

Spiritual Leather

[Sean Rowe](#)

Toes that dent the sand
melancholy feelings
I am still your man
feeling is believing
wars come into my dreams
they needle me awake.
On the road is long
and wider than forever
I hope we're that strong
spiritual leather.
Time, she was never such a friend
she never cried for me.
Time, she was never a friend
she never waits for me.
What is the answer to every question
what is the reason for every direction
if we burn the answer for our protection
would that be ok?
The sun is filled with lies
promises and laughter
now I can't be that wise
but I have seen the after.
Slow, slow, that mamma down,
I gotta get back home,
slow, slow that mamma down,
I gotta get back home.

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