Upon my papaw's hands  
I see hard lines and scars  
Below the surface of the former wounds  
I see a vision of blood, sweat, and tears

They seem to be intimidating  
Ugly, even mean  
But the love within his hands  
Never seems to fade

Working for his family  
Eighty years, nonstop  
Hard lines and scars hide the care  
Hidden deep within

His hands, he's used for scolding  
His hands, used for work  
His hands are used to comfort me  
When I need it most

His hands used to pick  
His old banjo strings  
Passed down to me  
To do the same

I hope that my hands  
If careful, one day will look the same
Regardless of my lines and scars,

My love won't fade away