

# These Hands

## Johnny Cash

These hands aren't the hands of a gentleman  
These hands are calloused and old  
These hands raised a family, these hands built a home  
Now these hands raised to praise the LordThese hands won the heart of my loved one  
And with hers they were never alone  
If these hands filled their task then what more could you ask  
For these fingers have worked to the boneNow don't try to judge me by what you'd like me be  
For my life hasn't been a success  
Some people have power but still they grieve  
While these hands brought me happinessNow I'm tired and I'm old and I haven't much gold  
Maybe things ain't been all that I planned  
Lord above hear my plea when it's time to judge me  
Take a look at these hard working hands

Songwriters  
ROBEY, DONPublished by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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