

## **Tift Merritt**

# **"Feel Of The World"**

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I'll tell you what I will miss Â–  
California and horses,  
Down by the sailboats where we waded in,  
The feel of the world in my hands, in my hands,  
The feel of the world in my hands.

And still so many ways that I love the wind Â–  
From a storm in the sails to the breath on your lips,  
It's such a little thing, then again, then again,  
The feel of the world in your hands, in your hands,  
The feel of the world in your hands, in your hands.

Just like the Sunday we drove out from Houston,  
Out to the edge of the world, out where the sky starts to  
bend,  
After awhile in the sun, you'll be sleeping, sleeping.

I picture you now Â– you are beautiful, you are golden,  
Just like you were when you thought no one was  
looking.  
Time will take care of you, love. Time will take care of  
you, love.  
I will take care of you, love, again, again,  
The feel of the world in my hands, in my hands,  
The feel of the world in my hands, in my hands.

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