

# 16 Horsepower, Poor Mouth

is anything as lovely to me  
as the truth in love  
i'll take it over freedom any day  
it brings me ever an' this time to my knees  
an' on my knees i run away  
yes i know your sticks and stones they  
they will easily break these bones an'  
an' all my words come back to haunt me  
i will put my strength into  
the things left standing  
i am hoarse with wild eyes  
no debts outstanding  
my hands are yours my brother  
you can take my coat as well  
my eyes are yours sister  
and my heart, and my heart  
in which he dwells  
heard the voice of my master callin' me  
from deep in the hollow  
said that I must follow him there yeah  
is any place darker for me  
with all them wolves about  
well it's a poor mouth that I wear  
my hands are yours my brother  
you can take my coat as well  
my eyes are yours sister  
and my heart, and my heart  
in which he dwells  
livin' from hand to poor mouth  
you an' me an' my secret south