

# 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