

Cold Hands

Suede

The playgrounds are empty
The wind it is still
I follow you up to the foot of the hill
My life is the hands of a child
The hands of a child

Put your cold hands on me
Take a spin of the wheel
I'll follow, I'll follow you down
With your cold hands on me
I'm a hare in the cat's eyes
A hare in the cat's eyes

I kicked at the chalk
Under vermillion skies
I said "I don't wanna play these games"
But I followed you and I
And now I want to curl up and die
I'll curl up and die

With your cold hands on me
With a spin of the wheel
I'll follow, I'll follow you down
Put your cold hands on me
I'm a hare in the cat's eyes
A hare in the cat's eyes

Put your cold hands on me
Take a spin of the wheel
I'll follow, I'll follow you down
With your cold hands on me
I'm a hare in the cat's eyes
Now see how a hare dies