

# Heart In Your Hand

## Robert Plant

Do you gather flowers for me?  
Moving softly through the trees  
With the scent against your arms  
Long ago I knew your charms  
As I walk through the purple hills of soon forgotten  
-Know- that my heart was in your hand  
And my heart was in your hand  
Do your lips still call my name?  
Would your mouth still taste the same?  
And I learn the sweetest words  
What implies some mercy yet  
Though I steal all across the years, the memory lingers on  
All my heart within your hand

All my heart within your hand  
Should I fall beside the road  
Everlasting unconsoled  
And my memory so blind  
And my heart laid ahead  
As I walk through the purple hills of long ago  
I know my heart is in your hand  
All my heart is in your hand  
My heart is in your hand  
All my heart

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