

O Nathaniel

Hiss Golden Messenger

Oh Nathaniel, how the days have laid down
Like dominos or like moles in the ground
I'm mounting the ashes trying to flag a ride
No wind blowing down the mountainside

I was that kid down on the Georgia line
Highballin' swift in the wild sunshine
Oh now Nathaniel don't you take it too hard
Just lay me down in the old church yard

They become clouds and they rain on you
Like you're too wet to be dreaming
Drink their blood and when they call on you
Rise up, rise up, like the moon
Like the moon [x8]

Oh Nathaniel put my hammer in my hand
I'm gonna meet John and the angel band
River rising now, the tide is getting high
No wind blowing down the mountainside

I was that kid down on the Georgia line
Highballin' swift in the wild sunshine
Oh now Nathaniel, don't you know you broke my heart
Just lay me down in the old church yard

They become clouds and they rain on you
Like you're too wet to be dreaming
Drink their blood and when they call on you
Rise up, rise up, like the moon
Like the moon [x8]