

Gil Scott-Heron

"Grandma's Hands"

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Grandma's hands, clapped in church on Sunday
morning
Grandma's hands, played the tambourine so well
Grandma's hand used to issue out a warning

She'd say, "Baby, don't you run so fast
Might fall on a piece of glass, might be snakes there in
my grass"

Grandma's hands, I'm talkin' 'bout my grandma's
hands
Grandma's hands, soothed the local unwed mother
My grandma's hands used to ache sometimes and
swell

Grandma's hands used to lift her face
And tell her she'd say, "Baby, grandma understands
But you really loved that man and put herself in Jesus'
hands"

Grandma's hands, yeah, I'm talking, I'm talking 'bout
my grandma, yeah
Grandma's hands used to hand me a piece of candy
Grandma's hands, picked me up each time I fell
Grandma's hands, boy, they really came in handy

She'd say, "Nettie, don't you whip that girl
What you wanna spank her for she didn't drop no
apple-core"
But I don' have grandma anymore
If I get to Heaven I'll look for grandma's hands

I'm talking 'bout my grandma, talking 'bout my
grandma, oh yeah
I'm talking 'bout my grandma, I'm talking 'bout my
grandma, yeah
Grandma, grandma, I'm talking 'bout my grandma

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