

Hank Snow

"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 gave me mercy when I'm wrong as
wrong can be
If they really gave me justice I'd be lost on homeless
sea
I've been lost in the shuffle I've obeyed the wrong
command
I'm going back to the chapel in search of his hands.

--- Instrumental ---

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