

Patty Loveless, A Handful Of Dust

Break us down by our elements
And you might think He failed
We're not copper for one penny or
Even iron for one nail
And a dollar would be plenty to buy twenty of us
Until true love is added to these handfuls of dust

Handful of dust, handful of dust
Sums up the richest and poorest of us
True love makes priceless the worthless
Whenever it's added to a handful of dust

However small though our worth may be
When shared between two hearts
Is even more than it would ever be
Measured on its own, apart
And our half what it could be is now twice what it was
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