

# 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 more  
It does no good to talk about anything  
It does no good to tell you I'm a wounded fiend  
It'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 trying  
And 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 shroud  
I 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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