

Too Many Hands

Blue Rodeo

Too many hands carving up the sky
And leaving their mark in the sand
Like history moves
No matter where we stand
Too many hands

There's dust in my eyes
Poison in my brain
An ocean that runs through my veins
But here in my chest
There's a feeling I don't understand
Too many hands

Here on the highest cloud
You can see how far we've gone
Once voice cries
Echo's on and on
And far away gone
I'll be hiding from the plan
Too many hands

Traces of history
Appear to cross the sky
Lay down now
Let your spirit fly

And too many hands
Fade away with time
They're losing themselves in the past
Well I offer my voice
Hear me if you can
Too many hands
Too many hands