

# Ginny Owens, The Hand

I hear a blind man  
Asking where this road goes,  
But we won't tell him  
We just stop to block his way with stones  
I watch a woman  
Overtaken by disease  
We frown upon her suffering  
Instead of offering the cure she needs  
My heart is heavy  
As I see what we've become  
How quickly we forget  
What we've been rescued from

(chorus)  
If not for the Hand that leads us  
We, too, would roam in the darkness  
If not for the Hand that heals us  
We would live in pain

Our hands have power  
They can harm, and they can heal  
We raise them in praise and honor  
We use them to stone and steal  
With His two hands, one man rescued history  
Said He came for the sick and sightless  
He said that was you and me

(chorus)  
And still we keep our distance  
Caught up in our false pretenses  
But only by the hand have we been changed  
Compelled by the gracious Hand  
that chose to change this life for us  
Won't we choose to use our hands  
To give the world His love