

# 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