

Grandma's Hands - Bill Withers

INTRO

Mmm-mm-mm, mmm-mm-mm.

Em :||

VERSE 1

(e) Grandma's hands, clapped in church on Sunday morning,
Grandma's hands, played a tambourine so well.
Grandma's hands, used to issue out a warning, she'd say;
"Billy don't you run so fast; might fall on a piece of glass,
"Might be snakes there in that grass", Grandma's hands.

Em | Em | Em | B7 |

A7 | A7 | B7-A7 | B7-A7 |

B7-A7 | Em | Em |

VERSE 2

Grandma's hands, soothed a local un-wed mother,
Grandma's hands, used to ache sometimes and swell.
Grandma's hands, used to lift her face and tell her;
"Baby, Grandma understands, that you really love that man,
Put yourself in Jesus' hands", Grandma's hands.

Em | Em | Em | B7 |

A7 | A7 | B7-A7 | B7-A7 |

B7-A7 | Em | Em |

OPTIONAL SOLO (repeat Verse)

VERSE 3

Grandma's hands, used to hand me piece of candy,
Grandma's hands, picked me up each time I fell.
Grandma's hands, boy, they really came in handy, she'd say;
"Matty don't you whip that boy, what you want to spank him for?
He didn't drop no apple core", but I don't have Grandma any more.
If I get to Heaven, I'll look for, Grandma's hands.

Em | Em | Em | B7 |

A7 | A7 | B7-A7 | B7-A7 |

B7-A7 | B7-A7 | B7-A7 | Em |

OUTRO

Mmm-mm-mm.

Em :||