

Wovenhand "White Knuckle Grip"

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Written down on burning paper
Some words just do not rhyme
We're dealing with fire either way
Driving these streets in squandered time

Angel protect the vision
Picture show to slow it down
I am ill from too much honey
As the bees, they buzz around

It might have been a Cadillac
Yeah, maybe a Lincoln
I've seen it from the rear view
I just couldn't get a clear view

I got a white knuckle grip on my
White knuckle grip on my
White knuckle grip on my
Saturday night, yeah

I'm gonna dance this town to ruins
Stood close hell fire barbed wire
Come on boy, come up with somethin'
Or go home, go home with nothin'

Worse for the wear, out here in the fray
I'm takin' the heavy way, takin' the
heavy way
The landscape of Saturday night
Get a grip and make it tight
Father, guide me with your eye

It might have been a Cadillac
Or maybe a Lincoln
I've seen through the rear view
Could not get a clear view
Got a white knuckle grip on your
Saturday night

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