

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 I'm homeward bound in a frantic run
as my first mistake.

it's a simple mistake that a novice can make
but I will ride with you, even if you didn't ask me to.

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

it's a war between the eternal furnace
and the nagging sense of impermanence
and it's easy to see.
crawling out of a hole is the hermit's victory

steal a quilt, sit by the moon
and I'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 didn't ask me to.
even if you didn't ask me to.
but I will ride with you, even if you didn't ask me to,
ooh, I will ride with you.

I recently saw a mysterious man
climbing out of a foxhole.
couldn'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, "everything is slippery,
don't ever be afraid to lose what you don't have."

Lyrics Submitted by Frances :)

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