

# Everything Has to Be Just-So

Cass McCombs

...for your eyes only

They say the white man is never the same way twice  
They say the white man has no soul  
They say the black man only knows jungle justice  
They say the brown man is a filthy Indian  
They say an Indian doesn't come from India  
They say the yellow man can't drive  
They say an in-between man has no people  
They say a woman has no mind of her own  
You know, they say a lot of things  
They say it's all in the cards  
They say a dream come true is a nightmare  
But it took more than dreams to get here

Nothing much is left to chance  
We see the Sun only at a glance  
Everything has to be just-so

Let them say what they want  
Let's see whose hands have the most blisters  
Let them try to pull down the stars  
That were created by our brothers and sisters  
In a perfect world, we'd all have 40 acres and a mule  
But this ain't a perfect world, it's a perfect storm  
The Earth may shake us all down to Hell  
Whichever way the winds may blow, may they blow warm

Nothing much is left to chance  
We see the Sun only at a glance  
Everything has to be just-so  
A club, to beat Death  
A heart, so there's something to lose  
A diamond, for your eyes  
And a spade, to dig with  
Nothing much is left to chance  
We see the Sun only at a glance  
Everything has to be just-so