

## **Woven Hand**

### **"Blue Pail Fever"**

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Thy will be done  
Here on this highway  
In every house and field I pray

All in meekness yield, aided by want  
Among stranger people  
To disgrace so soon I've come

Drift like sleep  
Into the hotel Montana  
Lay low for thy name's sake  
El Matador, Louisiana

Full of bulls, blood and what not  
And coarse jest to a tight knot  
You are not acquainted with your own heart

Frozen prayer upon my lips  
Inside the blood runs hot  
He was reviled, yet he reviled not

Drift like sleep  
Into the hotel Montana  
Lay low for thy name's sake  
El Matador, Louisiana

Like a voice in an empty house  
Breathe your breath and speak to me  
Speak to me

It's a dry leaf that shivers on the branch  
What matter if the wind cast it down  
With a ruthless hand?

'Cause we remember always  
That it took place forever  
Thy kingdom come in whosoever

Drift like sleep  
Into the hotel Montana  
Lay low for thy name's sake  
El Matador, Louisiana

Drift like sleep  
Into the hotel Montana  
Lay low for thy name's sake  
El Matador, Louisiana

Like a voice in an empty house  
Breathe your breath and speak to me  
And speak through me

Speak to me  
Speak to me

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