

Crosby David

"Through Your Hands"

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You were dreaming on a park bench

About a broad highway somewhere

When the music from the carillon

Seemed to hurl your heart out there

Past the scientific darkness

Past the fireflies that float

To an angel bending down

To wrap you in her warmest cloak

And you ask

"What am I not doing?"

She says,

"Your voice cannot command"

She says, "In time you will move

Mountains

And it will come

Through your hands."

Still you angle for an option

Still you argue for your cause

Like you wouldn't know a burning

Bush

Till it blew up in your face

We dream about the future

We memorize the past

When just a simple reaching out

Could build a bridge that lasts

And you ask

"What am I not doing?"

She says,

"Your voice cannot command"

She says, "In time you will move

Mountains

And it will come

Through your hands."

So whatever your hands find to do

You must do with all your heart

There are thoughts enough to

Blow men's minds

And tear great worlds apart

There's a healing touch to find you

Out on that broad highway

Somewhere

Gonna lift you as high as music

Running through an angel's hair

And don't worry

What you are not doing

'Cause your voice cannot command

And in time you will move mountains

And it will come through your hands

Through your hands

Through your hands

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