

The Acorn

"Crooked Legs"

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I looked up and picked out a map in the sky
No need for the nude of the moon as I'm guided by
fireflies
And they whisper prayers to my feet
As I tiptoe through gardens minding the slumber of
parakeets
And lovers on the way
I won't feel the pull of the coming day
Or the compromise of sleep
'Cause I've got a fire on the soles of my feet

I'm going as far as these crooked legs take me
Not stopping for water or dew covered daisies
Not waiting for ribbons or medals to praise me
Not washing the blood that has covered and stained
me

Oh to be fooled by the wool that has covered me

Oh to be led by the light of a melody

I'm making my way while the sun cannot stain me
I'm watching the road with two young eyes to guide me
Not looking behind to ensure that the home fires are
shrinking
The fireflies fade as the city lights find me

Oh to be fooled by the wool that had covered me
Oh to be led by the light of a melody

I'm going as far as these crooked legs take me
I'm watching the road with two young eyes to guide me
I'm making my way while the sun cannot stain me
I'm going as far as these crooked legs take me

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