

Faces, Shake, Shudder, Shiver

(Ron Wood, Ronnie Lane)

I shake and I shudder and I shiver
in my bath while it's cold and my windows are broken,
as my poor dog lays a-chokin' on the floor.
I cried to my father and my mother,
there's no justice divine,
I wonder when I get mine.
'cause I'm so sick and tired of waitin' for the Lord.
I find just what it is I'm looking for
There's a man wants to show me the river.
Hoofing at five I'll be more dead than alive.
I find a reason to survive when I'm too old.
Should I walk in the lightning and the thunder
on a hilltop so high and show my face to the sky ?
Will I find just what it is I'm looking for ?