

Nick Cave, Right Out Of Your Hand

Please forgive me
If I appear unkind
But any fool can tell you
It's all in your mind

Down in the meadow
The old lion stirs
Puts his hand 'cross his mouth
He has no use for words

Poor little girl
With your handful of snow
Poor little girl
Had no way to know

And you've got me eating
You've got me eating
You've got me eating
Right out of your hand

I mean you no harm
When I tell you you're blind
Give a sucker an even break
He'll lose it all, every time

The airborne starlings circle
Over the frozen fields
The hollyhocks hang harmlessly
And the old lion yields

And you've got me eating
You've got me eating
You've got me eating
Right out of your hand