

Jeff Black

"Hollow Of Your Hand"

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If it weren't for the
Rumbling of the wheels
Or the sound of scenery flying by
I would not know I was moving through
Or let alone the reasons why
Across the farmlands of southern Illinois
I cut a little closer to the ground
Working my way across the line
Back into this life that
You and I have found
Oh I am wealthy by
The measure of where I'll be in time
Love has thrown a light
Across the shadows of this land
Living in the hollow of your hand
Now all at once what was once
Just dust and constant shuffling
Are little stars that we can touch
You have drawn me into everything
Oh I am wealthy by
All this gold and the silver line
Love has thrown a light
Across the shadows of this land
Living in the hollow of your hand

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