

Johnny Burnette

"These Hands"

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These hands aren't the hands of a gentleman these
hands are calloused and old

These hands raised a family these hands built a home

Now these hands raised to praise the Lord

These hands won the heart of my loved one and with
hers they were never alone

If these hands filled their task then what more could
you ask

For these fingers have worked to the bone

[organ]

Now don't try to judge me by what you'd like me be

For my life hasn't been a success

Some people have power but still they grieve

While these hands brought me happiness

Now I'm tired and I'm old and I haven't much gold

Maybe things ain't been all that I planned

Lord above hear my plea when it's time to judge me

Take a look at these hard working hands take a look at
these hard working hands

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