

Page & Plant, Heart In Your Hand

Do you gather flowers for me?
Moving softly through the trees
With the scent against your arms
Long ago I knew your charms

As I walk through the purple hills of soon forgotten
Know that my heart was in your hand
And my heart was in your hand

Do your lips still call my name?
Would your mouth still taste the same?
There I learned the sweetest words
What price of mercy, yeah

Though I steal all across the years
The memory lingers on
With my heart in your hand
Oh, my heart in your hand

Should I fall beside the road
Everlasting wandering soul
And the memory sublime
And my heart was there, yeah

As I walk through the purple hills of long ago
I know my heart was in your hand
Oh, my heart was in your hand
My heart is in your hand
Oh, my heart