

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