

Hands on a Grain of Sand

Amelia Curran

Hounds are broodin' in my bones
But I am a good dog runnin' halfway home
Hear the lonely promenade
Come to nurse the tender terrwaysAll hands on a grain of sand
Half smallest things are the high demand
I can only serenade
And wait my turn to burn or fadeAll colors you can see
Cover the borders of a masterpiece
Time can paint the best of me
Over the unclear eyes of memoryCover love from sympathy
Be my maker, set me free
Truer hearts could not contain
How I cover love but I have not changed

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