

# Hands That Heal

Vaughan Penn

Locked inside her lonely room scantily dressed in light  
Hiding in her quiet tomb she sleeps there every night  
And she cries while she dies silently inside

Slamming doors and calm frustration  
Is just her way of life  
Rage with love and confrontation  
Is hard to deny but she tries

And she holds on anyway  
She lights the candles one by one  
Praying for the morning to come

Take away the crown of thorns she wears  
Take away the hands that left her scarred  
Help her find someone who really cares

And find a secret haven for her heart  
'Cause all she needs is love for real  
From hands that heal, hands that heal

She packs up all her courage  
And she leaves her only home  
Headed straight for the promise land  
Where her life's not set in stone

And she smiles even though  
She's miles and miles to go  
She counts the headlights one by one  
Adding up her blessings as they come

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Take away the hands that left her scarred  
Help her find someone who really cares

And find a secret haven for her heart  
'Cause all she needs is love for real  
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Hands that heal, hands that heal  
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Praying for the morning to come

'Cause all she needs is love for real  
From hands that heal, hands that heal  
Hands that heal