

David Crosby "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 cloak
And you ask
"What am I not doing?"
She says,
"Your voice cannot command"
She says, "In time you will move
Mountains
And it will come
Through your hands."

Still you angle for an option
Still you argue for your cause
Like you wouldn't know a burning
Bush
Till it blew up in your face
We dream about the future
We memorize the past
When just a simple reaching out
Could build a bridge that lasts
And you ask
"What am I not doing?"
She says,
"Your voice cannot command"
She says, "In time you will move
Mountains
And it will come
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
Out on that broad highway

Somewhere
Gonna lift you as high as music
Running through an angel's hair
And don't worry
What you are not doing
'Cause your voice cannot command
And in time you will move mountains
And it will come through your hands

Through your hands
Through your hands

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