

Open Hands

Tyrone Wells

I got the phone call
It was a Tuesday
She said the scans were bad
But it'll be okay
Wish I could be like that

I told my daughter
"The world is changing"
She said "Don't worry, dad
I'll found out where my place is"
Wish I could be like that

When all I want to do is hold on
Maybe I could learn to let it go
With open hands, open hands, open hands
No one should have to take the world on
Maybe I could learn to lose control
When I try and I try and I don't understand
I want to live my life with open hands (hands)
Open hands (hands), open hands

I was in Nashville
She called me crying
She said they couldn't find a heartbeat
And stopped trying
Some things you can't get back

Went to the desert
To see my Old man
He's moving slower now
His memory is fading fast
Some things you can't get back

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When I try and I try and I don't understand
I want to live my life with open hands
Open hands (hands), open hands (hands)

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