

# Dogs Eyes

## Wye Oak

Can't see this often affirmation  
The history of our creation  
So dogs eyes, smiling  
Scare you about dying I can't shake this superstition  
Jesus, give me your permission  
And God's eye looks in like a ghost  
You don't believe in Someone had to live this way  
And I cannot get ready then  
Soft eyes, hard hands  
To shovel the garden A deep hole, a secret  
In order to feed it  
The season of calling  
End to everyone knowing Soft eyes, hard hands  
To shovel the garden  
A deep hole, a secret  
In order to feed it  
The season of calling  
End to everyone knowing

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