

Huntwork Hewitt, Leaning On You

The sky was as black as the Bad Man's mustache
The sun was shining down tears
It just wouldn't set til the last child was wet
It shone for eleventy years
The world and his knife were leaning on me
And trying to cut me in two
Yeah the world and his knife were leaning on me
And me I was leaning on you
The kids were too high to ask themselves why
They ever had cause to be born
So they stayed in their beds and turned off their heads
And their dreams remained unadorned
The world and his dog were breathing on me
And stuck to the sole of my shoe
Yeah the world and his dog were leaning on me
And me I was leaning on you
Leaning, leaning on you
The Bad Man filled out and learned how to shout
His words colored the air
So I went to the place they used to call Grace
There weren't Nobody there
The world and his heart were beating on me
Til my soul was black and blue
Yeah he world and his heart were leaning on me
And me I was leaning on you
Leaning, leaning on you.