

Starsailor, Grandma's Hands

Mmm-mmm
Mmm-mmm
Mmm-mmm

Grandma's hands clapped in church on Sunday morning
Grandma's hands played a 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 snakes there in that grass"
Grandma's hands

Grandma's hands soothed a local love with 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 your faith in Jesus's hands"
Grandma's hands

Grandma's hands used to hand me piece of candy
Grandma's hands picked me up each time I fell
Grandma's hands well, they really came in handy
She'd say, "Matti, don't you hit that boy
What you wanna spank him for?
He didn't drop no apple core"
But I don't have Grandma anymore
When I get to Heaven I'll look for
Grandma's hands

Grandma's hands
Grandma's hands

Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh

Wo-oh-wo-oh
Wo-oh-wo-oh

Waaaahh
Waaahhh
Waaahhh