

HANDS, Joe Uehlein/Stuart Acuff

Verse: G x8 | | | | | | | | C | | G | | | D | G | |

Chorus: C | | G | | C | | G | | C | | G | C-HOLD | G | D | G | |

Verse 1:

I walked up to, her front door.  
She works at the plant like everybody else.  
Asked if I could come in and sit down.  
Talk about workin' on the other side of town.

Chorus:

Listenin' with every part of me.  
Talkin' 'bout how dignity, can be found in a fight....  
Standin' for, what you know is right.

SOLO

Verse 2:

She sat down, and looked at her hands.  
Sore and thick from a hard day at work.  
Like she was readin' every line, on those hands;  
That raised her family.

Chorus

SOLO

Verse 3:

I stepped down off her front porch.  
Got in my car and drove back home.  
Picked up my guitar, and sat down.  
Wrote a song about working on the other side of town.

Chorus x2 and Out