

# Handouts in the Rain

## Cowboy Junkies

You can talk about your neighbor  
You can grab him by the collar  
You can hurt him only if he hollers  
"Let me go, let me go" But we all know that's old-fashioned  
And it can only lead to pain  
Where we might end up on the corner  
Taking handouts in the rain You can bomb your foreign brother  
You can hurt him until he dies  
You can kill him until he never asks you why  
You're on his land, you're on his land But we all know that's all over  
And that can only lead to blame  
Where we might end up for our country  
Taking handouts in the rain You can trample on your sister  
You can hurt her only if she cries  
You can hurt her only if she cares  
With all her heart, with all her heart But we all know she'd be a mother  
And that could only lead to shame  
Where she might end up for her children  
Taking handouts in the rain Teach your children stories  
You can fill them full of lies  
You can make them all despise  
One another, one another But when they all find out, find out later  
And they call us by our rightful names  
And send us shamefully to old age  
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