

Reach Out For My Hand

Hanson

I'm a dream retriever, collecting what my mind has planned
I'm a lone receiver, catchin' as a good catch can
I'm a true believer, you can't fight what the lord has planned
I'm not your soul redeemer, I am just a mortal man

And if you're lost without a trace
Why don't you call me from where you stand
And if you feel like you're out of place
Why don't you reach out, for my hand

Reach out for my hand
Why don't you reach out for my hand

You're a word weaver, swimming in the wet quicksand
You're a born achiever, but you're sinking where you stand
I'm a firm believer, the worst can come from best aid plans
I'm your last reliever, offering a helping hand

Sow and you will reap in time
Simply ask and you will find
When you need some peace of mind
If you're short I will supply
And if you're lost without a trace
Why don't you call me from where you stand
And if you're caught up in the rat race
It's time to make a better plan
And if you feel like you're out of place
Why don't you reach out, for my hand

Reach out for my hand
Reach out for my hand
Why don't you reach out for my hand