

Woven Hand

"Bleary Eyed Duty"

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My anger is a storm with no rain
Thoughts take you away again
And when you leave me where do you go
Already I've forgotten that you wait for me
At the end of my thoughts I twist and turn
Myself a knot

You remain in this my age of reason
You love me truly truly
If I withhold nothing it is my bleary eyed duty

I speak to my own
Wooden knees neath the table
I have the love of family
Bright as judgement in my wake
Hands down the grain of wood
Wrought iron eighteen cedar
If is a comfort for me to know
You will it that I need her

She remains in this my age of reason
She loves me truly truly
If I withhold nothing it is my bleary eyed duty

Your tears fall at the drop of my hat
Trouble and suffering yeah yeah yeah all of that
I'm wearing down your Sunday shoes
Out of my head it is you I choose
Lovely feathers I can't refuse
It's like the moon just walked in the room
Hey sober in spirit yeah sober in mind
A holy fuzz comes through the line
In his time

You remain in this my age of reason
You love me truly truly
If I withhold nothing it is my bleary eyed duty
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