

HIS HANDS
(Janis Ian)

Dm7
His hands were made of lightning
dm6
His fingers were the wind
dmb6 a7
They reached into my heart
dm7
And let me love again
dm7
His touch was made for pleasure
g no 3rd f2 no 3rd
So good it seemed a sin
A7sus4 a7 a7sus4 a7
Stroking my soul, keeping me whole
a7sus4 dm
'Til i gave myself to him
gm dm7
His hands - they never hit me sober
gm a7sus4 – a7
His hands - they never marked my face
fma7/d
I would rather be blind
Than see him treat me that way
g no 3rd
I would rather be deaf than hear that sound
bb6 g9/b
Like a pistol cracking as the spirit breaks
a7sus4 dm7
And love comes tumbling down

He learned it from his father
And from his father's wife
He learned from the preacher
Who told her they were married for life
And if I'd had his children
They might have learned from me
I finally ran when I saw that his hands
Would sign that legacy

He said, I've broken stallions
I've broken mares too
Given time, and the right frame of mind
I swear I'll break you

So come all you pretty women
Who think that you're too smart
And learn from one who loved a damaged heart

His Hands
Page 2

There are some things you can gamble
There are some things you can change
But you can't change a man
With the law in his hand
It's like trying to drown the rain

His hands - they never hit me sober
His hands - they never marked my face
I would rather be blind
Than see him treat me that way
I would rather be deaf
Than hear that sound
Like a pistol cracking as the spirit breaks
And love comes tumbling down