

## **Angela Evans**

### **"Warm Hands"**

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My daddy had warm hands,  
Rough and dirty like a workin' man,  
Changing tires in a blistering storm,  
His hands would still be warm,

I remember his leather mitts,  
He'd leave em on the living room chair,  
I'd stick my hands inside,  
Just to see if it was warm in there,

My daddy had warm hands.

And those hands fixed everything,  
Everything but a broken heart,  
When the family was torn apart,  
They were outside fixing cars,

When we left him his face went dull,  
We knew he loved us despite it all,  
Watched his kingdom begin to fall,  
While his hands tried to hold up those walls,

My daddy had warm hands,  
Rough and dirty like a workin' man,  
Changing tires in a blistering storm,  
His hands would still be warm,

They would steam in the cold air,  
I can still see him standing there,  
Thick hat and a winter coat,  
Wool scarf wrapped around his throat,  
My daddy had warm hands.

And as I begin to age,  
I understand how things go their ways,  
Sometimes this world demands,  
A little more than warm hands,

My daddy had warm hands,  
Strong and steady like a workin' man,  
Though they've grown much softer now,

I guess time broke em down somehow,

They can still fix everything,  
Right down to my broken heart,  
Even when they're out fixing cars,  
I know they won't let me fall apart.

My daddy had warm hands,  
Rough and dirty like a workin' man,  
Changing tires in a blistering storm,  
His hands would still be warm,

They would steam in the cold air,  
I can still see him standing there,  
Thick hat and a winter coat,  
Wool scarf wrapped around his throat,

My daddy had warm hands.

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