Slipping Through My Hands

John Lowrey

Hush now, baby, your mummy might awake
It broke her heart today
As they gave our life away
In pieces sold of cheap by a stranger's hand
I held her while she cried
And helplessly stood by
Your daddy never felt less like man

Baby, my baby, the snow is on the ground
Come dawn we move to town
Leaving all our hopes and dreams
Like autumn leaves scattered by the wind
So go to sleep my little one
This night before our home
Becomes another empty house on a country road

When that cold wind blows I feel so all alone
Your grandaddy always trusted me to take care of this land
Now I'm so ashamed its slipping through my hands
The way of life is slipping through my hands

Baby, my baby, the snow is soft and deep
The world seems so at peace
It whispers to me sleep
But then I feel your small hand move in mine
And I know I can't let go
Spring will come I know
And with it flowers pushing through the snow
Tiny flowers pushing through the snow

When that cold wind moans I feel so all alone
Your grandaddy always trusted me to take care of this land
Now I'm so ashamed it's slipping through my hands
The way of life is slipping through my hands

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