

No More Shelter

[Joan Shelley](#)

Pull up the horses
And carry me back behind the lines
Back to the water,
Back with the gardens and the vines
Where two hands of ashen gold
Chase down my fever
and wash me with soap
When half of us were losing
And half of us were wrong,
A rose you planted.
Leather and rope,
Fire inside the rock
The heavens open
I am like a child on the spot
Asking god why'd you come?
Was it all for some glory,
Was it all for a song?
And my eyes are still searching
For a light in the fog
A sweetheart to sing for me I was thrown from the center
Where I once so bravely spun
I was pulled through the colors
Through the colors did I run
And my eyes were wide and gleaming,
Though wind-whipped by the storm
There is no more shelter for the broken
I hear they still track me now
Dogs try to sniff out my home
I'll write you in the scars
Laid in trails by the jets headed home
How you mold me and move me still
I'm calling on your memory here alone in my cell
A time when you fed me, a time I was filled
But one of us must keep from crying.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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