

Indigo Girls, Hammer And Nail

clearing webs from the hovel
a blistered hand on the handle of a shovel
i've been digging too deep
i always do
i see my face on the surface
i look a lot like narcissus
a dark abyss of an emptiness
standing on the edge of a drowning blue
i look behind my ears for the green
and even my sweat smells clean
glare off the white hurts my eyes
i gotta get out of bed
get a hammer and a nail
learn how to use my hands
not just my head
i think myself in a jail
now i know a refuge never grows
from a chin in a hand
and a thoughtful pose
gotta tend the earth
if you want a rose
i had a lot of good intentions
sit around for fifty years
and then collect a pension
started seeing the road to hell
and just where it starts
but my life is more than a vision
the sweetest part is acting
after making a decision
started seeing the whole
as a sum of its parts
and i look behind my ears for the green
and even my sweat smells clean
glare off the white hurts my eyes
gotta get out of bed
get a hammer and a nail
learn how to use my hands
not just my head
i think myself in a jail
now i know a refuge never grows
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gotta tend the earth
if you want a rose
my life is part of the global life
i'd found myself becoming more immobile
when i'd think a little girl in the world
can't do anything
a distant nation my community
and a street person my responsibility
if i have a care in the world
i have a gift to bring
i look behind my ears for the green
even my sweat smells clean
glare off the white hurts my eyes
i gotta get out of bed
get a hammer and a nail
learn how to use my hands
not just my head
i think myself in a jail
now i know a refuge never grows
from a chin in a hand
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if you want a rose