

Gil Scott-Heron, Grandma's Hands

Grandma's hands clapped to church on Sunday mornings
Grandma's hands played the tambourine so well
Grandma's hands used to issue out a warning
She say, "Scotty why you run so fast,
Might fall on a piece of glass,
Might be snakes there in that grass?"
Grandma's hands, they keep on calling to me.

Grandma's hands soothed the local unwed mothers
Grandma's hands used to ache sometimes and swell
Grandma's hands, lord they'd really come in handy
She say, "Bobbie why you want to whip that boy?
What you want to whip him for?
He didn't throw no apple core."
Grandma's hands, they keep on calling to me.

Grandma's hands soothed the local unwed mothers
Grandma's hands used to ache sometimes and swell
Grandma's hands, well they really came in handy
She say, "Bobbie why you want to whip that boy?
What you want to whip him for?
He didn't throw no apple core."
But I don't have grandma anymore
When I get to heaven I'll look for grandma's hands.
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