

Scott Matthews, White Feathered Medicine

Breathe a sigh of relief,
were not all hiding under the sheets.
Mothers son, beautifully dressed,
but walks the streets only in his vest.

Im here again, nothings changed,
Im flying through on my drifting plain.
And I graced the earth with my views,
you dont wanna hear well thats up to you.

Say what you want about me,
cos I dont believe what I read so I dont mind,
you see you have no clue, of where Im going to.

White Feathered Medicine is what I crave,
and alls forgiven.
And their fragile wings
and delicate cries comfort me and my bleeding eyes.

I see beyond a weary face,
youre all the same and theres a pretty little face.
It says nothing to me about who I am,
Ive got nothing to burn only your sorry hands.

Time to put a stop to it.
I had to put up with it.
Now Im sick and tired of it so
take your views to some other avenue.

I dont care, do as you please,
your crying face and begging on your knees.
I know what to do, so leave me be.
Ive got this feeling it could be the death of me.

I circle round the view Im in.
I wait for days, my patience wearing thin.
And I wait for you, tirelessly,
nothing gained I just fall to sleep.

So youre writing a letter now,
Im taking a look,
while youre signing with kisses and talk of how much
you want to help me write and I ride into the sky