

## Hawksley Workman "Even An Ugly Man"

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What jesus can't fix tonight  
The whiskey certainly might.  
I must have said the lord's prayer 65 times.  
And thought of your face  
And our infinite grace  
All of the ways to behold you  
Until the tide will I wait.

What crying won't fix tonight  
The whiskey certainly might  
I must have doubted your faith 65 times.  
And thought of your face  
And your infinite grace  
All of the ways to behold you  
Until the tide will I wait.

Even an ugly man

Could kiss your lips  
As if they were his to demand of  
Or his to destroy like a lover of a demon

What loving won't fix tonight  
The whiskey certainly might  
I must have whispered your name 65 times.  
My lips on your face  
In our infinite grace  
All of these ways to behold you  
Until the tide will I wait

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