

Wye Oak "Dogs Eyes"

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Can't see this often affirmation
The history of our creation
So dogs eyes, smiling
Scare you about dying

I can't shake this superstition
Jesus, give me your permission
And God's eye looks in like a ghost
You don't believe in

Someone had to live this way
And I cannot get ready then
Soft eyes, hard hands
To shovel the garden

A deep hole, a secret
In order to feed it
The season of calling
End to everyone knowing

Soft eyes, hard hands
To shovel the garden
A deep hole, a secret
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