Tiny Hands

The Psychedelic Furs

Tiny hands are counting every second
The minutes, hours and days go by outside
Tiny throws the salt behind his shoulder
And straps you in to take you for a ride

Tiny hands knows all your secrets
He holds them in his tiny hands

The numbing pain, the tears, the pins and needles
The smile that says that something's wrong again
Icy skies as far as the horizon
We're on the wrong road staring at the end

Tiny hands knows where you're going
From A to B and back again
And tiny tails you like a shadow
And holds you in his tiny hands

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