

Jesus Do Your Hands Still Feel the Rain

Deacon Blue

Would the rain, the frozen rain
Be as cold upon Your forehead
As the tears that plough Your beaten face again
Would the rain Could Your hands, Your broken hands
Pull Your coat around Your shoulder?
Steel yourself against the weather of the day
Could Your hands? Here I stand, just the same
Jesus, do Your hands still feel the rain? Here we go, winter long
Like sun bleeds down the valley
Or a black and oily river moves so slow
Here we go Here I stand, just the same
Jesus, do Your hands still feel the rain?
Here I stand, just the same
Jesus, do Your hands still feel the rain? Here I stand, just the same
Jesus, do Your hands still feel the rain?
Here I stand, just the same
Jesus, do Your hands still feel the rain? Here I stand, just the same
Jesus, do Your hands still feel the rain?
Feel the rain, feel the rain

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