

# Empty Hands

John Mellencamp

In the shadows of the smokestacks  
Through the black snow, that lay on the land  
Walked home one winter morning  
With my live savings in my hand  
Maryanne, she's fixin' up some breakfast  
Got the lights on, on the Christmas tree  
Sittin' there, lookin' up at an angel  
With something dyin' inside of me

Grew up with great expectations  
Heard the promise and I knew the plan  
They say people get what they deserve  
But Lord, sometimes it's much worse than that  
Maryanne, she takin' in some laundry  
I got a part time job in a drive-in stand  
Oh Lord, what did I do  
To deserve these empty hands?

Across the cities  
Across this land  
Through the valleys  
And across the sand  
Too many people standing in line  
Too many people with nothing planned  
There's too many people with  
Empty hands

Now Maryanne's been cryin' Lord knows, I love her the best I can  
When my pride is bruised and broken  
She slips her hand into my empty hands  
Without hope, without love  
You've got nothing but pain  
Just makes a man not give a damn  
That's no way for us to live  
We've got to fill these empty hands

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