

Through Your Hands

David Crosby

You were dreaming on a park bench
About a broad highway somewhere
When the music from the carillon
Seemed to hurl your heart out there

Past the scientific darkness
Past the fireflies that float
To an angel bending down
To wrap you in her warmest cloak

And you ask "What am I not doing?"
She says "Your voice cannot command"
She says, "In time you will move mountains
And it will come through your hands"

Still you angle for an option
Still you argue for your case
Like you wouldn't know a burning bush
Till it blew up in your face

We dream about the future
We memorize the past
When just a simple reaching out
Could build a bridge that lasts

And you ask "What am I not doing?"
She says "Your voice cannot command"
"In time you will move mountains
And it will come through your hands"

So whatever your hands find to do
You must do with all your heart
There are thoughts enough to blow men's minds
And tear great worlds apart

There's a healing touch to find you
Out on that broad highway somewhere
Gonna lift you as high as music
Running through an angel's hair

And don't worry what you are not doing
'Cause your voice cannot command
And in time you will move mountains
And it will come through your hands

Through your hands
Through your hands
Mmm