

The Big Hand

The Cure

The big hand makes all of your favorite 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 favorite 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 favorite 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

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