

Powderfinger "Walking Stick"

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Spoon fed from a dirty plate
A diet designed only to agitate
A veil of pride and gospel truth
To cover the hidden fist that he used

And I won't say a word
You've sewn me in my skin
Hypocrite walking stick man
Silent grave

And the sunken heel kinda slows me down

Dogs and children lift their legs
To tattoo a teenage mother's breasts
Widows of precocious days
Wear slogans resurrected late

Parables for wooden ears
Steer vehicles of wisdom
All the wisdom

And I won't say a word
You've sewn me in my skin
Hypocrite walking stick man
Silent grave

And the sunken heel kinda lights my way

And I won't say a word
You've sewn me in my skin
Hypocrite walking stick man
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