

Leslie Phillips, Daddy's Hands

I remember daddy's hands folded silently in prayer
and reaching out to hold me when I had a nightmare
you could read quite a story in the caluses and lines
years of work and worry had left their mark behind

I remember daddy's hands how they held my momma tight
and patted my back for something done right
there are things that i've forgotten that I loved about the man
but I'll always remember the love in daddy's hands

[chorus]

Daddy's hands were soft and kind when I was cryin
Daddy's hands were hard as steel when I'd done wrong
Daddy's hands weren't always gentle but I've come to understand
there was always love in daddy's hands

I remember daddy's hands working til they bled
sacrificed unselfishly just to keep us all fed
If I could do things over, I'd live my life again
and never take for granted the love in daddy's hands

[chorus]

Daddy's hands were soft and kind when I was cryin
Daddy's hands were hard as steel when I'd done wrong
Daddy's hand weren't always gentle but I've come to understand
there was always love in daddy's hands

[repeat]