

Hawksley Workman, Even An Ugly Man

What Jesus can't fix tonight
The whiskey certainly might.
I must have said the Lord's prayer
65 times.
And thought of your face
And our intimate grace
All of the ways to behold you
Until the tide will I wait.

Even an ugly man
Could kiss your lips
As if they were his to demand of
Or his to destroy like a lover of a demon x2

What crying won't fix tonight
The whiskey certainly might
I must have doubted your faith
65 times.
And thought of your face
And your infinite grace
All of the ways to behold you
Until the tide will I wait.

Even an ugly man
Could kiss your lips
As if they were his to demand of
Or his to destroy like a lover of a demon

What loving won't fix tonight
The whiskey certainly might
I must have whispered your name
65 times.
My lips on your face
In our infinite grace
All of these ways to behold you
Until the tide will I wait