

# Grandma's Hands

Gil Scott-Heron

Grandma's hands clapped to church on Sunday mornings  
Grandma's hands played the tambourine so well  
Grandma's hands used to issue out a warning  
She say, "Scotty why you run so fast,  
Might fall on a piece of glass,  
Might be snakes there in that grass?"  
Grandma's hands, they keep on calling to me.

Grandma's hands soothed the local unwed mothers  
Grandma's hands used to ache sometimes and swell  
Grandma's hands, lord they'd really come in handy  
She say, "Bobbie why you want to whip that boy?  
What you want to whip him for?  
He didn't throw no apple core."  
Grandma's hands, they keep on calling to me.

Grandma's hands soothed the local unwed mothers  
Grandma's hands used to ache sometimes and swell  
Grandma's hands, well they really came in handy  
She say, "Bobbie why you want to whip that boy?  
What you want to whip him for?  
He didn't throw no apple core."  
But I don't have grandma anymore  
When I get to heaven I'll look for grandma's hands.