

Crooked Fingers, Dignity & Shame

Cover me in mud and leaves
I won't be the one to fail you
I'm a thousand gargoyles standing by your window
To be sure there ain't no cure
There could be no one to save you
When the bad boys come to do you in again
So when they tell you things that you don't want to know
Or take you back to places you don't want to go
You've got to bury that knife
Keep your face in the light
Because there's one thing that they cannot do
Is take from you what you keep in mud and leaves

And if you walk, walk away, save yourself, you've got something to lose
And if you give what they take, you can bet they will take it from you
You're not the same as the day that you came
You can choose dignity or shame
You've got to bury your bones where you want in the ground
Where they will not be found by the leeches you're keeping alive

There's a man in your hand
And he's got nothing good to sell you
And he's smashing a violin against your bed
To be sure there ain't no cure
He comes creeping back to beg you
As thousand gargoyles crash into his head
And then that feeling comes you've been here once before
That wicked feeling you don't want to feel no more
You've got to bury that knife
That you keep stuck in your side
Before they dig that knife into you
And break into what you keep out of their reach

And if you walk, walk away, save yourself, you've got nothing to prove
And if you give what they take, you can bet they will take it from you
You're not the same as the day that you came
You can choose dignity or shame
You've got to carry your heart like a torch in the night
Little keeper of light burning deep, burning bright in the dark