

# 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 ?