Blue Pail Fever

Woven Hand

Thy will be done
Here on this highway
In every house and field I prayAll in meekness yield, aided by want
Among stranger people
To disgrace so soon I've comeDrift like sleep
Into the hotel Montana
Lay low for thy name's sake
El Matador, LouisianaFull of bulls, blood and what not
And coarse jest to a tight knot
You are not acquainted with your own heartFrozen prayer upon my lips
Inside the blood runs hot
He was reviled, yet he reviled notDrift like sleep
Into the hotel Montana
Lay low for thy name's sake
El Matador, LouisianaLike a voice in an empty house
Breathe your breath and speak to me
Speak to meIt's a dry leaf that shivers on the branch
What matter if the wind cast it down
With a ruthless hand?'Cause we remember always
That it took place forever
Thy kingdom come in whosoeverDrift like sleep
Into the hotel Montana
Lay low for thy name's sake
El Matador, LouisianaDrift like sleep
Into the hotel Montana
Lay low for thy name's sake
El Matador, LouisianaLike a voice in an empty house
Breathe your breath and speak to me
And speak through meSpeak to me
Speak to me

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