

Len Dresslar

"These Hands"

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These hands ain't the hands of a gentle man
These hands are calloused and old
These hands raised a family
These hands raised a home
Now these hands raise to pray to 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 one ask
For these fingers have worked to the bone

Now don't try to judge me
By what you'd like to be
For my life ain't been much success
While some hands have power
But still they grieve
While these hands brought me happiness

Now I'm tired and I'm old
And I ain't got much gold
Maybe things ain't been all
That I planned (that I planned)

God above, hear my plea
When it's time to judge me
Take a look at these hard working hands
(Hard working hands)

Now I'm tired and I'm old
And I ain't got much gold
Maybe things ain't been all
That I planned

God above, hear my plea
When it's time to judge me
Take a look at these hard working hands
(Hard working hands)

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