

Hammer and a Nail

Indigo Girls

Clearing webs from a hovel blistered hand on the handle of a shovel
I've been digging too deep I always do
I see my face on the surface I look a lot like Narcissus
Dark abyss of an emptiness standing on the edge of a drowning blue

I look behind my ears for the green
And even my sweat smells clean
Glare off the white hurts my eyes
I gotta get out of bed and get a hammer and a nail
Learn how to use my hands
Not just my head I think myself into jail
But I know refuge never grows
From a chin in a hand in a thoughtful pose
Gotta tend the earth if you want a rose

I had a lot of good intentions sit around for fifty years and then collect the
pensions
I started seeing the road to hell and just where it starts
My life is more than a vision the sweetest part is acting after making a
decision
Started seeing the whole as a sum of its parts

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My life is part of the global life I found myself becoming more immobile
When I think a little girl in the world can't do anything
Distant nation my community street person my responsibility
If I have a care in the world I have a gift to bring

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