

These Hands

George Jones

These hands ain't the hands of a gentleman
These hands are calloused and old
These hands raised a family, these hands built a home
Now these hands have raised to praise the Lord.

These hands won the heart of my loved one
And with hers they were never alone
If these hands filled their task then what more could one ask
For these fingers have worked to the bone.

Now don't try to judge me by what you'd like me be
For my life, it ain't been much success
While some people have power and still they grieve
These hands brought me happiness.

Oh, I'm tired and I'm old and I've not got much gold
Maybe things ain't been all that I planned
God above hear my plea when it's time to judge me
Take a look at these hard working hands.

Take a look at these hard working hands...