

HANDS

Philth

There's a man outside my door tonight
He cries for help, he sings a pleading song
Well times are tough for everyone
 Gotta hold on to what I got
 Just kind of cruise along
 Well I do want to be helpful
But it's cold and I'm told you can't be too careful
 Out of the mouth of a mother
 Into the hands of a brother
 Into the heart of a lover
 Out of the hands of another
 You can never tell who your neighbor is
Or what he's doin' at night or who his friends are
 Well you don't know where he's from
 Or where he's been or who he knows
You know you can't be too careful these days
 Well I do want to be helpful
Whoa but it's cold and I'm told he might just be the devil
 Out of the mouth of a mother
 Into the hands of a brother
 Into the heart of a lover
 And out of the hands of another
 Well I don't take chances, I don't take time to see
And I don't take nothing from nobody, no way not me
 Out of the mouth of a mother
 Into the hands of a brother
 Into the heart of a lover
 Out of the hands of another
 Out of the mouth of a mother
 Into the hands of a brother
 Into the heart of a lover
 And out of the hands of child
 Into the eyes of a child
 Into the ears of a child
 Into the heart of a child
 Into the heart of a child
 Into the heart of a child

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