

# The Maker

## Dave Matthews Band

Oh, oh deep water  
Black and cold like the night  
I stand with arms wide open  
I've run a twisted line  
I'm a stranger in the eyes of the maker I could not see for the fog in my eyes  
I could not feel for the fear in my life From across the great divide, in the distance I saw a light  
John baptist walking to me with the maker  
So my body is bent and broken by long and dangerous sleep  
I can't work the fields of Abraham and turn my head away  
I'm not a stranger in the hands of the maker Brother John, have you seen the homeless daughters  
Standing there with broken wings?  
I have seen the flaming swords  
There over east of Eden  
Burning in the eyes of the maker

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