

Too Many Hands

Jim Cuddy

Too many hands
carving up the sky
and leaving their mark in the sand.
Our destiny 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 ground
you can see how far we've gone.
One voice cries echoes on and on.

Far away gone
I'll be hiding from the plans
of too many hands.

Traces of history
appear across the sky.
Lay down now and let your spirit fly.

Too many hands
fade away with time.
they're losing themselves in the plan.
I offer my voice
hear me if you can.
Too many hands
Too many hands.