

Grandma's Hands

Meg Mac

Grandma's hands clapped in church on Sunday morning
Grandma's hands played a tambourine so well
Oh, grandma's hands used to issue out a warning
She'd say 'Billy, don't you run so fast
You might fall on a piece of glass
There might be snakes there in that grass'
Grandma's hands

Oah

Grandma's hands clapped in church on Sunday morning
Grandma's hands played a tambourine so well
Oh, grandma's hands used to issue out a warning
And she'd say 'Billy, don't you run so fast
You might fall on a piece of glass
There might be snakes there in that grass'
Grandma's hands

Grandma's hands sooth the local unwed mother
Grandma's hands used to ache sometimes and swell
Oh, Grandma's hands used to lift her face and tell her
And she'd say 'Oh, baby grandma understands that you really loved that man
Put yourself in Jesus hands'
Grandma's hands

Oah

Oah

Oah

Oah

Oah

Oah

Oah

Oah

Grandma's hands used to hand me piece of candy
Grandma's hands pick me up each time I fell
Oh, Grandma's hands, boy, they really come in handy
She'd say 'Betsy don't you whip that boy
What you wanna spank him for?
He didn't drop no apple core
But I don't have grandma anymore
If I get to heaven, I'll look for...

Grandma's hands