

Caedmon's Call, Too Tender

Water water everywhere
And I complain about my thirst
The prescription's in my hand
While the pain I curse

I know the longer
I know the harder
The walk will be
With my calloused feet

And my too tender knees
Stumbled upon the truth
Wished it'd get out of my way
When I see the light
I pull down the shade

If I were as smart as Christopher
I'd find a closet
If I were as weak as Samson was
I'd make a prophet