

## Woven Hand

### "In A Market Dimly Lit"

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The bird that plucked the Olive Leaf  
(has) been circlin' like a record 'round the spindle of  
my mind  
Where the needle's worn the grooves too deep,  
And scratched the wax that's blistered from the heat  
besides.  
From any movement in the room -  
If my cat walked by the arm skipped  
But to my surprise, my interrupting cat improved  
The sound already so severely compromised.

The needle's worn the grooves too deep. (x4)

I'm a donkey's jaw on a desert dune  
Beside the bush that Moses saw  
That burned and yet was not consumed!  
She's the silver coin I lost!  
I'm the sheep who slipped away!  
We pray the fingers crossed,  
But you listen patiently anyway.

I wrote a little song for you  
With a melody I'd borrowed put to words that didn't  
rhyme  
To repeat what you already knew,  
As the stones thrown at your window tapped in  
syncopation.  
You kept a distance out of fear you'd break,  
But what good's a single windchime hanging quiet all  
alone?  
The music our collisions would make  
Is the sound that turns "the road that leads us back  
home"  
Into "home."

The music our collisions make! (x4)

I had a rusty spade, but I'm not the fighting sort!  
If I was Samson I'd have found that harlot's blade  
And cut my own hair short!  
Then, in a market dimly lit, I'd come casually to pay:

"You see, my coins are counterfeit.  
Would you accept them anyway?"

So spare me your goodbyes,  
Your waving-handkerchief goodbyes!  
Given my tendency to err so on the sentimental side,  
I will spare you my goodbyes.  
The truth belongs to G-d!  
The mistakes were mine.

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