

His Hands

Candi Staton

There were a lot a things, in his touch
Sometimes the slightest whisper
Oh, it could hurt so much
I could feel him coming near me
His little noises and such
Then my man
Would lay his hands
On me
Ooh... yes he would

Oh he might touch me in a way
That a man should
Bring me to passions
Mmm, that only he could
And so summer that we meet
Whenever when ever he would
Then my man
Would lay his hands
On me
Ooh...

Oh, the kindness and protection
The tenderness and the care
When he was happy, ooh goodness me
But when he was scare
Oh oh, when he was scared

Those hands took on a life, a life undead
They where vicious and they where small
But they were big enough
To keep this woman's back
I ask the lord, oh ah

Oh lord, I didn't ask for it
Not a love or anything else
Not the years I spent in this world
Of a man that only loved himself
No I didn't ask for it, oh god, it's mine now
Those hands are in my mind and my soul
But lord, it's you, it's you and me that makes the power

I will pity that I will pity that beautiful man
And Lord, I'm going to bless his path
We were both, just wounded children
Ooh, in a love thank god it didn't last
There's a lot a thing's, lord, in your touch
Sometimes your slightest whisper, moves me so much
Your grace and your forgiveness oh, the who world and such
When my lord
Lay your hands
On me, oh mmh mh mmh
When my god
Oh, you rest your gentle lovin' hands
On me