

Patty Griffin "Shells"

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The hole in her chest is for the little lost lamb
That was on his quest; nobody gives a damn
In silvery days of silence they go
Now they've lost their ways, the little lambs in the snow

These are not shells of the sea
These are the shells of the sky
They took my baby away from me
And no one has ever told me why
They chewed him and spit him
He never knew what hit him
No little kisses goodbye
Shells, shells, shells

I won't stand to ask for God's mercy
I can't stand anything anymore
They were only making angels
In the snow in the middle of a war
The blood of these lambs speaks of the darkness
And the blood of these lambs speaks of the rage
Yes the blood of these lambs is rolling to the sea
It's writing your history on every single page
Shells, shells, shells

Tear at a table missing a child
Must have gone past, the river is mild
I go to the sea; I follow the tide
I hold seashells to me and I hear the sky

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