

# Shoulders

Austin Lucas

Someone had stolen me  
And choked the life I crave  
On a pale horse he did ride  
And sing my songs

I touched you then and feared  
That the dark would spread indeed  
And leave hollow shells of friends and strangers all  
But still I bore the gift of life, somehow

And you'd ask me  
If my breast was filled with embers or with ash  
Was hope or but despair upon my crown  
Mother, sweet mother  
Don't you worry on your son  
For my heart contains a fire that shall burn long

And I shall lay my head  
In the valley with my friends  
I'll quit my scheming ways and rest again  
Cause I shall lay my head  
On the shoulders of great men  
And live my life until it's honest end

And so brick by brick I tell myself  
Oh, slowly build a home  
Anchor now before the storm rolls on  
Found a new Jerusalem and build your wailing wall  
But seek not the sea and life wandering alone

Oh yes lay your head  
In the valley with your friends  
Oh quit your scheming ways and rest again  
Oh yes lay your head  
On the shoulders of great men  
And live your life until it's honest end  
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On the shoulders of great men  
And live your life until it's honest end.