

Open Hand

Nowherebound

Open Hand

Youâ€™ve seen a lot, some good times, some not.
Well itâ€™s hard to look around at all the things you got.
And you kind of wonder if itâ€™s just your lot,
Or if you really chose the right way.
Seems like all your fightingâ€™s got you bruised and such,
And youâ€™re staggering along your way without a crutch,
And you wonder if it wonâ€™t mean that much,
If you just walked away.

Stand right here, Iâ€™ll lend you a hand.
Youâ€™ve fallen on hard times hanging by a strand.
I can remember when I made my own stand,
And opened up my hand.

On the sharp edge of the knife, going through strife,
Ever since you thought you took control of life.
And you wonder if pain and hardship is your wife,
Youâ€™ll part on your dyinâ€™ day.
In a broken land, all you see is sand,
Youâ€™re wounded and broke from doing all you can,
And you take on the world with open eyes and open hands,
Just to watch it wash away.

Well keep up the fight, itâ€™s all within sight,
And if that fire burns inside, you know itâ€™s right.
It wonâ€™t be long until you see some light,
To help you on your way.
Youâ€™re not alone, look how youâ€™ve grown.
That is one thing gotten from the seeds youâ€™ve sown.
And this might just be a better place than what youâ€™ve shown,
And no one can take it away.

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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