

Hawksley Workman, Blindness

I'm a little worried about a couple of things
The snow is lightly falling so the sky's ok
For a boy who's learned to talk
who knows a thing or two about love
who's gone a little out of style
Stays true to words he spoke
and believes

That blindness is the truest thing to faith
and blindness is the loving
steps we take

The sun's across the street now, you walk with me
I petition for the traffic to go away
There's something that I know
It's as pretty as a stone
It sits quiet in the breeze
as I get down on my knees
to pray

that blindness keeps us true in all we say
and blindness means we never
have to look away

It's a shame beyond your ways
There's hardly left a taste
of a true love
lived in troubled ways
such as blindness,
such as faith