

Ben Harper, Two Hands Of A Prayer

First time that I saw her
She had white doves in her eyes
She spoke to me, but I could not reply,
Not reply

She was a stranger I had known for years
She brought to me so many smiles and tears,
Smiles and tears

The two hands of a prayer
Together like two hands of a prayer
Together like two hands of a prayer
Together like the two hands of a prayer

Time it slowly drips
Into past
Into the past

And finds a home where the heart echoes rest,
Echoes rest

She softly kissed my mind, my mind
And whispered, "what will we do with time, do with time?"

The two hands of a prayer
Together like two hands of a prayer
Together like two hands of a prayer
Together like two hands of a prayer

Am I the man I choose, choose to be, choose to be?
Or just the man I used to be, used to be?
Am I the man I want, want to be, I want to be?
This questions, it keeps haunting me, haunting me.

The two hands of prayer
Together like two hands of a prayer
Together like two hands of a prayer
Together like two hands of a prayer
Of a prayer...