

## **John Hiatt**

# **"Through Your Hands"**

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You were dreaming on a park bench  
'Bout 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  
It will come through your hand"

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  
It will come through your hand, your hand"

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 high as music flying  
Through the angel's hair

Don't ask what you are not doing  
Because your voice cannot command

In time we will move mountains  
And it will come through your hands

Through your hands  
Through your hands  
Through your hands

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