

## 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