

## **Eddy Arnold** **"His Hands"**

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His hands paint the flowers he puts leaves on the trees  
At His whisper birds start singing when my heart needs  
melodies  
Why I strayed from all his goodness my poor mind  
can't understand  
I'm to blame for my misfortune I lost hold of his hands  
Those hands that give me mercy when I'm wrong as  
wrong can be  
If they really gave me justice I'd be lost on homeless  
seas  
I've been lost in the shuffle I've obeyed the wrong  
commands  
I'm going back to the chapel in search of his hands  
[ guitar ]  
Why I strayed from all his goodness...

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