

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

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