

## Waxwing "What These Hands Have Grown"

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Blessed am I to sit here today  
Taking this time to carve out a place  
Where I may find some rest and give others solace  
To remind and remember, what can't be bought with  
dollars  
From your pockets. Not everything.  
It's something I should remember.  
Treasure It its all you own  
Treasure It its all that's your own  
Food costs money and kids gotta eat something  
If a farmers work is honest the contribution won't be  
unnoticed.  
I wish I were a Farmer.  
To be satisfied with what these hands have grown  
No food of mine sits in the bellies of others  
Instead this strange secret twisting which each only  
knows.

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