

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 rainA 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 planI 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 handNow 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 nowThe 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 hitI 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 handWe're losing daylight
 You got to be swift
 You ain't got brains
Yeah, you can liftNow, be an optimist
 See the glass half full
 You don't got a life
What you got, eat itAnd 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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