

Half-Handed Cloud, A Bed That Breathes With Him

The strangers attacking
Our hearts are all lacking
But God means nothing to them

The hit-men hold coupons
And say God is gone
Or trying to do me in

Oh search and be silent
On a bed that breathes with Him

Our hearts are forgetting
The thugs are all betting
That God will only condemn

Their questions rhetorical
I wish they'd get homesick
And find their way back again