

# The Cure, The Big Hand

The big hand makes all of your favourite things  
Like all your dreams go small  
And all your friends run away  
Until your memories fail  
And the words don't fit  
But the way the big hand smiles  
You just won't care about it

The big hand makes all of your favourite things  
Like all your days run out  
And all your hopes disappear  
And your smiles just stop  
And your eyes go dead  
And the shadows start to crawl  
In the back of your head

But when the big hand speaks  
It's like fireworks and heaven  
So you listen  
Don't think  
And wish for nothing at all  
And when the big hand sings  
It's like fireworks and friends  
Leaving alone I'm not  
Leaving alone  
Leaving alone I'll never  
Leave alone again

So when the big hand holds up all your favourite things  
And with a touch like glass  
Starts to squeeze  
You don't ask  
"Why me?"  
You just slip to the floor  
Just slip to your knees

But when the big hand speaks  
It's like fireworks and heaven  
So you listen  
Don't think  
And wish for nothing at all  
And when the big hand sings  
It's like fireworks and friends  
Leaving alone I'm not  
Leaving alone  
Never leaving alone  
Leaving alone I'm not  
Leaving alone  
Leaving alone  
I'm not leaving alone again