Honey Combed

Tweedy

I can feel the mystery
But I can't play it
Grey as the children are grey
My thoughts are grim, polluted as I am
Walking out one summer noonSo soon
How will the weather bring
Sing like the children have sung
High as the stars are hung
I vanish before I goI have written with a rope
Wrapped around my throat
Loomed like an island
Dope hooked and cycloned
Honey-combed my heart in loveAnd from above
Every cemetery
Against the bloom
Rattle the pigs, visit the silence
Waking up an open wound

Songwriters
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