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 over yet.
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)
Verse 3:

3. I will get down on my knees and I will pray.

Coda

We are never broken.

Hands - 5 - 4
less in times like these...
I won't be made use-less.

I won't be idle with despair.
I will gather myself around.

...my faith, for light does the darkness most fear.

Chorus:
My hands are small, I know. But they're not yours. They are.
HANDS

Words and Music by
JEWEL KILCHER and PATRICK LEONARD

Moderately $\text{\,} \underline{\text{j}} = 68$
Tune guitar down a half step

Guitar $\rightarrow F_{\flat}m7$

Piano $\rightarrow Fm7$

(with pedal)

Verses 1 & 2:
$F_{\flat}m7$  \hspace{1cm} $Dmaj9$  \hspace{1cm} $A$

1. If I could tell the world, just one thing, it would be that we're all okay.

2. See additional lyrics

$Eb$  \hspace{1cm} $F_{\flat}m7$  \hspace{1cm} $Dmaj9$

And not to worry, 'cause worry is wasteful and use-