

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 Lord These 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 bone Now 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 happiness Now 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, DON Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>