

Don Walker

"A Handful Of Dust"

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Handful of dust, handfuls of dust,
True love makes perfect these handfuls of dust.

We'll break us down by our elements,
And you might think He failed.
We're not copper for one penny or even iron for one
nail.
And a dollar would be plenty to buy twenty of us
'Til true love is added to these handfuls of dust.

A handful of dust, a handful of dust
Sums up the richest and poorest of us
And true love makes priceless the worthless
Whenever it is added to these hands fulls of dust.

However small though our worth may be,
When shared between two hearts.
Is ever more than it would ever be
Measured on it's own apart.
And our half what it could be
Is now twice what it was
When true love is added to these hands fulls of dust.

A handful of dust, a handful of dust
Sums up the richest and poorest of us
And true love makes priceless the worthless
Whenever it is added to these hands fulls of dust
Hands fulls of dust

Sums up the richest and poorest of us
And true love makes priceless the worthless
Whenever it is added to these hands fulls of dust...

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