

# Kelly Joe Phelps, Spanish Hands

She's a gentle bell, she's a cat eye  
A gold breath on a wire  
A sing soft sail in the other room  
A red hot cleansing fire  
My cold feet warm in a straight line  
Dancing Spanish hands  
My heart retires far early  
Away these foreign lands  
Away these foreign lands

She's a yellow girl, she's a sun flower  
A thin wind well mind lead  
A glass like sea for miles and miles  
A book to love to read  
Long haul rolling on the shadow side  
Regardless where I stand  
My heart retires far early  
Away these foreign lands  
Away these foreign lands

Mark these days that constant fade  
That wilt among the wars  
The big ones we all suffer from  
The small ones, mine of yours  
I'll throw no coin on grand design  
I cannot understand  
My heart retires far early  
Away these foreign lands  
Away these foreign lands

Let kind words surround her mind  
Gift her sorrow flight  
Give the new eyed sleep of babes  
Then let her softly rise  
To see the morning brush the blinds  
Behind no greater plan  
My heart retires far early  
Away these foreign lands  
Away these foreign lands  
Away these foreign lands