Novice

Hermit's Victory

we can go down to the driftwood
and lift wood, and drift.
lift wood, and drift, and drift.

steal a quilt, sit by the sun
and Iâ€™m homeward bound in a frantic run
as my first mistake.
itâ€™s a simple mistake that a novice can make
but I will ride with you, even if you didnâ€™t ask me to.

we can go down to the brick road,
sit low, and talk shit, bro.
talk shit, bro.

itâ€™s a war between the eternal furnace
and the nagging sense of impermanence
and itâ€™s easy to see.
crawling out of a hole is the hermitâ€™s victory

steal a quilt, sit by the moon
and Iâ€™m homeward bound by Sunday afternoon.
I will leave you to rest in your temple of doom.
and I will ride with you, even if you didnâ€™t ask me to.
even if you didnâ€™t ask me to.
but I will ride with you, even if you didnâ€™t ask me to,
ooh, I will ride with you.

I recently saw a mysterious man
climbing out of a foxhole.
couldnâ€™t quite tell if I was in his line of vision,
but there he was by the light pole.

and in that shower of radiance and grace,
you stole my soul with a powerful gaze.
he said, â€œeverything is slippery,
donâ€™t ever be afraid to lose what you donâ€™t have.â€•

Lyrics Submitted by Frances :)

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