

# Tell These Hands

Sara Storer

Mum and Dad are home  
Sitting around the table  
Dad's got his face buried in his hands  
I've never seen Dad cry  
Didn't think that he was able  
The gravel on the drive washed away again

And with skin off his fingers  
The rain still coming down  
Another week just waiting  
As he looks down at his hands

Tell the rain, to stop falling  
Tell the banks, to stop calling  
Tell the politicians where they can put their plans  
Tell the day, to hold on longer  
Tell our sons, we can't be bothered  
And then tell these hands to give up  
On the land  
Tell, tell these hands

Better take a look  
Rain might be gone by mornin'  
Are you coming for a drive we won't be long  
Arm out of the window, givin in on the radio  
Funny how that rain can't keep us in

And with skin off his fingers  
Still the rain comes down  
They're driving through the inches  
On the track of flooded ground

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Go on and tell these hands  
Go on and tell these hands  
Tell these hands