

# Hana

## Asa-Chang & ᠠᠰᠤᠴᠠᠩ

Hana, Hana

Hana steps out of a storm  
Into a stranger's warm, but hard-up kitchen  
She sees what must be done  
She takes off her coat and rolls up her sleeves  
And starts pitchin' in  
Hana has a special knack  
For getting people back on the right track  
'Cause she knows they all matter  
So she doesn't argue or flatter, she doesn't fight the slights  
She takes it on the chin like a champ  
Hana, Hana

Hana says, when life's a drag  
Don't cave in, don't wave a white flag  
Raise up a white banner  
In this manner straighten your back, dig in your heels  
Get a good grip on your grief  
Hana says don't get me wrong, this is no simple Sunday song  
Where God or Jesus comes along and they save you  
You've got to be braver than that  
You tackle the beast alone with all its tenacious teeth  
Light the lamp  
Hana, Hana  
Hana, Hana

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