

# Hands

Tina Dickow

There are hands like lilies in white  
And hands like roses in bloom  
There are hands that hold on too tight  
And others that let go too soon

There are hands that wanna take what is yours  
And hands that much rather share  
There are rough insensitive parts  
And gentle hands folded in prayer

Folded in prayer  
Folded in prayer  
The hand is a servant of the heart  
Some bring pieces together  
While others break pieces apart  
Others break pieces apart

There are soft hands full of melancholy  
And hands that tremble with fright  
Some little ease but passionately  
While others are awkward and shy

A baby's hand, so honest and small  
Still carries nothing of its own  
Furrowed hand that has seen it all  
Are calm in the evenings since glow

About to let go  
About to let go  
The hand is a servant of the heart  
Some bring pieces together  
While others break pieces apart  
Others break pieces apart

You can take mine whoever you are  
You can take mine whoever you are

Like the difference in people alive  
So is the difference in hands  
Some are fluttering birds in the sky  
That no living soul understands

Like fluttering birds up in the sky  
That no living soul understands

The soul understands  
The soul understands