

The Hand That Held Me Down

Two Gallants

Oh, the razor in your apple
The affection of your glove
The prison of your company
The snake oil of your love

The heights to which you drag me
Just to hurl your scorn
The trumpets play the livelong day
But they blow so forlorn

Did you hold the hand that held me down?
Did you laugh at my expense?
When there's rust upon your ragged crown
Who will stand at your defense?

And when I unveiled my weakness
On your rodeo of tears
You stood there so vacantly
Your fingers in your ears

And you left by the morning
With all that's left to steal
But every time you say farewell
There's breadcrumbs at your heels

Did you kiss the hand that held me down?
Was your kindness just pretense?
When there's no one left for you to clown
Who will stand at your defense?

But it's ashes, Lord, it's ashes
Soon we all fall down
You take your place among the saints
Make not a single sound

And the hills that held our childhood
The flowers grow there still
You lay beneath them, pushing weeds
And I guess you always will

Could you be the hand that held me down?
When I was sick with common sense
And now your statuettes are all torn down
There's no one left to lean against

And ever since your epitaph
Was spattered on my wall
No one comes to call
They can't stand the stench

But I still sing your praises
Every time the curtain calls
The burden on me falls
Yeah, I alone stand at your defense