

Hands

Moving Mountains

Oh, mother
I was born in your eyes
I was walking
The day I came to life

And I've come beside myself to know
I'm just a person with highs and lows

Oh, father
I was raised in your hands
I was flying
Before I could understand

And I've got a lot of things to learn
And things I don't think that I deserve

Come lay your head
And come rest your tired eyes
Fall back instead
Feel your breath internalize

And come lay your head
And come rest your tired eyes
And fall back instead
Fall back instead

When I try to fall asleep
I'm lifted from my bed sheets
Where the ground is falling down
And the night is far too loud

I'm giving up
I'm giving in

Everything is rising
Come and rest your tired eyes
Your year is fading
Everyone is leaving
And I cannot complain