

Lend A Hand

Jakob Dylan

Blackbird sitting on an open gate
Cattle out walking the plains
West winds blowing the waist-high wheat
Sideways in the rain
Bloodhounds spent, get no trail
There ain't no sign of man
Want to get ourselves on the straight and the narrow
Gonna need a better plan

Roll your sleeves, hold back the dam
Fill these bags with sand
Every young boy, woman, and every man
Has got to lend a hand

It ain't no wives tale, it ain't no fable
Payback is coming around
The hourglass is sitting there on the table
Filled on both sides now
The work is potluck, grab a hatchet
Wear any glove that fits
You can't take a punch then you might as well quit
It won't matter how hard you hit

Roll up your sleeves, shovel in hand
Rise up and learn how to stand
You're a toothless woman or a one-armed man
You too got to lend a hand

We're losing daylight, you've got to be swift
You ain't got brains than you can lift
Be an optimist and see the glass half full
You don't got to like what you've got in it

When our father gets home he's gonna turn on the lights
We're up to our throats in knives
His eyes will flash and his teeth will grind
He'll say "You're on your own, look alive!"
Suppose I quit you, my wayward tribe
Whatever would you do?
Take me to Hades or take me to Memphis
Just don't take me for one of you

Roll your sleeves up, the fat lady sang
Grab your buckets and cans
Come over the border, your papers in order
You too got to lend a hand
Roll your sleeves up, hold back the dam
Fill these bags with sand
Every young boy, woman, every tired old man
You too got to lend a hand