

Grain of Truth

Sweating Honey

Grain of Truth

Oh now child come and get your food,
you know your belly will be hungry
when you get to school.
I got a grain of truth without a morsel of lie,
just silly little stories in your lullabies.
Do you remember when we were young
how all the stories had meaning and the meanness had none,
when there was bread in the music
and blood in the wine,
I was your friend
and you were mine.
And now there's no use pretending
things will wind up the same
when for your story book end
you've got the devil to pay,
Now there's blood in your music,
and bread in your wine,
but I was your friend
and you were mine.

Something's gone astray here,
there's insects on the vine.
Everything seems duller,
we must have crossed that line.
But if you want to stay here,
leave your tongue, and your nose,
and your ears, and your eyes behind.

You were mine.

Lyrics submitted by Bradley.

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