

LOOK AT YOUR HANDS
WORDS AND MUSIC BY LARNELLE HARRIS, SCOTT
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WE LIFT THEM TO THE HEAVENS
GIVING HONOR TO HIS NAME
AND WITH THEM WE APPLAUD
TO SHOWER HIM WITH PRAISE
BUT WHAT CAN BE MY WORSHIP
IF I COME BEFORE HIS THRONG
AND NO LIFE HAS FOUND HIS MERCY
THROUGH MY OWN

CHORUS:
LOOK AT YOUR HANDS
ARE THEY SPLINTERED SCARED AND BRUISED
ARE THEY PIERCED AND TORN
LIKE THOSE THAT BORE THE CROSS FOR YOU
LOOK AT YOUR HANDS
IS THERE SOIL BENEATH THE NAILS
FROM DRAWING IN THE DIRT
GOD'S PLAN FOR ALL THE EARTH
IF YOU CARE THE EVIDENCE IS THERE
LOOK AT YOUR HANDS

WHERE EVER THERE'S A CAPTIVE
THERE'S AS STRUGGLE TO BE FREE
A YEARNING TO RETURN TO LIFE
AS IT WAS MEANT TO BE
BUT IF THESE HANDS DON'T POINT THE WAY
TO THOSE IMPRISONED STILL
THE QUESTION TO BE ANSWERED IS
WHO WILL?

CHORUS

WE CANNOT BE COMPLACENT
JUST SITTING IN OUR PEWS
CONTENT TO LET ANOTHER DO
WHAT WE CAN DO

CHORUS