

The Hired Hand

Woven Hand

Hired hand haulin rollin in from the field bozeman old man dominion he heard the music commin from the
lodge of God
With the quietly this knowin better
The to and fro this roman nose
Just outside to fetch'em never goin in never would he let em put your ear to the ground listen listen
He bowed the heavens and he come down
The stars here are deeply fallen in iron chains and shackles bound
He command the grave and sea
Give up your dead o give up your dead
He command the grave and sea this brazen we
Give up your dead, give up your dead
Bead rattle sour leather
You turn yourself in and over, over on this ship's chest
Way up high in the riggin, where the sun chief he does rest
Where all the mighty wings of heaven do nest
Fall asleep on his pillow of stone
He the ladder bottom rung in the dream descending
In the dream ascending on the sun
He command the grave and sea
Give up your dead o give up your dead
He command the grave and sea this brazen we
Give up your dead, give up your dead
Settle down in the bedrock big chisel boldly graven
Te sparks from the hand the soldering brand a flamin
He command the grave and sea
Give up your dead o give up your dead
He command the grave and sea this brazen we
Give up your dead, give up your dead
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>