

Fm

Fm

A

Fm C# G# D#

If I could tell the world just one thing
Poverty stole your golden shoes

It would be that we're all okay
but it didn't steal your laughter

Fm C# G# D#

And not to worry 'cause worry is wasteful and useless in times like these
And heartache came to visit me but I knew it wasn't after

Fm C# G# D#

I won't be made use less I won't be idle with despair
We'll fight, not out of spite for someone must stand up for what's right 'cause where

Fm C# G# D#

I will gather myself around my faith for light does the darkness most fear
there's a man who has no voice there ours shall go singing

B

G# D# A#m G# D# C#

My hands are small, I know but they're not yours they are my own but

G# D# A#m G# D# Fm

they're not yours they are my own and I am never broken

C

G# D# Fm C#

In the end only kindness matters

G# D# Fm C#

In the end only kindness matters

Fm C# G# D#

I will get down on my knees and I will pray

Fm C# G# D#

I will get down on my knees and I will pray

Fm C# G# D#

I will get down on my knees and I will pray

D G# D# A#m G# D# C#

My hands are small, I know but they're not yours they are my own but

G# D# A#m G# D# Fm

they're not yours they are my own and I am never broken

G# D# Fm Fm

I am never broken

E Fm Fm C#

We are.....

Repeat until Cue
Fm C# Fm C#maj7

.....God's hands we are God's hands