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 armsShe's and 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 needsWhen old hands hold hands
With just a touch they understand
Life and love and making plans
'Cause they're old handsThey'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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