

Heart In Your Hand

Robert Plant

Do you gather flowers for me?
Moving softly through the trees
With the scent against your arms
Long ago I knew your charms
As I walk through the purple hills of soon forgotten
-Know- that my heart was in your hand
And my heart was in your hand
Do your lips still call my name?
Would your mouth still taste the same?
And I learn the sweetest words
What implies some mercy yet
Though I steal all across the years, the memory lingers on
All my heart within your hand
All my heart within your hand
Should I fall beside the road
Everlasting unconsolated
And my memory so blind
And my heart laid ahead
As I walk through the purple hills of long ago
I know my heart is in your hand
All my heart is in your hand
My heart is in your hand
All my heart