Me, My Yoke, And I

Damien Rice

My drum, my drum
My drum gonna make ya
My drum, my drum
My drum gonna make ya come
My book, my book
My book gonna make ya
My book, my book
My book gonna make ya look
My hand, my hand
My hand going under
My hand, my hand, my hand
Going understand
My fall, my fall
My fall gonna break ya
My fall, my fall
My fall gonna break your wall
And I'm mad, and I'm mad
And I'm mad like a big dog
And I'm mad, and I'm mad
And I'm mad like a big dog, yeah
'Cause my God, my God
My God gave me a rod
My God, my God
My God gave me a rod
For fishing, fishing, fishing
Fishing, fishing, fishing, yeah
My drum, my drum
My drum gonna make ya
My drum, my drum
My drum gonna make you come
My book, my book
My book gonna make ya
My book, my book
My book gonna make you look
My hand, my hand
My hand going under
My hand, my hand
My hand going understand
My fall, my fall

My fall gonna break ya
My fall, my fall
My fall gonna break your wall
And I'm mad, I'm mad
And I'm mad like a big dog
I'm mad, and I'm mad, I'm mad
Like a big dog, yeah
'Cause my God, my God
My God gave me a rod
My God, my God
My God gave me a rod
For fishing, fishing, fishing
Fishing, fishing, fishing, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
And would you read my, would you read my
Would you read my, would you read my
Well, would you read my, would you read my
Would you read my, would you read my?
Well, would you read my, would you read my
Would you read my, would you read my
And would you read my, would you read my
Well, would you read my book? [Incomprehensible]
Fishing, fishing, fishing
Fishing, fishing, fishing, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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