

# Scrap Metal

## Head for the Hills

When dusk stretches the shadows  
And the streetlights are shaking from sleep  
When the city steals light from the skyline  
And the patrons are shown to their seats  
There's a wise man who stands on the corner  
When you pass and he stares at his feet  
Wearing cardboard that reads like an order  
That the earth must inherit the meek

How should I scold?  
One who turns my scrap metal to gold  
Just a sheep who's abandoned the fold  
So allergic to what he's been told  
The man with no hands left to hold

When dawn turns frost into dewdrops  
And the moon bids an Irish goodbye  
When the daylight descends from the treetops  
And the mockingbird takes to the sky  
There's a rich man who stands on the hill side  
Gazing down at the kingdom he's built  
He can say that his life's been a thrill ride  
Stained by inescapable guilt

Why should he fold?  
Show his hand in a game he's controlled  
Knowing everything bought can be sold  
So addicted to what he's been told  
The man with no hands left to hold

When dusk stretches the shadows  
And the streetlights are shaking from sleep  
When the city steals light from the skyline  
And the patrons are shown to their seats  
There's a young man who stands on the corner  
With a song to convince him he's free  
And I can't recognize the performer  
For the man on the soapbox is me

How should I scold?

One who turns my scrap metal to gold  
Just a sheep who's abandoned the fold  
So allergic to what he's been told  
The man with no hands! How should I scold?  
One who turns my scrap metal to gold  
Just a sheep who's abandoned the fold  
So allergic to what he's been told  
The man with no hands left to hold

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Lyrics submitted by Jon Paramore.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>