

Grant Woell

"Jewel In The Hand"

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New days come in to break the spell away
Reality rains down on your parade
The closet skeletons all rattle on
Throw in the towel before you've got to run
Jewel in the hand
A lump of fired sand
Don't feed the (fathers)
(starving from his sand)
? ? ? ? pay the price
There's all the time you want to do it twice
The cards before the hall so fall in line
And save away a chill of summertime
Jewel in the hand
A lump of fired sand
Don't feed the (fathers)
(starving from his sand)
Behind the year to year's a little crack
Put and drips and runs onto the crack
New days come in to break the spell away
Reality rains on your parade
Jewel in the hand
A lump of fired sand
Don't feed the (fathers)
(starving from his sand)

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