

Baez Joan

"Through Your Hands"

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(by John Hiatt)

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,
In time you will move mountains
And it will come through your hands."

Still you angle for an option, still you argue for your
case
Like you wouldn't know a burning bush if it blew up in
your face
Yeah, we scheme about the future and we dream about
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,
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 on that broad
highway somewhere
To lift you as high as music running through an angel's
hair

Don't ask what you are not doing
'Cause your voice cannot command
And in time we will move mountains

And it will come through your hands

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