

Touch of Your Hand

The Wood Brothers

I pray for peace every day
There's no war
But I feel the guns are pointed my way

My crimes are the same
As anyone
With time to kill and blood in their vein

I reach for heaven like every man
But I can't live on faith alone
There's only one thing I understand

I believe in the touch of your hand
It's rain on dessert sand
Nothing brings peace to the soul of a man
Like the sweet lovin' touch of your hand

The truth is in my skin
And only fear
Turns everything I love into sin

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