

Everything Has to Be Just-So

Cass McCombs

...for your eyes only

They say the white man is never the same way twice
They say the white man has no soul
They say the black man only knows jungle justice
They say the brown man is a filthy Indian
They say an Indian doesn't come from India
They say the yellow man can't drive
They say an in-between man has no people
They say a woman has no mind of her own
You know, they say a lot of things
They say it's all in the cards
They say a dream come true is a nightmare
But it took more than dreams to get here

Nothing much is left to chance
We see the Sun only at a glance
Everything has to be just-so

Let them say what they want
Let's see whose hands have the most blisters
Let them try to pull down the stars
That were created by our brothers and sisters
In a perfect world, we'd all have 40 acres and a mule
But this ain't a perfect world, it's a perfect storm
The Earth may shake us all down to Hell
Whichever way the winds may blow, may they blow warm

Nothing much is left to chance
We see the Sun only at a glance
Everything has to be just-so
A club, to beat Death
A heart, so there's something to lose
A diamond, for your eyes
And a spade, to dig with
Nothing much is left to chance
We see the Sun only at a glance
Everything has to be just-so