

# Howe Gelb, Robes Of Bible Black

{CHORUS}

Keep little the promise  
but less the lie  
from down this mud here  
to way up sky  
let light and love  
be keep to the test  
and short supply  
never enter the nest  
now sleep with eyes rolled back  
so tongue might taste  
the sweet dream water  
and not the waste  
when time to turn  
come time awake  
back from luck  
to the same mistake

{CHORUS}

faint heart will rise  
from track to trail  
when the storm will ease  
and clear skies prevail  
it'll find the one  
with the heartless wail  
it'll slide back in  
where love grew stale  
wearing the robes  
of bible black  
torn to shreds now  
from self attack  
lingering long  
when it's time to turn back  
burying faint heart  
by the railroad track