

# Hands on a Grain of Sand

Amelia Curran

Hounds are broodin' in my bones  
But I am a good dog runnin' halfway home  
Hear the lonely promenade  
Come to nurse the tender terrways All hands on a grain of sand;  
Half smallest things are the high demand.  
I can only serenade  
And wait my turn to burn or fade. All colours you can see  
Cover the borders of a masterpiece  
Time can paint the best of me  
Over the unclear eyes of memory Cover love from sympathy  
Be my maker, set me free  
Truer hearts could not contain  
How I cover love but I have not changed  
If I had the past undone  
Then I would give my heart to everyone  
Hounds are turning, doves have flown  
But I am a good dog running halfway home

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>