

# 16 Horsepower, Folklore

On from here walkin dreams awake  
I think not i think not  
The sky comes king blown in every direction  
And of no country  
I am straw

It is no mystery  
I know my way from here

Iron sharpens iron  
Crooked wooden and peacock black  
I have your feathers  
Slung across my back  
I'm not the only one  
To help you down the hill  
My blue knuckles do as they will

It is no mystery  
I know my way from here

One as precious as the other  
They go with me  
For today I am not a false conscience  
A tyrant  
Angels line my pockets dear  
I walk a hutterite mile  
Look at me this once  
Put an eye to my step  
Look and furrow  
Its only misery its only ankle deep

It is no mystery  
I know my way from here