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 nowGeorgia 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 nowTrue 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 nowLet's a call it a truce for now

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/