

Woven Hand "Wooden Brother"

Visit "[Wooden Brother](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

we hit the floor
just like her blue silk slip
dark puritan rose
to the curve of her hip
I did not know
it was too much
too much for me to handle
to be shown to the heart of the matter
by your holy candle

the clank of your second hand
the stare of your glass eye
have I no wisdom
that is not wise
in that way we laid the rail
a woven handmade indian
I spoke and understood
your golden virginian
still not a day goes by
something always
something always by and by

sing the same old song
in the same old way
through mystic maze of memory
our days of disarray
stood still in the same place twice
just to cast a shadow
cast down by a western sun
you have the right to know

Visit [Woven Hand](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.