

Hella, Hand That Rocks The Cradle

Don't you know?
The hand that rocks the cradle
Is setting all the tables
In the other world

Youth find time on their own
Despite the answer the world is at ransom
I know I should be feeling alone
But the weight on my shoulders
Makes me feel right at home

Don't you know?
The hand that rocks the cradle
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In the other world

Men make plans for the sky
The sky's on the pavement the universe is running dry
In your eye take no mind
For the ones that are coming
Are of another kind

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