Bob Dylan
"Band Of The Hand"

by Bob Dylan

Band of the hand
Band of the hand
Band of the hand
Band of the hand

Band of the hand
Band of the hand
Band of the hand
Band of the hand

Down these streets the fools rule
There's no freedom or self respect,
A knife's point or a trip to the joint
Is about all you can expect.

They kill people here who stand up for their rights,
The system's just too damned corrupt
It's always the same, the name of the game
Is who do you know higher up.

Band of the hand
Band of the hand
Band of the hand
Band of the hand

The blacks and the whites,
The idiotic, the exotic,
Wealth is a filthy rag
So erotic so unpatriotic
So wrapped up in the American flag.

Witchcraft scum exploiting the dumb,
Turning children into punks and slaves
Whose heroes and healers are rich drug dealers
Who should be put in their graves.

Band of the hand
Band of the hand
Band of the hand

Band of the hand

Listen to me Mr. Pussyman
This might be your last night in a bed so soft
We're not pimps on the make, politicians on the take,
You can't pay us off.

We're gonna blow up your home of Voodoo
And watch it burn without any regret
We got the power we're the new government,
You just don't know it yet.

Band of the hand
Band of the hand
Band of the hand
Band of the hand

For all of my brothers from Vietnam
And my uncles from World War II,
I'd like to say that it's countdown time now
And we're gonna do what the law should do.

And for you pretty baby,
I know you've seen it all.
I know your story is too painful to share.
One day though you'll be talking in your sleep
And when you do, I wanna be there.

Band of the hand
Band of the hand
Band of the hand
Band of the hand

Band of the hand
Band of the hand
Band of the hand
Band of the hand