

Hana steps out of a storm  
Into a stranger's warm, but  
Hard-up kitchen.  
She sees what must be done  
So she takes off her coat  
Rolls up her sleeves  
And starts pitchin' in.

Hana has a special knack  
For getting people back on the right track  
'Cause she knows  
They all matter  
So she doesn't argue or flatter  
She doesn't fight the slights  
She takes it on the chin  
Like a champ

Hana says when life's a drag  
Don't cave in  
Don't put up a white flag  
Raise up  
A white banner  
In this manner-  
Straighten your back  
Dig in your heels  
And get a good grip on your grief!

Hana says, "Don't get me wrong  
This is no simple Sunday song  
Where God or Jesus comes along  
And they save ya."  
You've got to be braver than that  
You tackle the beast alone  
With all its tenacious teeth!  
Light the lamp.