

## Eagles, The "Too Many Hands"

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She's one of a kind  
Sometimes hard to find  
Like a rainbow  
Well, she's lost all her glory  
And could tell you some stories  
That we all should know

And there's too many hands  
Being laid on her  
Too many eyes will never see  
That it's dragging her down  
But you won't hear a sound as  
She turns 'round

Her beauty all aflight  
It always seems to turn the tide  
At midnight

And for her there is no rest  
We are doing what is best  
For our future

One of these days she may not  
Be so good to you

One of these days she might  
Shake you to the ground  
But her fire is still  
Burning  
And her heart is still yearning  
To be found

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