

# A Handful of Dust

[Don Williams](#)

Break us down by our elements and you might think he failed  
We're not copper for one penny or even iron for one nail  
And a dollar would be plenty to buy twenty of us  
Until true love is added to these handfuls of dust  
Handful of dust, handful of dust  
Sums up the richest and poorest of us  
True love makes priceless the worthless  
Whenever it's added to a handful of dust  
However small though our worth may be when shared between two  
hearts  
Is even more than it would ever be, measured on its own apart  
And our half what it could be is now twice what it was  
When true love is added to these handfuls of dust  
Handful of dust, handful of dust  
Sums up the richest, poorest of us  
True love makes priceless the worthless  
Whenever it's added to a handful of dust

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