

Woven Hand "Your Russia"

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Medicine tongue and a heavy hand together make a
fist

They put me down and I do not rise
And now as an old child, I'll hand it down
I'll hand it down, then I'll blow around
See me blow around, just like dirty paper

I crossed my mind ahead of us
Just there where the trees give way
Do forgive, do forgive, I will forget your name
Far be it from me
Far be it from me to take care

By word of mouth
All young men do stagger
And all come to shamble by heart
We will see just as we believe no lie
Time will tell us
We'll see his face and know why

Did I cross your heart, behind my back just then
Just then as time went marching by
I must push on, in prayer and take it by force
Though you've said it, you say it better
With more conviction than I

Medicine tongue and a heavy hand together made a
list
Row on row of cold and hardened hearts that wish
My weeds and flowers would together both grow wild
From a distance, from a distance
They come up close to smile

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