

# Jesus Do Your Hands Still Feel The Rain

Deacon Blue

Would the rain, the frozen rain  
Be as cold upon your forehead  
As the tears that plough your beaten face again  
Would the rain

Could your hands, your grubby hands  
Pull your coat around your shoulder  
Steel yourself against the weather of the day  
Could your hands

Here I stand  
Just the same

Jesus do these hands still feel the rain

Here we go, winter long  
Like sun bleeds down the valley  
Or a black and oily river moves so slow  
Here we go

Here I stand  
Just the same

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Here I stand  
Just the same

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