

UNCLE'S HANDS

C
Uncle's hands are dangling out of the coffin
Dm
His last request for all of us to see that we
C
Come into this world empty-handed
Dm
Empty-handed we will leave

C
Uncle left behind very few possessions
Dm
Whatever came his way he passed along
C
Money, knock-knock jokes, and all that wisdom
Dm
Still giving it, even though he's gone

chorus:

F C
Hands are like flowers, keep them open
F C
Closing them will only close your heart
F C
Whatever's in your fist, has you in its grip
Dm G
Let it go and just be who you are
F C
You are not your body, you are not your mind
Am G
Even these will disappear one day
F C
Hands are like flowers, keep them open
F G C
Don't hold onto anything, give it all away

C
Here's the magic potion Uncle gave me
Dm
He told me not to keep it all to myself, said
C
"If you do not share, it'll turn to poison
Dm
Selfish ways always lead to hell"

C
I pass the little bottle to a fellow griever
Dm
He takes a sip, hands it to his wife
C
Around the grave it goes, until it's empty
Dm
Magic twinkling in our eyes

[repeat chorus]