

## **Tanita Tikaram**

### **"Harm In Your Hands"**

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When the voice says  
You should not stumble,  
You should not frighten  
Or feel so ashamed,  
'Cos all the chores are light  
And all the psalms are wiped  
When you smash it  
Make it easy  
When you want to  
Stand alone  
My friends are praying  
For a good soft reason  
For a good soft reason  
To make them laugh again  
I'll make you laugh if you want to  
I'll make you smile at the footsteps  
I'll make you laugh at the winter  
And bring you back down to land  
But if you stay on the wrong side  
And if you laugh at the sunlight  
I'm not asking for comfort  
I'm just after the same  
I'm just after the same  
If you winced then  
Why the man won't be coming  
If you waste us -  
It's what we earned  
And if you call souless  
About the beginnings  
I'll call for easiness  
Come back to the world -  
Come back in the open  
Stand now by the root's life  
Come out to show us  
You'll be back home again  
Now I'm not superstitious  
About being so alarming  
About moving with the changes  
About holding your hand  
Now I believe when they told me  
It was all down to fever  
It's all down to the harm that's

The harm that's in your hands  
Harm in your hands  
Harm in your hands  
Now, I'm not saying that I want you  
It's like taking your chances  
It's like hoping for a straight line  
When I'm falling into space  
I'm just talking about the license  
That I'd like you to give me  
That I'd like you to give me  
Command -  
Come on dance  
Come on dance  
I'm toting my whole life  
And I'm toting the good side  
And I hope you believe it  
When I say - I'll see you through  
There's nobody will ache so much  
Nobody will so much  
Ache so much for you  
I'll make you laugh if you want to  
I'll make you smile at the footsteps  
I'll make you laugh at the winter  
And bring you back down to land  
But if you stay on the wrong side  
And if you laugh at the sunlight  
I'm not asking for comfort  
I'm just after the same  
I'm just after the same  
Now I'm not superstitious  
About being so alarming  
About moving with the changes  
About holding your hand  
Now I believe when they told me  
It was all down to fever  
It's all down to the harm that's  
The harm that's in your hands  
Harm in your hands  
Harm in your hands

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