

Through Our Hands

Brendan James

On a little backroad that wound us through Croatia
I got off in my head, proud of what we'd done
Started living our lives, showing these kids
Something without a plan
Holding 'em tight like water through our hands

In a little white house below the trees of Holland
We were cooking each night, sleeping in one big bed
We were living each day, loving these kids
Watching them take the chance
Holding 'em tight like water through our hands

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They feel just like water through our hands
Our son and our daughter have a plan
They grow up so fast I don't understand
They feel just like water through our hands
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In a little hotel that overlooked Rwanda
We would challenge ourselves to stop and just slow down
We would take a big chance to show 'em this land
Hoping they'd understand
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In a little house by the coast of Carolina
Where them waterways meet the finer setting sun
It's a magical place for raising these kids
From river to stream to sand
Holding 'em tight like water through our hands