



HANDFUL OF DUST

Break us down
By our elements
And you might think He failed
We're not copper for
One penny, or
Iron for one nail
And a dollar would be plenty
To buy twenty of us
Until true love gets added
To these handfuls of dust

Handful of dust — Handful of dust
Sums up the richest and poorest of us
But true love makes priceless the worthless
Whenever love gets added
To these handfuls of dust

However small
Though our worth may be
When shared between two hearts
Becomes ever more
Than it could ever be
Measured on its own, apart
And our half what it could be
Is now twice what it was
Because true love got added
To these handfuls of dust

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*My thanks to Don Williams and
Patty Loveless, who both recorded
this. And, yes, they both sang it better,
but who's counting?*