

Held

Bill Callahan

For the first time in my life
I let myself be held
Like a big old baby
I surrender
To your charity

I lay back in the tall grass
And let the ants cover me
I let the jets fly
I'm wishing for their destruction
Born to black in a perfect blue sky

For the first time in my life
I am moving away, moving away, moving away
From within the reach of me
And all the wild being held
Like a big old baby

Waouh!