

# 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