

# Sharing a Gibson with Martin Luther King Jr.

## Lambchop

All the leaves have turned to leather  
I have lost faith in the spring  
Withered like a dark balloon  
I hear no robin sing  
Ushered with no shower still  
Oh the rain falls off the eaves  
And a rim of shady light  
That forms these patterns on my hands

I can see your ring  
Is it camouflaged or etch  
Tell your king  
From me this errand sent  
To call such a hole  
In the kingdom of the Lord  
That we are afraid  
Where there is no fear

Oh he fell into a slumber  
And did not wake until the dawn  
To see a band of orange clouds  
Cross the middle of the sky  
He got into a fluster  
He felt a tightening in his leg  
With such finesse he waived a hornet  
From a wine glass

And tiny fluffs of the feathered life  
And you wander forth  
With your insolence and wine  
The fruitless mourn  
To whom that cannot hear  
What the fuck am I doing here

In the ghettos of Chicago  
Amid the poverty and despair  
Inside the game hens  
Were the giblets in a plastic bag  
A cocktail which consisted of  
His gin and her vermouth

Garnished together with pearl onions  
And dying eyes gleamed forth their ashy light  
Tiny fluffs of the feathered life  
And you wander forth  
With your insolence and wine  
A fruitless mourn  
To whom that cannot hear

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com  
written by KURT WAGNER  
Lyrics Â© BUG MUSIC

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>