

Powderfinger, Walking Stick

Spoon fed from a dirty plate
A diet designed only to agitate
A veil of pride and gospel truth
To cover the hidden fist that he used

And I won't say a word
You've sewn me in my skin
Hypocrite walking stick man
Silent grave

And the sunken heel kinda slows me down

Dogs and children lift their legs
To tattoo a teenage mothers breasts
Widows of precocious days
Wear slogans resurrected late
Parables for wooden ears
Steer vehicles of wisdom

All the wisdom

And I won't say a word
You've sewn me in my skin
Hypocrite walking stick man
Silent grave

And the sunken heel kinda lights my way

And I won't say a word
You've sewn me in my skin
Hypocrite walking stick man
Silent grave