

www.practicetracks.co.uk

I Hold Your Hand In Mine

Reference number PT0899

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.