

Child's Hands

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I am so cold, I want you to heat me
I am so tired, I want you to carry me
I am so torn, I want you to mend me
I am so quiet, find words for me

But I'm old enough to know
Old enough to understand
All these things I've carried here
Belong in a child's hands

I am so guilty, want you to absolve me
I am so distant, build a road to me
I don't want to know, promise you'll lie to me
Don't want to be alone, promise never to leave me

But I'm old enough to know
Old enough to understand
All these things I've carried here
Belong in a child's hands