

Home

Delta Spirit

Be like a rug, hashed out in club
And it's all for my better men
I'll give you a rib, with the mirror all dried up
When it's not much but a widow's gift
In the right raise of sun
If you squint hard enough
There can be only one like it I'd write you a song, for all men to be one
And I'll sing it from a place of pride
I can sing over most and I'd gladly be the host
But most often I just hang my head and cry
There's a song beneath the earth
There is eyes within the dirt
Under the nails of a working man
Drug in by the rain, all the crooked ways I think
A wish as in a mood to die
But life, it is good, no matter how far you sink
Sometimes sitting still is better than to drop
When you're down in a hole
When your heart's weighed down like gold
There is a hand that can reach you there

Songwriters

BRANDON R. YOUNG Published by

Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>