Kelly Joe Phelps, Handful Of Arrows

Play again, oh Tap on the board I could use a song here, now Word unheard, none ever burned A room to set me in

Sing again, oh Throw another tale Walking out across our ground It's cold behind this cabin door That high tone light it right

Stomp it down, oh Show them your hands Hit 'em with that old, steel gun I believe that song will breathe underneath this cabin floor

Sweet lullaby, Somewhere ago Daughter, the glory of the world A single line of a tangled weave From me to her to you

Feel it there In every other hand Every other John Pole child You know... You drew a tight bow string And shot that arrow gone