

Battled Hands

Poor Man's Poison

No one's been preaching for me to go this way
Stable [?] arms were shorter than everything that we've seen here

So take on what you know and run it away
For tomorrow will not ever come, until we're through today

Battled hands and wounded hearts are keeping by the million
Broken dreams ain't what they seem, just a lesson to learn

So take on what you know and run it away
For tomorrow will not ever come, until we're through today

Grab your wings and ride that wind down through the mountain
That smokin' train covers ground, but only ground we'll see

So take on what you know and run it away
For tomorrow will not ever come, until we're through today

Settle in on what was left for you to be here
Open doors are coming in but not to say

So take on what you know and run it away
For tomorrow will not ever come, until we're through today

So take on what you know and run it away