

Listen to the song and complete.

A RED RIGHT HAND. By Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds.

Take a little walk to the edge of town/down

And go across the racks/tracks

Where the viaduct looms/blooms

Like a bird of doom/zoom

As it shifts and packs/cracks

Where secrets lie in the border lies/fires

In the humming wires/wilds

Hey man, you know/now

You're never coming back

Past the \_\_\_\_\_ (EARUSQ), past the  
\_\_\_\_\_ (RIDGEB)

Past the \_\_\_\_\_ (SLIML), past the stacks

On a gathering \_\_\_\_\_



Comes a tall handsome man

In a dusty black \_\_\_\_\_ with



A red right hand

He'll wrap you in his \_\_\_\_\_ (part of the body)

Tell you that you've been a good boy

He'll rekindle all the \_\_\_\_\_ (images during sleep)

It took you a lifetime to \_\_\_\_\_ (to ruin)

He'll reach deep into the hole

Heal your shrinking \_\_\_\_\_ (spirit)  
But there won't be a single thing that you can do  
He's a \_\_\_\_\_ (super human being) , he's a  
\_\_\_\_\_ (human)  
He's a \_\_\_\_\_ (apparition of a dead person), he's a  
\_\_\_\_\_ (spiritual teacher)  
They're whispering his name  
Through this disappearing land

But hidden in his \_\_\_\_\_  
Is a red right hand



You don't have no \_\_\_\_\_  
He'll get you some



You don't have no \_\_\_\_\_  
He'll get you one  
You don't have no self-respect

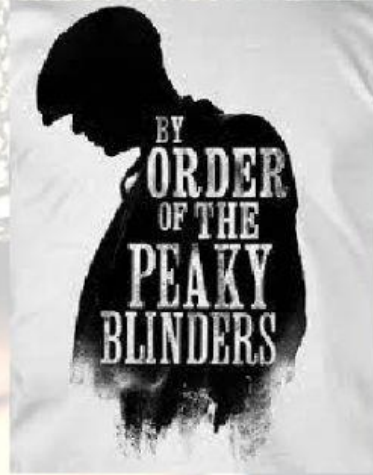


You feel like an \_\_\_\_\_  
Well don't you worry buddy  
'Cause here he comes  
Through the ghettos and the barrio  
And the Bowery and the slum  
A shadow is cast wherever he stands



Stacks of green paper in his  
Red right hand

CILIAN MURPHY



PEAKY  
BLINDERS