

Lend a Hand

Jakob Dylan

Blackbird sitting on an open gate
Old camel now walking the plains
West wind blowing in waist high weed
A-sideways of the rain A bloodhound spent
Can't get no trail
Ain't no sign of man
Wanna get ourselves
On the straight and the narrow
Gonna need a better plan I roll your sleeves up
I hold back the dam
I fill these bags with sand
Every young boy, woman
And every man
Has got to lend a hand Now it ain't no old wife's tale
It ain't no fable
Payback is coming around
The hourglass
Sitting there on the table
Filled on both sides now The work is potluck
I grab a hatchet
Now, wearing a glove that fits
You can't take a punch
Well, you might as well quit
Won't matter how hard you hit I roll your sleeves up
Shovel the land
I rise up and learn how to stand
Now, you're a toothless woman
Or a one armed man
You too got to lend a hand We're losing daylight
You got to be swift
You ain't got brains
Yeah, you can lift Now, be an optimist
See the glass half full
You don't got a life
What you got, eat it And when your father gets home
Gonna turn on the lights
We're up to our throats in knives
Those eyes will flash
And his teeth will grind

He'll say, "You're on your own, look alive" Suppose I quit shooting

My wayward tribe

Whatever would you do?

Now take me to Hades

Or take me to Memphis

Just don't take me for one of you I roll your sleeves up

The fat lady sang

Now, grab your buckets and cans

Come over the border

Your papers in order

You too got to lend a hand I roll your sleeves up

I hold back the dam

I fill these bags with sand

Every young boy, woman

And every tired old man

You too got to lend a hand

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