

# Sons Of The Desert, Hand Of Fate

She was a waitress down in New Orleans  
She had a broken past  
He worked the oil rigs over in Corpus  
Out on a weekend pass  
He sat down at the end of the counter at the little cafe  
They weren't looking but they found each other  
Or did love find them either way

Tell me who is dealin' up the hand of fate  
Is it true, love is always worth the wait  
And it's never too late. It's never too late

She lived her whole life in Sault Saint Marie  
Working at the five and dime  
He was a drifter headin' out of Toronto  
Just killin' time  
Their eyes met and they fell together and in just one night  
Two people who swore they'd never  
Fell in love in those harbor lights

Tell me who is dealin' up the hand of fate  
Is it true, love is always worth the wait  
And it's never too late. It's never too late

You may call it destiny but there's a rhyme and a reason we can't see  
When you're down and lonely and about to give up  
Have a little faith and believe in love

Tell me who is dealin' up the hand of fate  
Is it true, love is always worth the wait  
And it's never too late. It's never too late