

Lee Kernaghan, A Handful Of Dust

The black soil plains
The line scorched and grey
The stock is lean and rough
It's another long and breathless day
And the rain wont come
And you just keep

Holding on to hope
Your spirit's bent and broke
And all that's left is pride
To work this restless land
Takes the kind of man
Who'll give it one more try
Backing your faith and trust
In a handful of dust

A drum beats slow and eerie 'cross the plain
The heat haze dancing in the sun
When giving in goes against the grain
So you don't give in
And you just keep

Holding on to hope
Your spirit's bent and broke
And all that's left is pride
To work this restless land
Takes the kind of man
Who'll give it one more try
Backing your faith and trust
In a handful of dust

You've done all you can do
So how'll you see it through

You're holding on to hope
And your spirit's broke
And all that's left is pride
To work this restless land
Takes the kind of man
Who'll give it one more try

You're holding on to hope
Your spirit's bent and broke
And all that's left is pride
To work this restless land
Takes the kind of man
Who'll give it one more try
You're packing your faith and trust
In a handful of dust
Just a handful of dust
Just a handful of dust
Handful of dust
Just a handful of dust