Shroud

Nathaniel Rateliff

I'm looking more like my mother
I was so stagger'n waiting for you
I was so sure in my barely bended knees
That nobody cared for moreIt does no good to talk about anything
It does no good to tell you I'm a wounded fiendIt's up to things we discover
It's in the way we try to cover with ground
I'm not a flat-fingered dullard
I was so sure and never right
I was the tongue
That's telling you that some
Body else is tryingAnd I've got no feelings about it at all
In this old season of doubt and love
And I've got no reasons to bury it here
I could go backwards forever
I could be boxed inside and living without
Well don't blow my cover
It's taken years to make a beautiful shroudI got no use in talking about anything
And I can tell you it seems to be haunting me
It does no good to talk about anything
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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