

## 6 O'clock In The Morning

Darrell Scott

Look at the hand that made the steel  
That raised the kids, that shouldered the wheel  
And taught a man how not to feel | At six o'clock in the mornin  
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Rising from their narrow bed  
The poorly clothed and the barely fed  
Know someone filled their dreams with lead  
At six o'clock in the morning

Folks with their back to the wind  
And their face to the wall  
Know how to keep themselves warm  
If they make themselves small

Powdered eggs and pinto beans  
And welfare loaves of American cheese  
Won't lift the hungry from their knees  
At six o'clock in the morning

Adam stood over Eden fair  
While Eve slept he touched her soft hair  
Waiting to catch the first train out of there  
At six o'clock in the morning

Man knows toil and woman knows pain  
As it's always been it will always remain  
We pull back the blanket and cover the stain  
At six o'clock in the morning

Some men have a god  
That keeps them from harm  
Some men have a bottle  
At the end of their arm

I have a child that calls me Dad  
I long to give her what I never had  
Like waking up and feeling glad  
It's six o'clock in the morning