

Grandma's Hands

Barbra Streisand

Grandma's hands
Clapped in church on Sunday morning
Grandma's hands
Played the tambourine so well
Grandma's hands
Grandma's hand used to issue out a warning
And she'd say
Baby, don't you run so fast
Might fall on a piece of glass
Might be snakes there in my grass
Grandma's hands
I'm talkin' 'bout my grandma's hands
Soothed the local unwed mother
My grandma's hands
Used to ache sometimes and swell
Grandma's hands
Used to lift her face
And tell her she'd say
Baby, grandma understands
But you really loved that man
And put herself in Jesus' hands
Grandma's hands
Yeah. . .
I'm talking... I'm talking
'Bout my grandma, ah yeah!
Grandma's hands
Used to hand me a piece of candy
Ah Grandma's hands
Picked me up each time I fell
Grandma's hands
Boy, they really came in handy
She'd say
Nettie, don't you whip that girl
What you wanna spank her for
She didn't drop no apple core
But I don' have grandma anymore
If I get to heaven I'll look for
Grandma's hands
I'm talking 'bout my grandma
Talking 'bout my grandma
Oho...yeah...
I'm talking 'bout my grandma...