

The Benjy Davis Project

"Humble Hand"

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There was a poor man sleeping silently,
Newspaper wrapped around his cryin' eyes and skinny,
stomach tucked.
Can I spare a dime? I'm saving up for another to kill this
empty stomach burns (it burns it does, yea).
There was a rich man walking hurriedly, Gucci winter
wear wrapped around his
Tag watch and fattened belly tucked. I got spare
change but why waste it on another.
An anonymous man getting' funky up.

Spit on a humble hand I am ready, I am ready.
Hung from a ceiling fan I am dirty, I am sweaty.
Come down the road again, humble hand held out to
another.

A wind is blowing, pages sell veteran green wrapped
Around his cryin' eyes and poison blood alike.
I got a medal that I won for savin' another.
They don't know what it's like to be funky up.

Spit on a humble hand I am ready, I am ready.
Hung from a ceiling fan I am dirty, I am sweaty.
Come down the road again, humble hand held out to
another.

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