

# Hard Hand To Hold

Willy Mason

Look him in the eyes  
There's no need to be scared  
He's as powerless as you and me,  
Though his face is well worn  
And his clothes a bit torn  
That don't mean that you shouldn't believe,  
When he asks you your name  
Says 'brother we're all here in the same game'  
But you shrink back like he's a disease,  
Yeah you shake and you moan  
You say 'oh please take me home'  
And the homeless all sing the reprise.

It's a hard hand to hold  
That is looking for control  
It is tempting to fight  
When you know that you're right,  
It's hard to lie down  
When you don't trust the ground  
It's hard to hold on,  
It's hard to hold on.

Walking home again  
There comes a battle with the wind  
As it teases your previsions against shame,  
Like all that wax in your hair  
It becomes painfully clear  
That as long as it's a fight, you'll never win,  
And when you get to the door  
You're still so busy fighting wars  
That you can't look upon your lady as a friend,  
You're trying so hard to be right  
You miss the love in that first sight  
And your lover feels alone once again.

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Entering the liquor store  
You try your hardest to ignore  
That street sleeper on your left there all alone,  
And the young man on your right  
With unchained souls and love of night  
You look so scared they laugh and wonder if your stoned,  
But somewhere deep inside  
They feel the pain they've learned to hide  
Because that same fear has brought much trouble on their homes,  
And they know you won't feel safe  
Until that cop car wins its race  
And another life is driven off its road.