

# Woven Hand, Your Russia (Without Hands)

medicine tongue and a heavy hand  
together made a fist  
they put me down and I do not rise  
and now as an old child  
I'll hand it down  
I'll hand it down  
then I blow around  
see me blow around  
just like dirty paper

medicine tongue and a heavy hand  
together made a list  
row on row  
of cold and hardened hearts that wish  
my weeds and flowers  
would together both grow wild  
from a distance  
from a distance  
they come up close to smile

medicine tongue and a heavy hand  
together made a fist  
they put me down and I do not rise  
and now as an old child

far be it from me to take care  
take care the words you say  
in heart on new's day

by word of mouth  
all young men do stagger  
and all come to shambles by heart  
saw your eyes wide and flashing  
setting the woods on fire  
breathing heavy dirt  
beneath the skin of a liar  
did I cross your heart  
behind my back just then  
I must push on hard  
in prayer and take it by force  
though you've said it  
you say it better  
with more conviction than I

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