

# A Handful Of Dust

Lee Kernaghan

The black soil plains  
The line scorched and grey  
The stock is lean and rough  
it's another long and breathless day  
And the rain wont come  
And you just keep

Holding on to hope  
Your spirits bent and broke  
And all that's left is pride  
To work this restless land  
Takes the kind of man  
Wholl give it one more try  
Backing your faith and trust  
In a handful of dust

A drum beats slow and eerie cross the plain  
The heat haze dancing in the sun  
When giving in goes against the grain  
So you don't give in  
And you just keep

Holding on to hope  
Your spirits bent and broke  
And all that's left is pride  
To work this restless land  
Takes the kind of man  
Wholl give it one more try  
Backing your faith and trust  
In a handful of dust

Youve done all you can do  
So howll you see it through

You're holding on to hope  
And your spirits broke  
And all that's left is pride  
To work this restless land  
Takes the kind of man  
Wholl give it one more try

You're holding on to hope  
Your spirits bent and broke  
And all that's left is pride  
To work this restless land  
Takes the kind of man  
Wholl give it one more try  
you're packing your faith and trust  
In a handful of dust  
Just a handful of dust  
Just a handful of dust  
Handful of dust  
Just a handful of dust