

# His Hands

Hank Snow

His hands paint the flowers  
He puts leaves on the trees  
At his whisper birds start singing  
When my heart needs melodies

Why I strayed from all his goodness  
My poor mind can't understand  
I'm to blame for my misfortune  
I lost hold of his hands

Those hands that gave me mercy  
When I'm wrong as wrong can be  
If they really gave me justice  
I'd be lost on homeless sea

I've been lost in the shuffle  
I've obeyed the wrong commands  
I'm going back to the chapel  
In search of his hands  
Those hands that gave me mercy