

Hand Of Fate

Sons Of The Desert

She was a waitress down in New Orleans
She had a broken past
He worked the oil rigs over in Corpus
Out on a weekend pass
He sat down at the end of the counter at the little cafe
They weren't looking but they found each other
Or did love find them either way

Tell me who is dealin' up the hand of fate
Is it true, love is always worth the wait
And it's never too late. It's never too late

She lived her whole life in Sault Saint Marie
Working at the five and dime
He was a drifter headin' out of Toronto
Just killin' time
Their eyes met and they fell together and in just one night
Two people who swore they'd never
Fell in love in those harbor lights

Tell me who is dealin' up the hand of fate
Is it true, love is always worth the wait
And it's never too late. It's never too late

You may call it destiny but there's a rhyme and a reason we can
't see
When you're down and lonely and about to give up
Have a little faith and believe in love

Tell me who is dealin' up the hand of fate
Is it true, love is always worth the wait
And it's never too late. It's never too late