

# Hollow of Your Hand

Jeff Black

If it weren't for the  
Rumbling of the wheels  
Or the sound of scenery flying by  
I would not know I was moving through  
Or let alone the reasons why  
Across the farmlands of southern Illinois  
I cut a little closer to the ground  
Working my way across the line  
Back into this life that  
You and I have found  
Oh I am wealthy by  
The measure of where I'll be in time  
Love has thrown a light  
Across the shadows of this land  
Living in the hollow of your hand  
Now all at once what was once  
Just dust and constant shuffling  
Are little stars that we can touch  
You have drawn me into everything  
Oh I am wealthy by  
All this gold and the silver line  
Love has thrown a light  
Across the shadows of this land  
Living in the hollow of your hand