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
Thereâ€™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 whoâ€™s abandoned the fold
So allergic to what heâ€™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
Thereâ€™s a rich man who stands on the hill side
Gazing down at the kingdom heâ€™s built
He can say that his lifeâ€™s been a thrill ride
Stained by inescapable guilt

Why should he fold?
Show his hand in a game heâ€™s controlled
Knowing everything bought can be sold
So addicted to what heâ€™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
Thereâ€™s a young man who stands on the corner
With a song to convince him heâ€™s free
And I canâ€™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 whoâ€™s abandoned the fold
So allergic to what heâ€™s been told
The man with noâ€¦ How should I scold?
One who turns my scrap metal to gold
Just a sheep whoâ€™s abandoned the fold
So allergic to what heâ€™s been told
The man with no hands left to hold

Lyrics submitted by Jon Paramore.

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