

Wounded Lovers Son

Keziah Jones

Let me see where you belong
ill take the pain in my side as a mother loves a son
feeding me your curious meal
ill be home when i know where you come from
tenderly cuz its a plural case

All our saviours are gone
im a wounded lovers son

Are you free in this curious place?
are there any trees is there a river?
or does the water stand alone?
speak to me with your fallen believers on
are there any seasons for the sinners?