

The Crook Of My Good Arm

Pale Young Gentlemen

You start to worry about your health
as you reach a certain age. So in a
careful tongue, I have chosen one,
that I believe is safe in the crook of
my good arm.

All the liars I know tell me the
course is bleak. They can go to hell,
I know that story well, and maybe I
am weak. But not the crook of my
good arm.

Run run through the thicket and
the barley, run run for the sake
of your good name. Run run for the
puzzle of it all for the child in your
heart that's taking all the blame.

And you might hear them say it
isn't mine to claim, but I don't really
care. You see the world ain't fair
they'd probably do the same.
The cook of my good arm.