

## Ranch Hand

Ian Munsick

I got a scar on my third knuckle  
From stretchin' barbed wire fence  
And my fist got me outta more trouble  
Than it's ever got me in  
Rawhide rope and broncs I've broke  
Have left em bent and bruised  
If you really wanna know a man  
His hands always tell the truth

There's hands that hold more foldin' money  
Than mine ever will  
Hands that hold the power to make the  
World turn or stand still  
Some will lose their grip  
And let go when it hits the fan  
But none of them can hold you like  
A ranch hand can

They start early in the morning  
Work till the night comes creepin'  
Come home and light a wood stove fire  
And love ya all damn evenin'  
They'll be your strong and steady  
When your heart's on the line  
Girl put your hand in my hand  
We'll outlast the hands of time

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I got a scar on my third knuckle  
From stretchin' barbed wire fence  
And it'll hide underneath the ring  
That I'll wear if you say yes