

## Hewitt Huntwork

### "Leaning On You"

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The sky was as black as the Bad Man's mustache  
The sun was shining down tears  
It just wouldn't set til the last child was wet  
It shone for eleventy years  
The world and his knife were leaning on me  
And trying to cut me in two  
Yeah the world and his knife were leaning on me  
And me I was leaning on you  
The kids were too high to ask themselves why  
They ever had cause to be born  
So they stayed in their beds and turned off their heads  
And their dreams remained unadorned  
The world and his dog were breathing on me  
And stuck to the sole of my shoe  
Yeah the world and his dog were leaning on me

And me I was leaning on you  
Leaning, leaning on you  
The Bad Man filled out and learned how to shout  
His words colored the air  
So I went to the place they used to call Grace  
There weren't Nobody there  
The world and his heart were beating on me  
Til my soul was black and blue  
Yeah he world and his heart were leaning on me  
And me I was leaning on you  
Leaning, leaning on you.

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