

Jesus' Hands

American Music Club

Well I'd like to hang out
But I can tell that you're not a drinking crowd
I got places to go, people to see
I got a thirst that would make the ocean proudHey brother, hey sister
Don't you see a crack form in the dam
For a loser, no one can touch him
He's out slipping through jesus' handsI'm walking in circles in a waiting room
For a welcome I don't feel in my soul
I watch the time pass, it pours in my glass
I drink it down, blood from a stoneHey brother, hey sister
Don't you see a crack form in the dam
For a loser, no one can touch him
He's out slipping through jesus' handsLooking for love in all the wrong places
The sidewalks and the sky
Looking for something that no one can give me
And no one can help me buyOh brother, oh sister
Don't you see a crack form in the dam
For a loser, no one can touch him
He's out slipping through jesus' handsWell I'd like to hang out
But I can tell that you're not a drinking crowd
I got nowhere to go, no one to see
I got a thirst that would make the ocean proud

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