

Don Williams, A Handful Of Dust

Handful of Dust, Handfuls of Dust,
True love makes perfect these handfuls of dust.

We'll break us down by our elements,
And you might think He failed.
We're not copper for one penny or even iron for one nail.
And a dollar would be plenty to buy twenty of us
Til true love is added to these handfuls of dust

A handful of dust, a handful of dust
Sums up the richest and poorest of us
And true love makes priceless the worthless
Whenever it is added to these handfuls of dust

However small though our worth may be,
When shared between two hearts.
Is evermore than it would ever be
Measured on it's own apart.
And our half what it could be is now twice what it was
When true love is added to these handfuls of dust

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