

## Two Gallants

# "The Hand That Held Me Down"

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Oh, the razor in your apple  
The affection of your glove  
The prison of your company  
The snake oil of your love

The heights to which you drag me  
Just to hurl your scorn  
The trumpets play the livelong day  
But they blow so forlorn

Did you hold the hand that held me down?  
Did you laugh at my expense?  
When there's rust upon your ragged crown  
Who will stand at your defense?

And when I unveiled my weakness  
On your rodeo of tears  
You stood there so vacantly  
Your fingers in your ears

And you left by the morning  
With all that's left to steal  
But every time you say farewell  
There's breadcrumbs at your heels

Did you kiss the hand that held me down?  
Was your kindness just pretense?  
When there's no one left for you to clown  
Who will stand at your defense?

But it's ashes, Lord, it's ashes  
Soon we all fall down  
You take your place among the saints  
Make not a single sound

And the hills that held our childhood  
The flowers grow there still  
You lay beneath them, pushing weeds  
And I guess you always will

Could you be the hand that held me down?  
When I was sick with common sense

And now your statuettes are all torn down  
There's no one left to lean against

And ever since your epitaph  
Was spattered on my wall  
No one comes to call  
They can't stand the stench

But I still sing your praises  
Every time the curtain calls  
The burden on me falls  
Yeah, I alone stand at your defense

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