

# Old Hands

## The Whites

He's an old hand at fixing cars and bailing hay  
And there's nothing he can't do on that old farm  
He's tougher than leather for a man his age  
But he's 21 when she's lying in his arms  
She's an old hand at baking bread and washing clothes  
And rocking little babies to sleep  
But the calloused hands are softer than the morning rose  
And she always seems to know just what he needs  
When old hands hold hands  
With just a touch they understand  
Life and love and making plans  
'Cause they're old hands  
They've pulled a load together down a long hard road  
And they both know that their journey will end  
But they won't be afraid when it's their time to go  
'Cause chances are they'll just go hand in hand

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