

Handouts in the Rain

Cowboy Junkies

You can talk about your neighbor
You can grab him by the collar
You can hurt him only if he hollers
'let me go let me go'

But we all know that's old-fashioned
And it can only lead to pain
Where we might end up on the corner
Taking handouts in the rain

You can bomb your foreign brother
You can hurt him until he dies
You can kill him until he never asks you why
You're on his land you're on his land

But we all know that's all over
And that can only lead to blame
Where we might end up for our country
Taking handouts in the rain

You can trample on your sister
You can hurt her only if she cries
You can hurt her only if she cares
With all her heart with all her heart

But we all know she'd be a mother
And that could only lead to shame
Where she might end up for her children
Taking handouts in the rain

Teach your children stories
You can fill them full of lies
You can make them all despise
One another one another

But when they all find out later
And they call us by our rightful names
And send us shamefully to old age
Taking handouts in the rain
Taking handouts in the rain
Taking handouts in the rain