

Corsicana Clip

Woven Hand

Riding you down
Up the backstairs
Skip alive, walking wounded man
As big as your fist
Who gave you such a heart
Such a heart as thisSpread out on the ground
Corsicana clip
'course it never slips
All around yours lips
The spool has spun, unwoundIn the hollow of His hand
Delicate listener,
My tendered giver
My bodied lampstandOh I must be off, off your rock
I set my teeth in a spite of hand
I've got a chalk-man's chance
To bet him down
To stop his clockBe a problem to me
Quiet, like a feather
Seven hundred pound horn
and buck rein tight
Just as dangerous
With my free hand tonight.From a clang of iron
all drawn out, all such animals do sound
The ballroom belle found
stove him and cut him downFrom the hollow of His hand
Delicate listener
My tendered giver
Mercy's in the ManIn the hollow of Your hand
Untethered giver
My bodied lamp-light stand (My body limp lies down?)I give up
the looking through
I leave up
the . . . window
. . . .it is already near
He has . . .
Hey, cold shoulder
Hey . . .
Whisper in my ear
. . .

Hey cold shoulder
High above the praises of the people
High above the praises of the people
Unapproachable light!
Unapproachable light!
Come here!
Come here!

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

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