

Pedro The Lion, The Fleecing

Deep green hills whose shoulders fade into thick grey
Tall wet grass whose flesh makes fools of grazing sheep
Whose fleecing makes a fool of me
Who shall I blame for this sweet and heavy trouble
For every stupid struggle I don't know
I could buy you a drink
I could tell you all about it
I could tell you why I doubt it and why I still believe
But I can't say it like I sing it
And I can't sing it like I think it
And I can't think like I feel it
And I don't feel a thing
Why I still believe it
Why I need it
Who shall I blame for this sweet and heavy trouble
For every stupid struggle I don't know
Why I still believe it
Why I need it
And what the pharisees can't see
We'd have more drinks
And speak of so many things
But I don't know you and you don't know me