Grandma's Hands

Yanna

Grandma's hands clapped in church on Sunday morning.
Grandma's hands played the tambourine so well.
Grandma's hands used to issue out a warning,
She'd say, "Billy don't you run so fast,
Might fall on a piece of glass,
Might be snaked there in that grass,"
Grandma's handsGrandma's hands sooth the local unwed mother
Grandma's hands used to ache sometimes and swell
Grandma's hands used to lift her face and tell her,
She'd say, "Baby Grandma understands,
That you really loved that man,
Put yourself in Jesus' hands."
Grandma's handsGrandma's hands used to hand me piece of candy.
Grandma's hands picked me up each time I fell.
Grandma's hands, boy the really came in handy
She'd say, " Mattie don't you whip that boy.
What you want to spank him for?
He didn't drop no apple core,"
But I don't have Grandma anymore,
If I get to heaven I'll look for
Grandma's hands.
Um, mm, mm.

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