

For Dick

Scott Matthew

What have we made
Besides an early grave
We didn't resurrect
on the third day

And this middle age
Well it couldn't save
The wonder of this lot
Still it won't stop

So put me to pasture
Send me to slaughter
harden your heart
To the truth
Put me to pasture
Send me to slaughter
Now that I'm past tense to you

Could you write it on a page
Will you be that brave
To speak of all things lost
Of things that never stop

And this middle age
Still it couldn't save
We didn't resurrect
On the third day

So put me to pasture
Send me to slaughter
Harden your heart
to the truth
Put me to pasture
Send me to slaughter
Now that I'm past tense to you

It won't stop
It won't stop