

Grant Lee Phillips, Hidden Hand Of Fate

Set your wooden horses to roam
In the dust, come galloping home
Ah, into the grave
Sooner or late
You'll be led like a child
By the hidden hand of fate

Oh the silver hearse is in wait
And she revs outside a the gate
Ah, sooner or late
Sooner or late
To be snuffed like a flame
By the hidden hand of fate

Set your nuclear rockets ta aim
When ya mingle riches and faith
The rules of the game
Sooner or late.

Set you're fields of poppies aflame
In your one gods heavenly name
Ah, sooner or late
Sooner or late
You'll be plucked like a fig
By the hidden hand of fate

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By the hidden hand of fate
To be snuffed like a flame
By the hidden hand of fate
Plucked like a fig
By the hidden hand of fate
By the hidden hand of fate