

Hard Hand To Hold

Willy Mason

Look him in the eyes
There's no need to be scared
He's as powerless as you and me,
Though his face is well worn
And his clothes a bit torn
That don't mean that you shouldn't believe,
When he asks you your name
Says 'brother we're all here in the same game'
But you shrink back like he's a disease,
Yeah you shake and you moan
You say 'oh please take me home'
And the homeless all sing the reprise.

It's a hard hand to hold
That is looking for control
It is tempting to fight
When you know that you're right,
It's hard to lie down
When you don't trust the ground
It's hard to hold on,
It's hard to hold on.

Walking home again
There comes a battle with the wind
As it teases your previsions against shame,
Like all that wax in your hair
It becomes painfully clear
That as long as it's a fight, you'll never win,
And when you get to the door
You're still so busy fighting wars
That you can't look upon your lady as a friend,
You're trying so hard to be right
You miss the love in that first sight
And your lover feels alone once again.

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Entering the liquor store
You try your hardest to ignore
That street sleeper on your left there all alone,
And the young man on your right
With unchained souls and love of night
You look so scared they laugh and wonder if your stoned,
But somewhere deep inside
They feel the pain they've learned to hide
Because that same fear has brought much trouble on their homes,
And they know you won't feel safe
Until that cop car wins its race
And another life is driven off its road.