

Michelle Shocked "Weaving Day"

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You had a little drink
Your friends have all gone
Leaving you to find
Your weaving way home

What more can I do?
There's a chance that I may
Have to stand back and watch you find
Your own weaving way

It's not the way you talk
That's making me grieve
It's not the way you walk
It's the way that you weave

It's eating you inside
Then tossed out like a bone
Leaving you to find
Your weaving way home

The sun on the horizon
Was turning dawn to day
By the time you finally found
Your own weaving way

Oh, I love the way you laugh
When I ask you to leave
I swear that I don't love you
For the way that you weave

Forgive me, my friend
Did I forget to mention?
The path that you have chosen
Is paved with your intentions

Touch a finger to your nose
I wish you well
Walk a straight line
On the road to hell

