

# Bonnie 'Prince' Billy, His Hands

There were a lot of things in his touch  
Sometimes the slightest whisper could hurt so much  
I could feel him coming nearer his little noises and such  
And then my man would lay his hands on me

He might touch me the way a man should sometimes  
Bring me to passions that only he could  
Answer some earthly need whenever he would  
When my man would lay his hands on me

All the kindness and protection  
The tenderness and the care  
And he was happy goodness me  
But then when he was scared  
Those hands they took on a life undead  
They were vicious and they were small  
But big enough to keep this woman's back  
Against the wall

Lord I didn't ask for it  
Not the love or anything else  
Not the years spent in the world  
Of a man that only loved himself  
I didn't ask for it  
But God it is mine now  
Those hands are in my mind and soul  
But Lord it's you and me  
That make their power

And I will pity that beautiful man  
And Lord I will bless his path  
We were both just wounded children  
In a love that thank God didn't last

There's a lot of things in Lord your touch  
Sometimes your slightest whisper moves me so much  
Your grace and your forgiveness the whole world and such  
When you  
You lay your hands  
On me

Yes when you  
Lord rest your gentle hands  
On me  
On me