

Hidden Hand

[Grant-Lee Phillips](#)

Set your wooden horses to roam
In the dust, come galloping home
Ah, into the grave, sooner or late
You'll be led like a child by the hidden hand of fate
Oh, the silver hearse is in wait
And she revs outside of the gate
Ah, sooner or late, sooner or late
To be snuffed like a flame by the hidden hand of fate
Set your nuclear rockets to aim
When you mingle riches and faith
The rules of the game, sooner or late
Set your fields of poppies aflame
In your one God's heavenly name
Ah, sooner or late, sooner or late
You'll be plucked like a fig by the hidden hand of fate
Set your wooden horses to roam
In the dust come galloping home
Ah, into the grave, sooner or late
You'll be led like a child by the hidden hand of fate
You'll be led like a child by the hidden hand of fate
You'll be snuffed like a flame by the hidden hand of fate
Plucked like a fig by the hidden hand of fate
By the hidden hand of fate, ah, ooh by the hidden hand of fate
Ah, ooh by the hidden hand of fate

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