Glass Eye

Woven Hand

deeply shaken see I come that way
ill at ease in my own skin
I hum along to the down home drone
down in my soul to stay
ain't gonna listen to my own noise
even though I love the sound
it come back hollow on hollow
when it come back around
back aroundquick to anger and quick to speak
afraid to lose these things not mine to keep
the spirit is willing the flesh is weakhow long have you been standing there
only here a lonely man
I do
I get behind myself
grieved in my spirit by my hands
seemes he has turned his head
this collector of useless clutter
somethin now has caught his eye
now his words only stumble out in stutters

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