

OPEN HANDS

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I come with open hands
With an open heart
I may not understand where this will go
But I want to start

I come with open hands
With an open mind
I may not understand just what I seek
Or what I will find

Wash over me waterfall of life
Wash over me like the rain from a summer storm
Wash over me new sounds and new sights
Wash over me now wash me clean and warm

I come with open hands
With my open eyes
I may not understand what I will see
Let me be surprised

I come with open hands
With an open voice
I may not understand what I will learn
But I make my choice

CHORUS

*Don't bring your fists to my table
or your myths
Only the truth I am not able
to bring focus to a fable
Bring your hands – your open hands...*

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