

## 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 a' 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 ta' aim  
When ya mingle riches and faith  
The rules of the game  
Sooner or late...

Set you're 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

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