

# The Crook Of My Good Arm

Pale Young Gentlemen

You start to worry about your health  
as you reach a certain age. So in a  
careful tongue, I have chosen one,  
that I believe is safe in the crook of  
my good arm.

All the liars I know tell me the  
course is bleak. They can go to hell,  
I know that story well, and maybe I  
am weak. But not the crook of my  
good arm.

Run run through the thicket and  
the barley, run run for the sake  
of your good name. Run run for the  
puzzle of it all for the child in your  
heart that's taking all the blame.

And you might hear them say it  
isn't mine to claim, but I don't really  
care. You see the world ain't fair  
they'd probably do the same.  
The cook of my good arm.