Indigo Girls "Hammer And Nail"

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clearing webs from the hovel
a blistered hand on the handle of a shovel
i've been digging too deep
i always do
i see my face on the surface
i look a lot like narcissus
a dark abyss of an emptiness
standing on the edge of a drowning blue

i look behind my ears for the green and even my sweat smells clean glare off the white hurts my eyes i gotta get out of bed get a hammer and a nail learn how to use my hands not just my head i think myself in a jail now i know a refuge never grows from a chin in a hand and a thoughtful pose gotta tend the earth if you want a rose

i had a lot of good intentions sit around for fifty years and then collect a pension started seeing the road to hell and just where it starts but my life is more than a vision the sweetest part is acting after making a decision started seeing the whole as a sum of its parts

and i look behind my ears for the green and even my sweat smells clean glare off the white hurts my eyes gotta get out of bed get a hammer and a nail learn how to use my hands not just my head i think myself in a jail now i know a refuge never grows from a chin in a hand and a thoughtful pose gotta tend the earth if you want a rose

my life is part of the global life
i'd found myself becoming more immobile
when i'd think a little girl in the world
can't do anything
a distant nation my community
and a street person my responsibility
if i have a care in the world
i have a gift to bring

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