

Kidneythieves, Mustard Seed

Hill up the road, gathering thoughts never adding the way I want them
Sweet Jesus show me through the Indian paintbrush
Faith was

Cursed upon me, a mustard seed was good enough for him and good enough to me

Or after all, will I shake my magic 8 ball, it's bubbling
And the brisk walking heartbeat won't tire me, it keeps me strong
Faith was

Cursed upon me, a mustard seed was good enough for him and its good enough to me
Pillar of salt, shaker of black
Killer of thought, turning my back
Believe you were wrong and said they would laugh and I'm trying to be humble about it

I like the rain, I like going against the grain
Seems to me I'm cutting out a simple pattern

---she was weak---

Hill up the road, watching my thoughts chase each other
Sweet Jesus show me the faith cursed upon me

--she walked away--