

# Too Many Hands

Jim Cuddy

Too many hands  
carving up the sky  
and leaving their mark in the sand.  
Our destiny moves  
no matter where we stand.  
Too many hands.

There's dust in my eyes  
poison in my brain  
an ocean that runs through my veins.  
But here in my chest  
there's a feeling I don't understand.  
Too many hands.

Here on the highest ground  
you can see how far we've gone.  
One voice cries echoes on and on.

Far away gone  
I'll be hiding from the plans  
of too many hands.

Traces of history  
appear across the sky.  
Lay down now and let your spirit fly.

Too many hands  
fade away with time.  
they're losing themselves in the plan.  
I offer my voice  
hear me if you can.  
Too many hands  
Too many hands.