

I Hold Your Hand In Mine

Tom Lehrer

One more love song. I generally like to include at least one or two love songs in the evening's program, partly perhaps to convince people that even at the harvard university graduate school, the freedom of celibacy that I used to call home, we did have our moments. this one is a tender ballad entitled simply I hold your hand in mine.

I hold your hand in mine, dear,
I press it to my lips.
I take a healthy bite
From your dainty fingertips.

My joy would be complete, dear,
If you were only here,
But still I keep your hand
As a precious souvenir.

The night you died I cut it off.
I really don't know why.
For now each time I kiss it
I get bloodstains on my tie.

I'm sorry now I killed you,
For our love was something fine,
And till they come to get me
I shall hold your hand in mine.