

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