# Boy With (100) Hands

## Crooked Fingers

A boy with one hundred hands
Came groping through the dark
And stumbled upon the light you gave off
And fell gently into your arms
One hand it held the earth
Another stirred the sea
One handed you a key and said:
We've come to set you free
'Cause you're better than the world you live in
The gossips and the clowns
Deep in your darkest dungeon singing
So no one can hear a sound
So no hand can come to pick you up
And no hand can pull you downI drew a picture book
With pictures green and blue
And sent them off to a museum
All this I did for you
But one hand had used your heart
Held beating in the light
With a heart like that one hundred hands
Could never paint quite right
'Cause you're better than the world you live in
And nobody told you so
Trapped in your ghetto gardening
With no helping hand to grow
Just one hand to hold you in my heart
And one hand to let you go

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