## The Hand That Rocks the Cradle

## The Smiths

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 tantalize 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 to 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 Oh, your untouched, unsoiled, wondrous 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

## 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...as long
I did my best for her
I did my best for her
I did my best for her
Oh...

## Songwriters

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