

HANDS

Words and Music by
JEWEL KILCHER and PATRICK LEONARD

Moderately ♩ = 68
Tune guitar down a half step

Guitar → F#m7



Piano → Fm7

mf
(with pedal)

Verses 1 & 2:

F#m7



Fm7

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

A



Ab

1. If I could tell the world_ just one thing_ it would be that we're all o - kay._
2. See additional lyrics

E



Eb

F#m7



Fm7

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

And not to wor - ry, 'cause wor - ry is waste - ful and use -



A



E



F#m7



Dmaj9

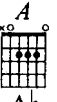
A \flat

E \flat

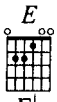
Fm7

D \flat maj9

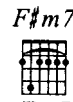
less in times like these. — I won't be made use-less.



A



E



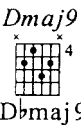
F#m7

A \flat

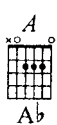
E \flat

Fm7

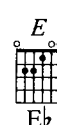
I won't be i - dle with de - pair. I will gath-er my - self a - round.



Dmaj9



A



E

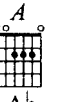
D \flat maj9

A \flat

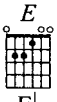
E \flat

— my faith, — for light does the dark - ness most fear.

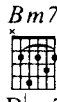
§ Chorus:



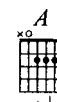
A



E



Bm7



A



E

A \flat

E \flat

B \flat m7

A \flat

E \flat

My hands — are small, — I know. — But they're not yours, — they are —

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

A



A \flat

E



E \flat

Bm7



B \flat m7

A



A \flat

E/G \sharp



E \flat /G

— my own... But they're not yours, they are my own. And I am nev - er bro-

1.

F \sharp m7



Fm7

ken. 2. Pov - er -

2.

F \sharp m7



Fm7

Bridge:

A



A \flat

E



E \flat

F \sharp m7



Fm7

ken. In the end, on - ly kind - ness mat-

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

A



A \flat

E



E \flat

F \sharp m7



Fm7

ters. In the end, on - ly kind - ness mat-

Dmaj9



Dmaj9

Verse 3:

F#m7



Fm7

ters.....

3. I will get down on.....

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

A



Ab

1.2.

E



Eb

3.

E



Eb

D.S. al Coda

my knees_

and I will pray_

F#m7



Fm7

Coda

A



Ab

E/G#



Eb/G

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

E6



Eb6

ken.

We are nev - er bro - ken...

F#m7



Fm7

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

E6



Eb6

F#m7



Fm7

Dmaj9



D♭maj9

E⁶₉E♭⁶₉

F♯m7



Fm7

Dmaj9



D♭maj9

E⁶₉E♭⁶₉

We are God's eyes, —

F♯m7



Fm7

Dmaj9



D♭maj9

E⁶₉E♭⁶₉

F♯m7



Fm7

God's hands, —

Dmaj9



D♭maj9

E⁶₉E♭⁶₉

F♯m7



Fm7

Repeat ad lib. and fade

God's heart. — We are

Verse 2:

Poverty stole your golden shoes,
 It didn't steal your laughter.
 And heartache came to visit me,
 But I knew it wasn't ever after.
 We'll fight not out of spite,
 For someone must stand up for what's right.
 'Cause where there's a man who has no voice,
 There ours shall go on singing.
 (To Chorus.)