

## The Fleecing

Pedro the Lion

deep green hills whose shoulders fade into thick grey  
tall wet grass whose flesh makes fools of grazing sheep  
whose fleecing makes a fool of me  
who shall i blame for this sweet and heavy trouble  
for every stupid struggle i don't know  
i could buy you a drink  
i could tell you all about it  
i could tell you why i doubt it and why i still believe  
i can't say it like i sing it  
i can't sing it like i think it  
i can't think like i feel it  
and i don't feel a thing  
...why i still believe it  
why i need it  
and what the pharisees can't see  
we'd have more drinks  
and speak of so many things  
but i don't know you and you don't know me