

Roddy Woomble

"Make Something out of What It's Worth"

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I wiped the blood off your face
With the snow
And we struggled our way back
Through the cold
Into the dark
Into the wild
With little hope
Left in your eyes

Drained by our dreams
Of a fuller life
You lacked determination
To walk through the night
So we boiled our medicine
Over a fire
And my advice

It was to make something out of what it's worth
Make something out of what it's worth
Make something out of
Make something out of
Make something out of what it's worth

You confused being a pioneer
With hard times
In the end, what's more important?
To have toiled?
To have tried?
I'll let you decide

It's the curse that you'll carry on your face
Mapped by time
Calloused fingers
And a toothless smile
You look like you were born
Into the wild
You were born
Into the wild

At the first house ahead
You said,

'I will not be framed by last night'
Only a coward lines his windows
With a lie
Just leave me here
And let me lie

Arm in arm
We struggled on into town
But the troubled looks
From the passers-by
Made us hang our heads down
And bow our eyes
And leave our mercy to the wild

Only to make something out of what it's worth
Make something out of what it's worth
Make something out of
I make something out of
Make something out of what it's worth

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