

# Johnny Cash, These Hands

These hands aren't the hands of a gentleman these hands are calloused and old  
These hands raised a family these hands built a home  
Now these hands raised to praise the Lord  
These hands won the heart of my loved one and with hers they were never alone  
If these hands filled their task then what more could you ask  
For these fingers have worked to the bone  
[ organ ]  
Now don't try to judge me by what you'd like me be  
For my life hasn't been a success  
Some people have power but still they grieve  
While these hands brought me happiness  
Now I'm tired and I'm old and I haven't much gold  
Maybe things ain't been all that I planned  
Lord above hear my plea when it's time to judge me  
Take a look at these hard working hands take a look at these hard working hands