

Jean Shepard, With His Hand In Mine

There are times for no reason I feel so alone
Even though he's beside me where he's been all night long
In the dark I reach for him though he sound asleep
Take hold of his hand and find the comfort I need
There are times I'm uneasy with no cost at all
With no word just the right touch before one tear falls
He's got me smiling and I marvel at this kind of man
Who can quiet his woman by just holding her hand
With his hand in mine I feel warm and wanted
There's no doubt in my mind and everything's all right
I could ask for nothing more than him there beside me
So I'll join him in sweet sweet sleep with his hand in mine