

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