

# Hands Of Time

Ron Sexsmith

Like a fool I'm reaching out, Lord  
To the hands of time  
For if he knew how you were drowning  
He'd never toss you a line

If all we have is here and now  
Honey, I won't change a thing  
If all I know is how I feel  
When you move your snow white hand in mine  
I'll never hold the hands of time

From the moment we are born  
We're in the hands of time  
As drunk on life as death is sober  
When we say goodbye

Though it hurts to lose a friend  
May it help remembering  
For every door that closes in  
One'll open to the other side  
Opened by the hands of time

Heaven knows  
There are days when it flies on by  
Heaven knows  
There are days when it drags  
Though it may seem to be on your side  
Turn around, it's left you high and dry

And that is why  
It's a fool who reaches out  
To the hands of time

If all we have is here and now  
Honey, I won't change a thing  
If all I know is how I feel  
When you move your snow white hand in mine  
I'll never hold the hands of time

Feel it hands upon the strings  
As the music starts to ring  
In my soul, in my dreams  
For to help these melodies and rhymes  
Become this song 'Hands Of Time'  
Hands of time