Hands

Tim Beam

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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