

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 it's 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 and poorest of us
True love makes priceless the worthless
Whenever it's added to a handful of dust

Songwriters

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