

# Fate's Right Hand

Rodney Crowell

Cool as a rule, you don't learn in no school  
You can't brown nose the teacher from a dunce hat stool  
It's the hum and the rhythm, the birds and the bees  
The mommas and the poppa's and the monkeys in the trees

Brothers and the sisters livin' life on the street  
Play a hunch, pull the punch, you'll likely get beat  
By the junk food, tattooed, white dude, true blued  
Honky with an attitude comin' unglued

Fate's right hand  
I don't understand at all

Billy loves women like a junky loves dope  
Give him just enough rope the monkey gon choke  
She's a Bill Blass combo, maxed out mombo  
DKNY caught him in a lie

Ken Starr word man were talkin' absurd  
Spendin' forty million dollars just to give the man a bird  
He's a king, she's a queen, the rap won't stick  
Get it on with a rubber and you won't get sick

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I don't understand at all

Redrum, dot com, dim sum, smart bombs  
Double cappuccino and a heart like a tom tom  
Ozone long, gone, that's it, I quit  
Natural inclination says enough of this

Brat pack, black Jack, heart attack, crack  
We need another news channel like a hole in the back  
There's a 187 on the 405  
We all go to Heaven on a hard disk drive

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I don't understand at all

Hard rain, fish seine, hurricane Jane  
Don't forget about Carla, when you're talkin' about poon tang  
Slow song on the bone, rec hall dance  
Double date Debbie with a pole in my pants

First comes love like it always did  
Or we wouldn't be talkin' bout The Houston Kid  
Podunk piss chunk old dead skunk drunk  
Trot line Freddy's got his dogs in the trunk

Fate's right hand  
I don't understand at all  
Fate's right hand  
Man, I don't understand at all