't cry, for the ghost and the storm outside
Will not invade this sacred shrine nor infiltrate your
mind
My life down I shall lie if the bogey-man should try
To play tricks on your sacred mind
To tease, torment, and tantalize
Wavering 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

For you are all that matters and I'll love you till the day I
die
There never need be longing in your eyes
As long as the hand that rocks the cradle is mine
Ceiling shadows shimmy by
And when the wardrobe towers like a beast of prey
There's sadness in your beautiful eyes
Oh, your untouched, unsoiled, wondrous eyes
My life down I shall 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
I'm only a beggar-man whom nobody owns
Oh, see how words as old as sin fit me like a glove
I'm here and here I'll stay, together we'll lie, together
we'll pray

There never need be longing in your eyes
As long as the hand that rocks the cradle is mine
As long as the hand that rocks the cradle is mine, mine
Climb up on my knee, sonny boy
Although you're only three, sonny boy
You're, you're mine and your mother, she just never
knew

Oh, your mother, as long, as long, as long
I did my best for her, I did my best for her

As long as, as long, as long, as long
I did my best for her, I did my best for her, oh

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