

# Lucy Kaplansky, Child's Hands

I am so cold, I want you to heat me  
I am so tired, I want you to carry me  
I am so torn, I want you to mend me  
I am so quiet, find words for me

chorus:

But I'm old enough to know  
Old enough to understand  
All these things I've carried here  
Belong in a child's hands

I am so guilty, want you to absolve me  
I am so distant, build a road to me  
I don't want to know, promise you'll lie to me  
Don't want to be alone, promise never to leave me

chorus:

But I'm old enough to know  
Old enough to understand  
All these things I've carried here  
Belong in a child's hands