

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



D♭maj9

A



A♭

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

E



E♭

F♯m7



Fm7

Dmaj9



D♭maj9

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



A



Ab



E



Eb

F#m7



Fm7



Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

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



A



Ab



E



Eb

F#m7



Fm7



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

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9



A



Ab



E



Eb

my faith, for light does the darkness most fear.

Chorus:



A



Ab



E



Eb

Bm7



Bbm7



A



Ab



E



Eb

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

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

A



Ab

E



Eb

Bm7



Bbm7

A



Ab

E/G#



Eb/G

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

1.

F#m7



Fm7

ken. 2. Pov - er -

2.

F#m7



Fm7

Bridge:

A



Ab

E



Eb

F#m7



Fm7

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

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

A



Ab

E



Eb

F#m7



Fm7

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

Verse 3:

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

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

A



Ab

E/G#



Eb/G

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

E⁶₉



Eb⁶₉

Coda

ken.

We are nev - er bro -

ken...

F#m7



Fm7

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

E⁶₉





Eb⁶₉


F#m7





Fm7


Dmaj9

Dbmaj9

E⁶₉

Eb⁶₉


F#m7

Fm7


Dmaj9

Dbmaj9


E⁶₉

Eb⁶₉





We are God's eyes...

F#m7

Fm7


Dmaj9

Dbmaj9


E⁶₉

Eb⁶₉


F#m7

Fm7




God's hands...

Dmaj9

Dbmaj9

E⁶₉

Eb⁶₉

F#m7

Fm7

Repeat ad lib. and fade



God's heart... We are

Hands - 5 - 5

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:)