

Two Hands of a Prayer

Ben Harper

First time that I saw her she had white doves in her eyes
She spoke to me but I could not reply, not reply
She was a stranger I had known for years
She brought to me so many smiles and tears, smiles and tears

The two hands of a prayer
Together like the two hands of a prayer
Together like the two hands of a prayer
Together like the two hands of a prayer
("Time")

Time it slowly drips into the past, into the past
And finds a home where all echoes rest, where echoes rest ("With a cold rest")
She softly kissed my mind, my mind, and whispered what will we
do with time, do
with time

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Am I the man I choose to be, choose to be,
Or just the man I used to be, used to be
Am I the man I want to be, I want to be
this question, it keeps haunting me, haunting me

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