16 Horsepower, Poor Mouth

is anything as lovely to me as the truth in love i'll take it over freedom any day it brings me ever an' this time to my knees an' on my knees i run away yes i know your sticks and stones they they will easily break these bones an' an' all my words come back to haunt me i will put my strength into the things left standing i am hoarse with wild eyes no debts outstanding my hands are yours my brother you can take my coat as well my eyes are yours sister and my heart, and my heart in which he dwells heard the voice of my master callin' me from deep in the hollow said that I must follow him there yeah is any place darker for me with all them wolves about well it's a poor mouth that I wear my hands are yours my brother you can take my coat as well my eyes are yours sister and my heart, and my heart in which he dwells livin' from hand to poor mouth you an' me an' my secret south