

Empty Hands

John Mellencamp

In the shadows of the smokestacks
Through the black snow, that lay on the land
Walked home one winter morning
With my live savings in my hand
Maryanne, she's fixin' up some breakfast
Got the lights on, on the Christmas tree
Sittin' there, lookin' up at an angel
With something dyin' inside of me

Grew up with great expectations
Heard the promise and I knew the plan
They say people get what they deserve
But Lord, sometimes it's much worse than that
Maryanne, she takin' in some laundry
I got a part time job in a drive-in stand
Oh Lord, what did I do
To deserve these empty hands?

Across the cities
Across this land
Through the valleys
And across the sand
Too many people standing in line
Too many people with nothing planned
There's too many people with
Empty hands

Now Maryanne's been cryin' Lord knows, I love her the best I can
When my pride is bruised and broken
She slips her hand into my empty hands
Without hope, without love
You've got nothing but pain
Just makes a man not give a damn
That's no way for us to live
We've got to fill these empty hands

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