

Dudley Saunders, I Come With Three Wounds

I come with three wounds in my side
and bleed on the porch
my pick-up shines moonlight
won't you light up the door

I'm too long on my own
yes I've buddies I know
but none of them know
what I was 'fore I's grown
are your bellies so full
that my voice has no pull
are you warm in your wool
yes I've broken your rules
and flown

I come with three wounds in my side
and wait in the yard
your windows the color of night
I have travelled so far

just to stand here again
with my pockets of sin
full of places I've been
I was blown by your wind
come and bandage my side
I'm what became of your child
you are sleeping inside
you should come help me die
cause soon I will be done