

# Spirit Of The West, Never Had It In Me

The day became undone  
she called her faith a liar  
She lost the lovely one  
whose weight was once inside her  
Her son was snatched from the sky  
his leap of faith blew him wide  
took him over to the other side

The day began to run  
and stained the glass beside her  
All the colours of the holy one  
bled and ceased to guide her  
A cross of blood on the door  
counts her losses out in red  
Every Sunday stays in bed

I never had it in me  
I could be of no comfort  
Never had it in me  
I could be of no comfort  
Never had it in me, never had it in me

The day became the night  
As she reached out to find me  
I struggled without light  
too few years behind me  
I felt her sink on the line  
to the bottom like a stone  
there I left her grieve alone

I never had it in me  
I could be of no comfort  
Never had it in me  
I could be no comfort  
Never had it in me, never had it in me  
I could be of no comfort  
I could be of no comfort  
I could be of comfort