

Hands

Roo Panes

Ooooh, ooooh, ooooh
I will hold you as you held me,
You gave me shelter, you gave me safety.

You said, "Hold gently what you wish to grow old with,
Like a sparrow in your hands that
Needs to fly.
Hold gently what you wish to grow old with,
Don't close those hands."
Ooooh

Ivory fingers, porcelain haven,
Hands that tamed me, that named
And framed me.

You said, "Hold gently what you wish to grow old with,
Like a sparrow in your hands that

Needs to fly.
Hold gently what you wish to grow old with,
Don't close those hands."
Ooooh

So these hands of mine that have learnt through time,
To be a brother, lover, father, friend,
To try and let you fly,
To circle other skies,
To let you go,
When you need to go,
Oh they'll be open,
They'll be waiting.