

# Truce

[Joe Henry](#)

I clawed at your skirt like it was a dirt floor  
And I could dig my way free of myself taking more  
But prisoners know nothing of victory at war  
Let's a call it a truce for now Georgia looks covered in blood from the air  
Where the clay and river fight and run as a pair  
And women comb bramble and stones from their hair  
Let's call it a truce for now True revelation is a thug and it comes  
With narrow gray eyes not the rolling of drums  
It may take your hand but it's seeking your thumbs  
And we'll call it a truce for now Let's a call it a truce for now

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