

Dogs Eyes

Wye Oak

Can't see yourself in evolution
The history of our creation
So dogs eyes, smiling
Scare you about dying I can't shake this superstition
Jesus, give me your permission
And God's eye looks in like a ghost
You don't believe in Someone had to live this way
And I cannot get rid of it
Soft eyes, hard hands
To shovel the garden A deep hole, a secret
In order to feed it
The season of calling
End to everyone knowing

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