

## Poor Mouth

16 Horsepower

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 an 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  
An my heart, an 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  
An my heart, an my heart  
In which He dwells  
In which He dwells

Livin' me from hand to poor mouth  
You an me an our Secret South  
Oh Lord

I said livin' me from hand to poor mouth