

## Walking Stick

Powderfinger

Spoon fed from a dirty plate  
A diet designed only to agitate  
A veil of pride and gospel truth  
To cover the hidden fist that he used

And I won't say a word  
You've sewn me in my skin  
Hypocrite walking stick man  
Silent grave

And the sunken heel kinda slows me down

Dogs and children lift their legs  
To tattoo a teenage mothers breasts  
Widows of precocious days  
Wear slogans resurrected late  
Parables for wooden ears  
Steer vehicles of wisdom

All the wisdom

And I won't say a word  
You've sewn me in my skin  
Hypocrite walking stick man  
Silent grave

And the sunken heel kinda lights my way

And I won't say a word  
You've sewn me in my skin  
Hypocrite walking stick man  
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