Hana

:PAPERCUTZ

Hana, Hana
Hana steps out of a storm
Into a stranger's warm, but hard-up kitchen
She sees what must be done
She takes off her coat and rolls up her sleeves
And starts pitchin' in
Hana has a special knack
For getting people back on the right track
'Cause she knows they all matter
So she doesn't argue or flatter, she doesn't fight the slights
She takes it on the chin like a champ
Hana, Hana

Hana says, when life's a drag
Don't cave in, don't wave a white flag
Raise up a white banner
In this manner straighten your back, dig in your heels
Get a good grip on your grief
Hana says don't get me wrong, this is no simple Sunday song
Where God or Jesus comes along and they save you
You've got to be braver than that
You tackle the beast alone with all its tenacious teeth
Light the lamp
Hana, Hana
Hana, Hana

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