

Half-Handed Cloud

"Place your wind against my sails"

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I'll set nothing vile
Before my eyes and while
You're faithful
Oh that faithless deeds
Wouldn't static cling
Then I'd be grateful
Hem my pants so long
For growing into strong
Down past the shoes
I didn't roll them up
To trip everyone up
And then I blamed you

Place your wind against my sails

Envelope that mails to a prisoner in jail: Will I answer?
Running everywhere 'til my feet are turning bare: Will I answer?
You knock on the door but I rarely cross the floor: Will I answer?
Sit around and hope for some skin that soaks up soap:
Will I answer?

Place your wind against my sails

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