

## Dylan Bob

### "Band Of The Hand"

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by Bob Dylan

Band of the hand  
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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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