

Pocket Knife

Blind Pilot

There are rocks in the ground, there are seeds in my hands
There's a meadowlark singing to me
And I have stories to hold, I have loves to let go
And it's all asking, "What will it be?"

I can hear on the wind like one wish made in ten
My good friends I have yet to know
But if I carry my life like my grandfather's pocket knife
Then cut to it. Where will you go?

Where will you go, will you go? Oh, manumit road
Where will you go, will you go?
Just cut to it. Where will you go?

A tree loses its legs, fifty decades of weight
The same hand that lays upon you
And you may tremble and shake, you may call it your fate
But it's just to see what you can do

What can you do, can you do? With a heart you will lose?
What can you do, can you do?
How I want to see what you can do

There are rocks in the ground swimming up to the sound
Of a bell of each year as it rings
And I have stories to hold, I have loves to let go
And it's all asking, "What will it be?"
Oh, I have stories to hold, I have loves to let go
And it's all asking, "What will it be?"