

Charlie Landsborough, Five Fingers

Long ago my father placed his hand upon my head
As he laid each finger down he Smiled at me and said
Some day son when you're a man you will understand
You'll only count your true friends on the fingers of one hand

Five fingers you can count upon
Five fingers and you are one

If your dreams should crumble inside your wounded heart
Reflect upon the speed at which fair weather friends depart
Then warm yourself of fond memories of the chosen few
The best who wanted nothing but the very best for you

Five fingers you can count upon
Five fingers and you are one

My father said the golden patches of your life will bring
And butterflies leaves you for awhile to warm their wings
And Fly away when rain clouds start to gather in your sky
And Leave behind the faithful who will love you till they die

Five fingers you can count upon
Five fingers and you are one
And you are one