

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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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

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