Hammer and a Nail

Indigo Girls

clearing webs from the hovel a blistered hand on the handle of a shovel i've been digging too deep i always do i see my face on the surface i look a lot like narcissus a dark abyss of an emptiness standing on the edge of a drowning bluei look behind my ears for the green and even my sweat smells clean glare off the white hurts my eyes i gotta get out of bed get a hammer and a nail learn how to use my hands not just my head i think myself in a jail now i know a refuge never grows from a chin in a hand and a thoughtful pose gotta tend the earth if you want a rose i had a lot of good intentions sit around for fifty years and then collect a pension started seeing the road to hell and just where it starts but my life is more than a vision the sweetest part is acting after making a decision started seeing the whole as a sum of its parts and i look behind my ears for the green and even my sweat smells clean glare off the white hurts my eyes gotta get out of bed get a hammer and a nail learn how to use my hands not just my head i think myself in a jail now i know a refuge never grows from a chin in a hand and a thoughtful pose gotta tend the earth

if you want a rosemy life is part of the global life i'd found myself becoming more immobile when i'd think a little girl in the world can't do anything a distant nation my community and a street person my responsibility if i have a care in the world i have a gift to bringi look behind my ears for the green even my sweat smells clean glare off the white hurts my eyes i gotta get out of bed get a hammer and a nail learn how to use my hands not just my head i think myself in a jail now i know a refuge never grows from a chin in a hand and a thoughtful pose gotta tend the earth if you want a rose

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