

# Girlyman, Ashen Shade

There goes that old postman  
Riding on his bike  
He's got a bag full of phone bills  
And nothing to justify

I'm as naked as a winter tree  
With promises remote  
Wish I could fly away above the ashen shade  
Observe the world below

Once I had a calling  
This town praised my hands  
Now I'm sculpting apologies  
Cause folks they don't understand

I'm as naked as a winter tree  
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Wish I could fly away above the ashen shade  
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I could change myself  
There's so much else I could do  
Except I always knew  
I was deeper than dailyness  
I was made to be manifest  
The art like an amethyst of truth

I know, it's only too clear  
Spiders spin their webs year after year  
I never had that kind of resolve  
To know my fear, to face it at all

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