

Two Gallants, The Hand That Held Me Down

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 on 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 splattered 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