

# Hands Like Rain

James McMurtry

Slowly crawling 'cross the floor  
Comes a shadow through the window  
From the house next door  
And the dust specks dancing  
In the last of the light  
One more evening passing

She walked on tiptoes  
On a gravel bar  
Wet skin pale as the evening star  
The North Platte winding like a silver eel  
Hands like rain on August fields

Hands like rain  
Falling soft  
To ease the drought inside  
As memory fades  
Not much remains  
But hands like rain

Now I stand on stiff legs  
And I clutch the cane  
And I search the sky for a sign of rain  
As if it matters  
As if it makes a damn  
Just an old man's habit

Down the street  
The schoolboys play  
Dime novel heroes from another day  
Who now are nothing more than faceless names  
And a nameless face with hands like rain

We'd run by night  
And we'd hide by day  
So the papers used to say  
On stolen horses and borrowed time  
Dancing girls and brandy wine

I can hear them calling  
They're calling me  
I can hear them calling  
But I still can't see

Life and legend are an awkward pair  
And there ain't much magic anywhere  
Except in moments we can't often steal  
Hands like rain on August fields