

Michelle Shocked "Weaving Way"

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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
And 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

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