

Wovenhand "Arrowhead"

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Do tell
How is
The little pilgrims progress
Does he endeavour to perservere
Close mantled to knives and kisses
Just like
When you were here
What little he had
From him it was taken
For in the small things he could not be trusted
Arrowhead
Arrowhead
Run motor city rusted
Nailed to the floor by an old time gaze

Who is who was who is to come
Given to other lips
Spoken on other tounges
Where are you and where have you been
Hold fast hold fast
Till he come again

Would it do
Would it do any good
To be able to remember
The white of the page
The black of the ink
Thrown overboard lest the whole ship sink
You talk this way
As you go walkin
Weavin your way through the straw
It comes so slow
And leaves so quick
Under grace
We strike the striken law

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