

# Walking Stick

## Powderfinger

Spoon fed from a dirty plate  
A diet designed only to agitate  
A veil of pride and gospel truth  
To cover the hidden fist that he used And I won't say a word  
You've sewn me in my skin  
Hypocrite walking stick man  
Silent grave And the sunken heel kinda slows me down  
Dogs and children lift their legs  
To tattoo a teenage mother's breasts  
Widows of precocious days  
Wear slogans resurrected late Parables for wooden ears  
Steer vehicles of wisdom  
All the wisdom And I won't say a word  
You've sewn me in my skin  
Hypocrite walking stick man  
Silent grave And the sunken heel kinda lights my way  
And I won't say a word  
You've sewn me in my skin  
Hypocrite walking stick man  
Silent grave

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>