

# Lend A Hand

Jakob Dylan

Blackbird sitting on an open gate  
Cattle out walking the plains  
West winds blowing the waist-high wheat  
Sideways in the rain  
Bloodhounds spent, get no trail  
There ain't no sign of man  
Want to get ourselves on the straight and the narrow  
Gonna need a better plan

Roll your sleeves, hold back the dam  
Fill these bags with sand  
Every young boy, woman, and every man  
Has got to lend a hand

It ain't no wives tale, it ain't no fable  
Payback is coming around  
The hourglass is sitting there on the table  
Filled on both sides now  
The work is potluck, grab a hatchet  
Wear any glove that fits  
You can't take a punch then you might as well quit  
It won't matter how hard you hit

Roll up your sleeves, shovel in hand  
Rise up and learn how to stand  
You're a toothless woman or a one-armed man  
You too got to lend a hand

We're losing daylight, you've got to be swift  
You ain't got brains than you can lift  
Be an optimist and see the glass half full  
You don't got to like what you've got in it

When our father gets home he's gonna turn on the lights  
We're up to our throats in knives  
His eyes will flash and his teeth will grind  
He'll say "You're on your own, look alive!"  
Suppose I quit you, my wayward tribe  
Whatever would you do?  
Take me to Hades or take me to Memphis  
Just don't take me for one of you

Roll your sleeves up, the fat lady sang  
Grab your buckets and cans  
Come over the border, your papers in order  
You too got to lend a hand  
Roll your sleeves up, hold back the dam  
Fill these bags with sand  
Every young boy, woman, every tired old man  
You too got to lend a hand