

# 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 -



Ab



Eb

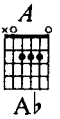


F#m7

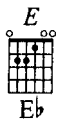


Dmaj9

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



Ab

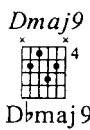


Eb

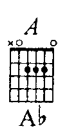


F#m7

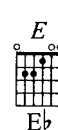
I won't be i - dle with de - pair. I will gath-er my - self a - round.



Dmaj9  
Dbmaj9



Ab



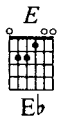
Eb

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

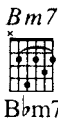
§ Chorus:



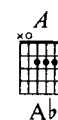
Ab



Eb



Bbm7



Ab



Eb

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#



E $\flat$ /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



A $\flat$

E



E $\flat$

F#m7



Fm7

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

Dmaj9



Dbmaj9

A



A $\flat$

E



E $\flat$

F#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*

*E<sup>6</sup><sub>9</sub>*



*E♭<sup>6</sup><sub>9</sub>*

*F#m7*



*Fm7*

*Dmaj9*



*D♭maj9*

*E<sup>6</sup><sub>9</sub>*



*E♭<sup>6</sup><sub>9</sub>*

We are God's eyes, —

*F#m7*



*Fm7*

*Dmaj9*



*D♭maj9*

*E<sup>6</sup><sub>9</sub>*



*E♭<sup>6</sup><sub>9</sub>*

*F#m7*



*Fm7*

God's hands, —

*Dmaj9*



*D♭maj9*

*E<sup>6</sup><sub>9</sub>*



*E♭<sup>6</sup><sub>9</sub>*

*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.)