

# Sharing a Gibson With Martin Luther King Jr.

## Lambchop

All the leaves have turned to leather  
I have lost faith in the spring  
Withered like a dark balloon  
I hear no robin sing  
Ushered with no shower still  
Oh the rain falls off the eaves  
And a rim of shady light  
That forms these patterns on my hands I can see your ring  
Is it camouflaged or etch  
Tell your king  
From me this errand sent  
To call such a hole  
In the kingdom of the Lord  
That we are afraid  
Where there is no fear Oh he fell into a slumber  
And did not wake until the dawn  
To see a band of orange clouds  
Cross the middle of the sky  
He got into a fluster  
He felt a tightening in his leg  
With such finesse he waived a hornet  
From a wine glass And tiny fluffs of the feathered life  
And you wander forth  
With your insolence and wine  
The fruitless mourn  
To whom that cannot hear  
What the fuck am I doing here

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