

Michelle Shocked "Shaking Hands"

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Michelle Shocked
(Poly Gram Songs, Inc)

Shaking hands and fingers that do tremble
Soldier's joy has been a bitter pill
Though in battle a brave man I resemble
Alone I am a coward without will
Here's McGee from the great state of Missouri
To the Show-Me State Militia I belong
And to judge from the pride on the Confederate side
I'd say five hundred thousand rebels can't be wrong
A rebel stand is no place for a traitor
A loveless union cannot bend us to her will
Cannot command the soldiers who now hate her
Nor demand a bounty of her generals
I took a rifle ball in my shoulder
But my entire body filled with pain
I waited with them all at the field hospital
Oh God, another shot of morphine
Soldier's joy, oh what's the point in pleasure
When it's only meant to kill the pain
Lay down my arms and take the coffin's measure
Or take up arms and send me out to fight again
Shaking hands -- Was I a coward, was I brave?
Shaking hands -- I took the bitter pill
Tell the story on my grave, my soul they could not save
What the bullet could not kill, the needle will

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