

# Hands

## Allume

There's a man outside my door tonight  
He cries for help, he sings a pleading song  
Well times are tough for everyone  
    Gotta hold on to what I got  
    Just kind of cruise along  
    Well I do want to be helpful  
But it's cold and I'm told you can't be too careful  
    Out of the mouth of a mother  
    Into the hands of a brother  
    Into the heart of a lover  
    Out of the hands of another  
    You can never tell who your neighbor is  
Or what he's doin' at night or who his friends are  
    Well you don't know where he's from  
    Or where he's been or who he knows  
You know you can't be too careful these days  
    Well I do want to be helpful  
Whoa but it's cold and I'm told he might just be the devil  
    Out of the mouth of a mother  
    Into the hands of a brother  
    Into the heart of a lover  
    And out of the hands of another  
    Well I don't take chances, I don't take time to see  
And I don't take nothing from nobody, no way not me  
    Out of the mouth of a mother  
    Into the hands of a brother  
    Into the heart of a lover  
    Out of the hands of another  
    Out of the mouth of a mother  
    Into the hands of a brother  
    Into the heart of a lover  
    And out of the hands of child  
        Into the eyes of a child  
        Into the ears of a child  
        Into the heart of a child  
        Into the heart of a child  
        Into the heart of a child

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