

A Handful of Dust

[Patty Loveless](#)

Break us down by our elements and you might think he failed
We're not copper for one penny or even iron for one nail
And a dollar would be plenty to buy twenty of us
Until true love is added to these handfuls of dust
Handful of dust, handful of dust
Sums up the richest and poorest of us
True love makes priceless the worthless
Whenever it's added to a handful of dust
However small though our worth may be when shared between two
hearts
Is even more than it would ever be, measured on its own apart
And our half what it could be is now twice what it was
When true love is added to these handfuls of dust
Handful of dust, handful of dust
Sums up the richest, poorest of us
True love makes priceless the worthless
Whenever it's added to a handful of dust

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