

# The Smiths, The Hand That Rocks The Cradle

Please don't cry  
For the ghost and the storm outside  
Will not invade this sacred shrine  
Nor infiltrate your mind  
My life down I shall lie  
If the bogey-man should try  
To play tricks on your sacred mind  
To tease, torment and tantalise  
Wavering shadows loom  
A piano plays in an empty room  
There'll be blood on the cleaver tonight  
And when darkness lifts and the room is bright  
I'll still be by your side  
For you are all that matters  
And I'll love you till the day I die  
There never need be longing in your eyes  
As long as the hand that rocks the cradle is mine

Ceiling shadows shimmy by  
And when the wardrobe towers like a beast of prey  
There's sadness in your beautiful eyes  
Your untouched, unsoiled, wonderous eyes  
My life down I shall lie  
Should restless spirits try  
To play tricks on your sacred mind  
I once had a child and it saved my life  
And I never even asked his name  
I just looked into his wondrous eyes  
And said: "Never never never again"  
And all too soon I did return  
Just like a moth to a flame  
So rattle my bones all over the stones  
I'm only a beggar-man whom nobody owns  
Oh see how words as old as sin  
Fit me like a glove  
I'm here and here I'll stay  
Together we lie, together we pray  
There never need be longing in your eyes  
As long as the hand that rocks the cradle is mine  
As long as the hand that rocks the cradle is mine

Climb up on my knee, sonny boy  
Although you're only three, sonny boy  
You're - you're mine  
And your mother she just never knew  
Oh, your mother ...  
As long ... as long ... as long  
I did my best for her  
I did my best for her  
As long ... as long ... as long as  
I did my best for her  
I did my best for her