

Jimmy Dean, These Hands

These hands ain't the hands of a gentleman these hands are calloused and old
These hands raised a family and these hands raised 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 never alone
If these hands do their task then what more can one ask
For these fingers have worked to the bone
Now I'm tired and I'm old and I ain't got much gold
Maybe things ain't been all that I planned
But God above hear my plea when it's time to judge me
Take a look at these hard working hands
Yes I'm tired and I'm old...
(These hands)