

Neil Diamond, Whose Hands Are These

Whose hands are these
That reach into a secret place
Whose hands are these
That brush across my sleeping face
Like quiet waves, on silent shores
Whose hands are these
These hands are yours

Whose name is called
To find my soul in need of care
Whose name is called
To answer when that need is there
A name that sings, who`s music sours
Whose name is called
That name is yours

When I need peace
A quiet that belongs to me
To be released
From on a loud and angry scene
I think of you
Thinking of you quiets me
As only you can do
For me

Whose eyes are these
That see into this place I live
Whose eyes are these
Show me what Ive yet to give
That see beyond unopened doors
Whose eyes are these
These eyes are yours

Where do I go
When not a door is open wide
What can I know
When questioned asked are un-replied
I know of one
One is all I need to confide
To fill that place inside
Of me

Whose hands are these
That touch me when my soul is bare
Whose hands are these
That offer all theyve got to share
To show the way
And stay the course
Whose hands are these
These hands are yours

Whose hands are these
These hands are yours