

**Robin Holcomb****"Hand Me Down All Stories"**

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Hand me down all stories  
Sweet bitter truths to live by  
May their pleasures be repeated  
Throughout our little lives

Hand me down my walking cane  
It hangs there on that nail above  
Go driving with the devil  
And he'll cut you with the chains of love

O, hand me down all stories  
Sweet bitter truths to live by  
May their pleasures be repeated  
Throughout our little lives

Lie down with the lilies waving in the field  
And listen for the faintest cry  
Love may wish to make a home  
And peace may visit by and by  
O, there was a time, the story goes  
When all creation shone the same  
If divide, divide is your desire  
You'll darken every promise made

Weave stories from the headline  
Into your lullabies tonight  
Storm of ages, heads hung low  
Chariots are running on the rocky road  
It takes a fool to foul the water wheel  
And another fool to bring him down  
They'll be dancing, dancing in the streets  
If memory ever finds this town

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Sweet bitter truths to live by  
May their pleasures be repeated  
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