Once a Week

Enchant

Once a week I spit it out
Monday I receive
Once a week without a doubt
Monday hard to believeOnce a week I give it up
Monday never shows
Once a week I lift it up
Monday down it goesStruggle between your word, my deed
To the latter I always concede
A two legged chair I chose to build
On bread alone I choose to feedWell, then why even with all this bread
Do I buckle from the pain?
It's just sad 'cause I know what
I need has nothing to do with grain
Still I try, but nothing my hands make
Can ever fill this hole
It's just sad 'cause getting what
I need is so rarely my goalOne day I'm stability
The next thing that I know
I'm relearning humility
While casting every stoneAnd I start to throw in all directions
Then I see your hand
Scribbling down convictions
Hassles in the sandStruggle between your word my deed
On bread alone I choose to feedWell, then why even with all this bread
Do I buckle from the pain?
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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