

# Harry's Hands

Dennis DeYoung

Harry's hands are all he's got  
8 to 5 in the welding shop  
Barely finished junior high  
Took a job at the tool & die

And if the weld was double tough  
Harry had the knack  
He's the kind of guy  
Who'd give his friends the shirt right off his back

Now Harry doesn't care for booze  
Or stock reports in the daily news  
He likes baseball on T.V.  
He couldn't understand free agency

See he never really wanted much  
Just a decent life  
Somewhere he could call his own  
For his kids and wife

And layoffs were part of life  
Like taxes, death and union strikes  
But this one lasted much too long  
He was certain now there was something wrong

So he went and looked for work in every factory  
But they were all now servicing in this new economy  
All at once there came a storm  
On the ships from foreign shores  
Smaller cars and VCRs were here to stay

Harry cried complacency  
Can't you see you're killing me  
The bottom line ain't all that it's cracked up to be

Harry's hands keep holding on  
Harry's heart keeps on beating strong  
Born and raised in the promised land  
He still believes that American

Harry cried democracy  
Don't hand me charity  
I just need a job to work to save my dignity

Every night I pray to God  
Please help me find a job  
Untie my hands and let me make my way

Harry's hands keep holding on  
Harry's heart keeps on beating strong  
Born and raised in the promised land  
He still believes that American

Harry's hands are in the trap  
As tears turn steel to rusted scrap  
The furnace cools, the presses stop  
And Harry stares from the coffee shop

See he never really wanted much  
Just the smallest place  
Somewhere he could call his own  
In these United States