

## **Woven Hand "Aeolian Harp"**

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Now is the end of the gentile  
Pluck aeolian harp, my child  
Beyond the lust of this moment  
Thin as a pine slat  
It does no good to call you mine

You're a big brown bull  
Button up and button down  
Now grim pilgrim, he come around  
As he did he will roll  
Drivin' like there ain't no God at all

He digs his hole  
I let him go  
I let him go

Do you see the day far on?  
Brothers, it is a line  
There is no buffalo outside rifle child  
It is more than hunger  
That betrays my heart

I just let him go  
Well, I let him go

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