

# 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

Songwriters

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