

Would the rain, the frozen rain
Be as cold upon your forehead
As the tears that plough your beaten face again
Would the rain

Could your hands, your grubby hands
Pull your coat around your shoulder
Steel yourself against the weather of the day
Could your hands

Here i stand
Just the same

Jesus do these hands still feel the rain

Here we go, winter long
Like sun bleeds down the valley
Or a black and oily river moves so slow
Here we go

Here i stand
Just the same

Jesus do these hands still feel the rain

Here i stand
Just the same

Jesus do your hands still feel the rain