

Workingman's Hands

Fountains of Wayne

He can knock down the wall
Build it up strong
Set the flagstones in a path

With a nail and a hammer
Barrow and saw
See about the hole in the roof

And the gathered all breathe
A sigh of relief
At completion of a well-laid plan
It's wearing the day long
And breaking the skin
In the palms of the workingman's hands

Let the tool do the work
Pull and don't push
Drag that wagon over the hill

Measure twice and cut once, son
Clear the felled brush
Edge around the gardens and walks

On a shiny John Deere
Will he reappear
With a power drill and a paintbrush
And a chip on his shoulder
As wide as a barn
And as hard as the workingman's hands

Now your Uncle John walked
A mile to school
In a storm and it was uphill both ways
Oh, you save your money for a hole in the ground
A black car and a long wall of roses

And the gathered all breathe
A sigh of relief
At completion of a well-laid plan
It's wearing the day long
And breaking the skin
In the palms of the workingman's hands

Now the old iron gate
Could use some fresh paint