

The Hand That Feeds

The Crane Wives

I've seen good men spoil,
Chained to their jobs like hounds
They work and sleep and work again
In their darkest nights, they howl
Their cries are a warning
To everyone following
No man should stand to work all of his days
And have nothing at the end of them. I've got no money but the change
That jangles in my pockets,
Reminding me how little I have.
And as for time, I am
Powerless to stop it.
It keeps rambling on
Like a mad, wandering man. My papa was a howlin' man
Traded in his youth
Sold his dreams and all of his days
To the Great American Ruse
My dear papa gave me
Lessons in regret.
He said all that he'd done
Would be for nothing
If I followed in his steps. I've got no money but the change
That jangles in my pockets,
Reminding me how little I have.
And as for time, I am
Powerless to stop it.
It keeps rambling on
Like a mad, wandering man. My papa taught me how to howl,
How to bear my teeth and growl.
He taught me that the hand that feeds
Deserves to be bitten when it beats. He taught me how to break my chains,
And that money ain't worth a thing,
And that no man should get more of my time than me
Than me. I may never be a rich man,
But I can
Make sure that I'm free.
I may never be a rich man,
But the rich man
Will never have me, never have me. I may never be a rich man,

But I can
Make sure that I'm free.
I may never be a rich man,
But the rich man
Will never have me, never have me. I've got no money but the change
That jangles in my pockets,
Reminding me how little I have.
And as for time,
As for time
It's mine
It's mine

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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