

Poor Mouth

16 Horsepower

Is anything as lovely to me as the truth in love
I'll take it over freedom any day
It brings me ever an' this time to my knees
An on my knees I run away Yes, I know your sticks an' stones they
They will easily break these bones an'
An' all my words come back to haunt me I will put my strength into
The things left standing
I am hoarse with wild eyes
No debts outstanding My hands are yours, my brother
You can take my coat as well
My eyes are yours, sister
An my heart, an my heart
In which He dwells Heard the voice of my Master callin' me
From deep in the hollow
Said that I must follow Him there, yeah Is any place darker for me
With all them wolves about
Well, it's a poor mouth that I wear My hands are yours, my brother
You can take my coat as well
My eyes are yours, sister
An' my heart, an' my heart
In which He dwells
In which He dwells Livin' me from hand to poor mouth
You an' me an' our Secret South, oh Lord
I said livin' me from hand to poor mouth

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