

Grandma's Hands

Will Downing

Aha, aha, aha, aha, aha, yeah yeah yeah

Grandma's hands, clapped in church on Sunday morning
Grandma's hands, played the tambourine so well
Grandma's hands, used to issue out a warning

She'd say, "Billy, don't you run so fast
Might fall on a piece of glass, might be snakes there
in that grass"
Grandma's hands

Ooh, grandma

Grandma's hands, soothed the local unwed mothers
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
That you really love that man, put yourself in Jesus'
hands"
Grandma's hands

Ooh, take it up
Ohh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Grandma's hands, used to hand me piece of candy
Grandma's hands, picked me up each time I fell, ohh
Grandma's hands, boy, they really came in handy

She'd say, "Matty, don' you whip that boy
What you want to spank him for? He didn't drop no apple
core"
But I don't have Grandma anymore

If I get to heaven I'll look for my grandma, my
grandma, huh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I really miss you, really miss you
Makes me wanna mourn sometimes

Ooh, grandma, yeah yeah yeah
Real special lady, she was

She used to pick me up when I was down
She changed my whole life around
And I missed my, missed my grandma, my grandma, my
grandma's hands
And I missed my grandma, my grandma, my grandma's hands