

My Father's Hands

When I was small, I fit into my Father's Hands
When I fell, I was picked up by my Father's Hands.
Someday, when I am a man, then I will have
my own pair of, Father's hands

My Father Hands have done it all
Hands that have built everything, big and small
My Father's Hands are strong

My Father's Hands are caked with dirt
My Father's Hands have done hard work
My Father's Hands

They are large, a lion's paws,
They are powerful, the power of
A steam-engine train.
They are steady and they hold firm.

When I was a boy, I held my Father's Hand
When I fell out of line, My Father's Hand was swift and quick.
Someday, when I am a man, Then I will have my own pair of Father's Hands

Now I am a man, and I do not need to hold My Father's hand
When I fall, it is not His Hands, who will save me, But My Hands
My Hands are strong like My Father's Hands.

Now I am a Father and I hold a little life in My Hands,
And I say to myself, "not My hands, but Father's Hands
My hands are strong, they are quick, and they are strong

My Father's hands are worn and old
And my Heart aches as I hold them,
and feel them grow cold.

but, My hands are his hands and his hands were my grandfather hands
they are My father's hands.

