

His Hands

Hank Snow

His hands paint the flowers
He puts leaves on the trees
At his whisper birds start singing
When my heart needs melodies

Why I strayed from all his goodness
My poor mind can't understand
I'm to blame for my misfortune
I lost hold of his hands

Those hands that gave me mercy
When I'm wrong as wrong can be
If they really gave me justice
I'd be lost on homeless sea

I've been lost in the shuffle
I've obeyed the wrong commands
I'm going back to the chapel
In search of his hands
Those hands that gave me mercy