Suit On a Frame

Joe Henry

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

There's a suit on my frame like a shadow of birds
Stitched all together by a murmur of words
That hang like a moon in the thread of the air
And speak with the sound of my every prayerThere's a light at the end of the evenings that bring
A fire that only such hour can sing
It slips off the tongue in the trees going bare
That lean in to hear your every prayerThe past is a dark foreign country that calls
That you whisper regret into the cracks of its walls
That rise at the border of love and despair
And fall when they've heard our every prayerAn old woman stands up in a boat with a fan
Signals the shore with a wave of her hand
To a town disappeared and a boy unaware
That he wades into reeds with her every prayerNow there's a cut on my cheek that I can't leave alone
I reach it to find just how close to the bone
Does my skin and my blood allow me to dare
To live in the word of my every prayer?My every prayer

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