

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