

The Quiet Few

Tomahawk

The lacquer is creeping into the mirror
And you saw enough You saw me lost and wandering and
You saw enough By candlelight you're offering me
A halo of sun Don't have the heart to go puncturing it
That sacred door With a love
With a love
With a love With a pride
With a pride
With a pride
With a love
With a love

With a love The winds have blown and I'm sorry for me
Winds have blown I'm sorry for me And the winds have blown
Winds have blown inside me Don't linger upon the joy that's in me
It's just a naked ghost
Not hard for the boy that's long up in me
I'm just the host They are the
They are the they
Me not they
Me not they they
They are the quiet few
They are the they are the they
Me not they me not they they
They are the quiet few Walk away, walk away! Walk away, walk away! Run away, run
away! Run away, run away!

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

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