

# Woven Hand, The Good Hand

I am nothing without  
his ghost within  
and all your wooden eyes cannot see  
the good hand upon me

I took my shelter neath a familiar tree  
im livin where I come from  
I am I am my fathers son  
see the good hand  
see what the good hand done

leave it lye  
let it go to ruin  
to be blown thin by the wind  
a heavy drone  
a heavy sway  
girl I love to see you talk that way

I live  
I live among them  
and they breath forth fire  
I run  
I run fast and then  
I do not tire  
for the good hand upon me

I see you've chosen to lose your way  
to greed with a clank for nothin'  
keep your word  
captive in thought  
you will give all  
you will give all you've got  
to the good hand upon me  
she will understand  
from the bottom of her heart  
embellished by pains engraving  
just  
how great thou art