

John Hiatt, Through Your Hands

You were dreamin' on a park bench

'Bout 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 coat

CHORUS:

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 argue for an option

Still you angle 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

Might build a bridge that lasts

REPEAT CHORUS

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 high
As music flying
Through the angel's hair.

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