

Flat Hand

Freakwater

Flat hand, open palm
Your mouth was screaming, your eyes were calm
Flat land, 23rd Psalm
Little Bo Peep, your sheep done gone Flat hand to leave no trace
Mark where the nail went, left a scratch across your face
Flat land, glittering strand
Lovers angels banished from the sand No eyes shine brighter
To the flailing, failing fighter
Who once held above her head
A glowing trembling lighter No heart pounds harder to the sinking, drinking martyr
Who trembled on the bank
As her last dream boat sank
Beneath the deep and sleepless water Holy Mary, hold the phone
I want a little baby thats all my own
Hold the line, hold me tight
I got a hole in my arm and I cant get it right Holy flesh, howlin bones
Run off and left me, all alone
Hopped up boy, hothouse frail
I got a hole in my arm and I know, Im bound to fail Blood of my blood is what you are
No wise mans gift sent from afar
Blood of my blood flows through your veins
And bound our hearts in crimson chains

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