

# Neal Casal, Hands On The Plow

there is nothing I can say to you now  
of all the years that passed away  
with your hands on the plow

can't you see that they're gone  
can't you see that they're gone

20 long years down the line  
was all that you had to show  
a trail of coaldust left behind  
in the rain and the snow

you had to lay your body down  
you had to lay your body down  
on a homeground

you've always talked about the wind  
and what a friend it could be  
they'd never hear from you again  
and though it's hard to believe

you had to bring your brother home  
you had to bring your brother home, oh yeah

it was always blood and stone  
that brought you to her door  
on a ship so far from home  
with only love as the law

she's all you need to carry on  
she's all you need to carry on  
oh, carry on