

Woven Hand, Glass Eye

Deeply shaken, see I come that way
Ill at ease in my own skin
I hum along to the down home drone
Down in my soul to stay

Ain't gonna listen to my own noise
Even though I love the sound
It come back hollow on hollow
When it come back around
Back around

Quick to anger and quick to speak
Afraid to lose these things not mine to keep
The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak

Quick to anger and quick to speak
Afraid to lose these things I'm not meant to keep
The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak
So shake it

How long have you been standing there?
Only here a lonley man
I do, I get behind myself
Grieved in my spirit by my hands

Seemes he has turned his head
This collector of useless clutter
Somethin' now has caught his eye
Now his words only stumble out in stutters

Quick to anger and quick to speak
Afraid to lose these things not mine to keep
The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak

Quick to anger and quick to speak
Afraid to lose these things not mine to keep
The spirit is willing...
Shake it

Quick to anger and quick to speak
Afraid to lose the things not mine to keep
The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak

Quick to anger and quick to speak
Afraid to lose these things I often seek
The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak