

Slide

Joe Henry

SLIDE
Oh, cursed morning
Who told you to rise?
When time's a sliding mask that may still
Roll back with our eyes.
Oh, blessed falling,
Crawling into night
I'm learning more than I intended
Try not to though I might
No angels walk with me,
All angels ride
I give up my ghost for thee
And we will forever slide
Oh, take my shoulders
And square them to the wind
Go knock upon the mountain
To be let out or in.
Moving where someone else has wandered,
The dead trip into light
We're learning more than we intended
Try not to though we might
No angels walk with me,
All angels ride
I give up my ghost for thee
And we will forever slide
We roll and tumble,
Rattle, shake, and hum
We're dying to be other
But we kill not to become.
Grief sides with glory,
They laugh deep into the night
Learning more than they intended
Try not to though they might
No angels walk with me,
All angels ride
I give up my ghost for thee
And we will forever slide

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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