

# 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