

Lowest Of The Low "Penedono's Hand"

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I have learned to never trust a handshake or a smile
I had my doubts on that train
The fear and the sublime inside a sixty-four Vauxhall
Cigarettes, Rosy and Grey

Forget the pickpockets and thieves
'Cause the only taste it leaves
is the blood red wine and the land
Bootleg beer out of a van,
the night that never seemed to end
Your sleep is safe in Penedono's hand

The future is uncertain and the end is always near
The message came from British MTV
After two years in the army on a mandatory tour
Freedom is sometimes hard to see

Then we'll raise another glass
Better days go by so fast
We drink to Salazar's last stand
And to the people of this town
Who share each other's ups and downs
Your sleep is safe in Penedono's hand

Broken English in the night
Politics, pool-cues and spite
I know what you're thinking
It's like I've known you all my life

Through the night to Barcelona
I was forced to stay awake
The contrast as sharp as a knife
And I never will forget this song repeating in my head
Or the hands that could have had my life

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'Cause the only taste it leaves is the blood red wine and
the land
Bootleg beer out of a van, the night that never seemed
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