

# Chapin Harry, Dirt Gets Under The Fingernails

Chapin Harry  
Portrait Gallery

Dirt Gets Under The Fingernails  
Now he was a man who worked with his hands  
Only in a motor he found peace  
He could make an engine sing like a bird  
He could find his only kind of release  
When he was up to the elbows in the grease.

She dreamed of a time for painting  
As she was cleaning up his stains from the rug  
She'd play all day with their children  
And try to meet him with a welcome and hug  
As he came shuffling through the house with a shrug

I tell you dirt gets under the fingernails  
And hate gets under the skin  
But a dream got a way of getting down to the bone  
and the heart of a body that it's in.

While he was making magic with his piston machines  
She was cleaning up the mess he'd left behind.  
She was trying to make it through to the end of the day  
With a little empty time  
And do the painting that meant peace of mind.

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and the heart of a body that it's in.

Well one day she didn't bother 'bout making his bed.  
She hurried all the children out the door.  
And she let the bills and the marketing go.  
And she went and almost bought out an art supply store.

It just so happened that day he got to thinking.  
Of the grease that always covered up his skin.  
So he left the garage a little early  
He got a shave and a manicure and trim  
Came out clean as a plaster maniquin.

He came home in a hurry  
But he almost didn't recognize the place.  
It looked like it'd been hit by a hurricane.  
There was canvas filling every open space.  
And she had paint all over her face.

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They both stood stunned into silence  
Then their laughter exploded like a shout  
And he went out to make some magic in the kitchen  
The clean man learning what cooking was about.  
And the dirty girl painting her messy heart out.

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