

# Handful Of Arrows

Kelly Joe Phelps

Play again, oh  
Tap on the board  
I could use a song here, now  
Word unheard, none ever burned  
A room to set me in

Sing again, oh  
Throw another tale  
Walking out across our ground  
It's cold behind this cabin door  
That high tone light it right

Stomp down, oh  
Show them your hands  
Hit 'em with that old, steel gun.  
I believe that song will breathe  
Underneath this cabin floor

Sweet lullaby  
Somewhere ago  
Daughter, the glory of the world  
A single line of a tangled weave  
From me to her to you

Feel it, there  
In every other hand  
Every other john pole child  
You know, you drew a tight bow string  
And shot that arrow gone

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written by KELLY JOE PHELPS

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