

Delta Spirit

"Home"

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Beat like a rug, ashed out and clubbed
Well it's all for my betterment
I'll give you a rib with the marrow dried up
It's not much but a widow's gift

But in the right rays of the sun
If you squint hard enough
There can be only one like it

I'd write you a song
For all men to be one
But I'd sing it from a place of pride
I can sing over most and I'd gladly be the host
But most often I just hang my head and cry

There's a song beneath the earth
It resides within the dirt
Under the nails of a workin' man

Drug in by the reign, of the crooked ways I think
I wish I was in a mood to die
Well life, it is good, no matter how far you sink
Sometimes sitting still is better than to try

When you're down in a hole
And your heart's weighed down like gold
There is a hand that can reach you there

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