

Hands

If I could tell the world just one thing
It would be that we're all OK
And not to worry 'cause worry is wasteful
And useless in times like these
I won't be made useless
I won't be idle with despair
I will gather myself around my faith
For light does the darkness most fear

My hands are small, I know
But they're not yours, they are my own
But they're not yours, they are my own
And I am never broken

Poverty stole your golden shoes
But it didn't steal your laughter
And heartache came to visit me
But I knew it wasn't ever after

We'll fight, not out of spite
For someone must stand up for what's right
'Cause where there's a man who has no voice
There ours shall go singing



My hands are small I know
But they're not yours, they are my own
But they're not yours, they are my own
And I am never broken

In the end only kindness matters
In the end only kindness matters

I will get down on my knees, and I will pray
I will get down on my knees, and I will pray
I will get down on my knees, and I will pray

My hands are small I know
But they're not yours, they are my own
But they're not yours, they are my own
And I am never broken

My hands are small I know
But they're not yours, they are my own
But they're not yours, they are my own
And I am never broken
We are never broken

We are God's eyes



God's hands

God's mind

We are God's eyes

God's hands

God's heart

We are God's eyes

God's hands

God's eyes

We are God's hands

We are God's hands

Lyrics by Jewel Kilcher; music by Jewel Kilcher and Patrick Leonard; <http://www.endor.org/jewel>

