

## Too Many Hands

Blue Rodeo

Too many hands carving up the sky  
And leaving their mark in the sand  
Like history moves  
No matter where we stand  
Too many hands

There's dust in my eyes  
Poison in my brain  
An ocean that runs through my veins  
But here in my chest  
There's a feeling I don't understand  
Too many hands

Here on the highest cloud  
You can see how far we've gone  
Once voice cries  
Echo's on and on  
And far away gone  
I'll be hiding from the plan  
Too many hands

Traces of history  
Appear to cross the sky  
Lay down now  
Let your spirit fly

And too many hands  
Fade away with time  
They're losing themselves in the past  
Well I offer my voice  
Hear me if you can  
Too many hands  
Too many hands