

Hank Snow, His Hands

His hands paint the flowers he puts leaves on the trees
At his whisper birds start singing when my heart needs melodies
Why I strayed from all his goodness my poor mind can't understand
I'm to blame for my misfortune I lost hold of his hands

Those hands that gave me mercy when I'm wrong as wrong can be
If they really gave me justice I'd be lost on homeless sea
I've been lost in the shuffle I've obeyed the wrong command
I'm going back to the chapel in search of his hands
[guitar]
Those hands that gave me mercy...