

Scott Matthews "White Feathered Medicine"

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Breathe a sigh of relief
We're not all hiding under the sheets
Mother's son, beautifully dressed
But walks the streets only in his vest

I'm here again, nothing's changed
I'm flying through on my drifting plain
And I graced the earth with my views
You don't wanna hear, well, that's up to you

Say what you want about me
'Cause I don't believe what I read
So I don't mind, you see you
Have no clue of where I'm going to

White feathered medicine
Is what I crave and all's forgiven
And their fragile wings and delicate cries
Comfort me and my bleeding eyes

See beyond a weary face
You're all the same and there's a pretty little face
It says nothing to me about who I am
I've got nothing to burn, only your sorry hands

Time to put a stop to it, I had to put up with it
Now I'm sick and tired of it so
Take your views to some other avenue

I don't care, you do as you please
Your crying face and begging on your knees
I know what to do, so leave me be
I've got this feeling, it could be the death of me

I circle around the view I'm in
I wait for days, my patience wearing thin
And I wait for you, tirelessly
Nothing gained, I just fall to sleep

So you're writing a letter now, I'm taking a look
While you're signing with kisses and talk of how much
You want to help me write, I ride into the sky

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