

# Baez Joan, Through Your Hands

Baez Joan  
Play Me Backwards  
Through Your Hands  
(by John Hiatt)

You were dreaming on a park bench about a broad highway somewhere  
When the music from the carillon seemed to hurl your heart out there  
Past the scientific darkness, past the fireflies that float  
To an angel bending down to wrap you in her warmest cloak

And you ask "What am I not doing?"  
She says, "Your voice cannot command,  
In time you will move mountains  
And it will come through your hands."

Still you angle for an option, still you argue for your case  
Like you wouldn't know a burning bush if it blew up in your face  
Yeah, we scheme about the future and we dream about the past  
When just a simple reaching out could build a bridge that lasts

And you ask "What am I not doing?"  
She says, "Your voice cannot command,  
In time you will move mountains  
And it will come through your hands."

So whatever your hands find to do you must do with all your heart  
There are thoughts enough to blow men's minds and tear great worlds apart  
There's a healing touch to find you on that broad highway somewhere  
To lift you as high as music running through an angel's hair

Don't ask what you are not doing  
'Cause your voice cannot command  
And in time we will move mountains  
And it will come through your hands