

Dennis DeYoung, Harry's Hands

Harry's hands are all he's got
8 to 5 in the welding shop
Barely finished junior high
Took a job at the tool & die

And if the weld was double tough
Harry had the knack
He's the kind of guy
Who'd give his friends the shirt right off his back

Now Harry doesn't care for booze
Or stock reports in the daily news
He likes baseball on T.V.
He couldn't understand free agency

See he never really wanted much
Just a decent life
Somewhere he could call his own
For his kids and wife

And layoffs were part of life
Like taxes, death and union strikes
But this one lasted much too long
He was certain now there was something wrong

So he went and looked for work in every factory
But they were all now servicing in this new economy
All at once there came a storm
On the ships from foreign shores
Smaller cars and VCRs were here to stay

Harry cried complacency
Can't you see you're killing me
The bottom line ain't all that it's cracked up to be

Harry's hands keep holding on
Harry's heart keeps on beating strong
Born and raised in the promised land
He still believes that American

Harry cried democracy
Don't hand me charity
I just need a job to work to save my dignity

Every night I pray to God
Please help me find a job
Untie my hands and let me make my way

Harry's hands keep holding on
Harry's heart keeps on beating strong
Born and raised in the promised land
He still believes that American

Harry's hands are in the trap
As tears turn steel to rusted scrap
The furnace cools, the presses stop
And Harry stares from the coffee shop
See he never really wanted much
Just the smallest place
Somewhere he could call his own
In these United States