

His Hands

Eddy Arnold

His hands paint the flowers he puts leaves on the trees
At His whisper birds start singing when my heart needs melodies
Why I strayed from all his goodness my poor mind can't understand
I'm to blame for my misfortune I lost hold of his hands
Those hands that give me mercy when I'm wrong as wrong can be
If they really gave me justice I'd be lost on homeless seas
I've been lost in the shuffle I've obeyed the wrong commands
I'm going back to the chapel in search of his hands
[guitar]
Why I strayed from all his goodness...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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