

His Hands

Janis Ian

His hands were made of lightning
His fingers were the wind
They reached into my heart
And let me love again
His touch was made for pleasure
So good it seemed a sin
Stroking my soul, keeping me whole
'Til I gave myself to him

His hands - they never hit me sober
His hands - they never marked my face
I would rather be blind than see him treat me that way
I would rather be deaf than hear that sound
Like a pistol cracking as the spirit breaks
And love comes tumbling down

He learned it from his father
And from his father's wife
He learned from the preacher
Who told her they were married for life
And if I'd had his children
They might have learned from me
I finally ran when I saw that his hands
Would sign that legacy

He said, "I've broken stallions
"I've broken mares too
"And given time, and the right frame of mind
"I swear I'll break you"

So come all you pretty women
Who think that you're too smart
And learn from one who loved a damaged heart
There are some things you can gamble
There are some things you can change
But you can't change a man with the law in his hand
It's like trying to drown the rain

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Tumbling down
Tumbling down