

## The Hill And Wood

### "The Disciple"

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I was born in a room; it did not hold me very long.  
I was taught how to sing; it did not give me my song.  
I was held by a girl to whom I didn't belong.  
I was found on the ground very young; I was very young.  
I was given a path but it did not seem the way.  
I was given a home but in it's comfort I did not stay,  
Because I've been given a chance to give it all away,  
So I don't have to pay.  
No, I don't have to pay.  
I was told my religion; it did not feel very right.  
I learned my lesson but then I lost my sight.  
So I forgot all the words I was told to memorize.  
I put my heart back in place and with it my eyes.  
I put my heart back in place and with it my eyes.

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