

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
but it didn't steal your laughter

Fm C# G# D#

And not to worry 'cause worry is wasteful
And heartache came to visit me

and useless in times like
but I knew it wasn't after

Fm C# G# D#

I won't be made use less
We'll fight, not out of spite

I won't be idle with despair
for someone must stand up for what's right 'cause where

Fm C# G# D#

I will gather myself around my faith
there's a man who has no voice

for light does the darkness most fear
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