

# Cowboy Junkies, Bread And Wine

Michael Timmins

Well I'm lyin' in my bed, a tangle of arms and legs,  
but the one that I'm with is not the one bouncing 'round my head.  
I could turn this into song or cheap fantasy,  
but whatever I've ignited will still burn in me.

Bread and wine, bread and wine, your heart ain't nearly as guilty as mine.

I'm a dark heavy heart. I'm a soul full of holes.  
I'm a boat that is sinking, muddy waters threatening this baggage in my hold.  
And there's a line in my head from an old gospel song,  
but no matter how hard I try, the words they just come out wrong.

Bread and wine, bread and wine your thoughts aint nearly as wicked as mine.  
Bread and wine, bread and wine your cross aint nearly as heavy as mine.

I've been graced by the gift of a gold wedding band.  
I've been soothed by the simple caress of my true love's hand.  
And yet I'm lyin' in my bed, a tangle of arms and legs,  
and the one that I'm with is not the one that I'm dreaming of.

Bread and wine, bread and wine, won't you please be my bread and wine.  
Bread and wine, bread and wine, won't you please be my bread and wine.