

Baby Moses

Jordan Klassen

I could have painted your lines
I could have dined on your open mind
I pulled the chaff from the wheat
Got along when you're less discreet[Chorus]But I was still a silhouette, hey-y-y-y
And baby Moses on the steps, hey-y-y-y
I was praying for the word that you'd let me stayIf you fall from the sun
Count your blessings and call me at once
If you spit in my eyes
And you'd left me but one surpriseI could have filled up a house
With the notes of an unlocked mouth, or notes of my mouth
I could have taken a wife
I could have heard you had lost the fight, anyway[Chorus]But I was still a silhouette, hey-y-y-y
And baby Moses on the steps, hey-y-y-y
I was praying for the word that you'd let me stay[Guitar Solo]I'm at most of the bad timing
I have cut off my hand and tried to dig in
I'm at most of the bad timing-g-g-g-g, ohhhhhSew your tears to my feet
Shake em hard when they fall asleep
Tie a rope to my shoes
Tell me that it's what you had to do
It's what you had to do, anyway eh hh.

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