

# Cap In Hand

## The Proclaimers

I could tell the meaning of a word like serene  
I got some 'O' Grades when I was sixteen  
I can tell the difference between margarine and butter  
I can say "Saskatchewan" without starting to stutter

But I can't understand why we let someone else rule our land  
We're Cap in Hand

I could get a broken jaw from being in a fight  
I know its evening when day turns to night  
I can understand why Stranraer lie so lowly  
They could save a lot of points by signing Hibs Goalie

But I can't understand why we let someone else rule our land  
We're Cap in Hand

We fight, when they ask us  
We boast, then we cower  
We beg  
For a piece of  
What's already ours

Once I thought I could make God a bribe  
So I said I was in his lost tribe  
Getting handouts can be so frustrating  
"Get in line son, there's five million waiting"

I can't understand why you let someone else rule your land  
You're Cap In Hand.

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