

Blue Pail Fever

Woven Hand

Thy will be done
Here on this highway
In every house and field I pray All in meekness yield, aided by want
Among stranger people
To disgrace so soon I've come Drift like sleep
Into the hotel Montana
Lay low for thy name's sake
El Matador, Louisiana Full of bulls, blood and what not
And coarse jest to a tight knot
You are not acquainted with your own heart Frozen prayer upon my lips
Inside the blood runs hot
He was reviled, yet he reviled not Drift like sleep
Into the hotel Montana
Lay low for thy name's sake
El Matador, Louisiana Like a voice in an empty house
Breathe your breath and speak to me
Speak to me It'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 whosoever Drift like sleep
Into the hotel Montana
Lay low for thy name's sake
El Matador, Louisiana Drift like sleep
Into the hotel Montana
Lay low for thy name's sake
El Matador, Louisiana Like a voice in an empty house
Breathe your breath and speak to me
And speak through me Speak to me
Speak to me

Songwriters

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