

Hands Of A Working Man

[Johnny Reid](#)

Early in the morning I'd smell that diesel burning and I'd watch him and his old truck go rumbling down the road. Later on in the evening in the distance I would hear him like lightning I'd go straight out that front door. Into the hands of a working man life was easy for me to understand now looking back I see who I am right there
in the hands of a working man

I can still remember it was a cold day in December I walked into the kitchen I saw a tear rolling down his face he was sitting with my Mother they were leaning on each other I listened there she whispered I have faith

In the hands of a working man love was easy for me to understand now looking back I see who I am right there
in the hands of a working man

You know the more I see the deeper I believe the best place for this world to be is in the hands of a working man where love is easy to understand now looking back I see who I am right there in the hands of a working
man

This world turns in the hand of a working man

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