

# Through Your Hands

David Crosby

You were dreamin' on a park bench  
About a broad highway somewhere  
When the music from the carillon  
Seemed to hurl your heart out there  
Past the scientific darkness  
Past the fireflies that float  
To an angel bending down  
To wrap you in her warmest cloak  
And you ask, "What am I not doing?"  
She says, "Your voice cannot command"  
She says, "In time you will move mountains  
It will come through your hands"  
Still you angle for an option  
Still you argue for your cause  
Like you wouldn't know a burning bush  
Till it blew up in your face  
We dream about the future  
We memorize the past  
When just a simple reaching out  
Could build a bridge that lasts  
And you ask, "What am I not doing?"  
She says, "Your voice cannot command  
In time you will move mountains  
And it will come through your hands"  
So whatever your hands find to do  
You must do with all your heart  
There are thoughts enough to  
Blow men's minds and tear great worlds apart  
There's a healing touch to find you  
Out on that broad highway somewhere  
Gonna lift you as high as music  
Running through an angel's hair  
And don't worry what you are not doing  
'Cause your voice cannot command  
And in time you will move mountains  
And it will come through your hands  
Through your hands, through your hands

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