

## Joan Baez "Through Your Hands"

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You were dreaming on a park bench about a broad  
highway somewhere  
When the music from the carillon seemed to hurl your  
heart out there  
Past the scientific darkness, past the fireflies that float  
To an angel bending down to wrap you in her warmest  
coat

And you ask, "What am I not doing?"  
She says, "Your voice cannot command  
In time you will move mountains  
And it will come through your hands  
Through your hands"

Still you argue for an option, still you angle for your  
case  
Like you wouldn't know a burning bush if it blew up in  
your face  
Yeah, we scheme about the future and we dream about  
the past  
When just a simple reaching out might build a bridge  
that lasts

And you ask, "What am I not doing?"  
She says, "Your voice cannot command  
In time you will move mountains  
And it will come through your hands  
Through your hands"

So whatever your hands find to do you must do with all  
your heart  
There are thoughts enough to blow men's minds and  
tear great worlds apart  
There's a healing touch to find you on that broad  
highway somewhere  
To lift you as high as music lines through an angel's  
hair

Don't ask what you are not doing  
If as your voice cannot command  
In time we will move mountains  
And it will come through your hands

Through your hands

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