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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