

Hands

Phil Ochs

I've seen the hands of laborers that lifted all the loads
And the granite stuck to their fingers as they dug the canals and the roads
Now they're cleared and the bridges span
The river paused for a power dam
And now the hand of the laborer is reaching out to you

Oh the hands hands hands that worked to build land, land, your land
The labor of the woman and the man workin' with their hands

Hands, hands, hands a-workin' with their hands

I've seen the hands of the miners digging out the coal.
The black dust stuck to their fingers as they lived their life in a hole.
The rocks they're still under the ground, and now their mine is a-closin'
down.
And now the hand of the miner is reaching out to you. (Chorus)

Well I've seen the hands of the lumberjacks; forests swaying in the breeze.
And the splinters stuck to their fingers as lumber was torn from the trees.
And the wood that came from the timber tall built your buildings from wall to wall.
And now the hand of the lumberjack is reaching out to you.

And I've seen the hands of the farmers plowin' across the fields.
And the topsoil stuck to their fingers as the land was split by the steel.
Just growing all they could grow, to fill your tables row after row.
And now the hand of the farmer is reaching out to you.

Oh the hands, hands, hands were working on the land, your land.
The labor of the woman and the man working with their hands.
Hands, hands, working with their hands.