

Spirit Of The West, Scaffolding

The worst of it's we're always half afraid
I've knocked you dead and
had them bled and broken
play the torn to someone's swollen

Today I shared a coffee with the world
I won't allow another starving child
into my home
I think I'd rather drink alone

If we build for walls and a roof
No one coming in or out
Without windows, not a door
Plant a garden on the floor

My scaffolding sorrounds
you we're embraced
Smothers you or mothers you
WHatever is the case
My arms grow long
they're cradling your waist
I'm in and on all over you
From your feet up to your face
My rusty poles support your weight
Forgo the grace, keep out the hate

If we build four walls and a roof
No one coming in or out
Without windows, not a door
Plant a garden on the floor
I'll plant your garden

Build four walls and a roof
No one coming in or out
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