

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