The Good Hand

Woven Hand

I am nothing without
his ghost within
and all your wooden eyes cannot see
the good hand upon meI took my shelter neath a familyre tree
I'm livin where I come from
I am I am my fathers son
see the good hand
see what the good hand doneleave it lye
let it go to ruin
to be blown thin by the wind
a heavy drone
a heavy sway
girl I love to see you talk that wayI live
I live among them
and they breath forth fire
I run
I run fast and then
I do not tire
for the good hand upon me

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