

Heehaw Stomp

The Growlers

Soft hands with your head hanging low
You got no plans and nowhere to go
You're always lying round and you're always waiting
With your no good reasons for your complaining
I got no time or sympathy for the kind
Who put their needs ahead and put their morals behind
No time and too much weight on my spine to give you
Sense and a dime to hear you shuffle and whine
The man of today don't have a back for the weight
Nobody to wait for food on the plate
Soft hands why don't you do it yourself
Instead of waiting for your uncle to help
Pick up your limp chin and tighten up your belt
Instead of waiting for your shadow to help
The man of today has withered away....