

# Hank Snow, These Hands

These hands ain't the hands of a gentleman  
These hands are calloused and old  
These hands raised a family these hands built a home  
Now these hands raised to praise the Lord  
These hands won the heart of my loved one  
And with hers they were never alone  
If these hands filled their task then what more could one ask  
For these fingers have worked to the bone

Now don't try to judge me by what you'd like me be  
For my life ain't been much success  
While some people have power but still they grieve  
While these hands brought me happiness  
Now I'm tired and I'm old and I ain't got much gold  
Maybe things ain't been all that I planned  
God above hear my plea when it's time to judge me  
Take a look at these hard working hands  
(God above hear my plea when it's time to judge me)  
Take a look at these hard working hands