

Slide

Joe Henry

Oh, cursed morning—
Who told you to rise?
When time's a sliding mask that may still
Roll back with our eyes
Oh, blessed falling
Crawling into night—
I'm learning more than I intended
Try not to though I might

No angels walk with me
All angels ride—
I give up my ghost for thee
And we will forever slide

Oh, take my shoulders
And square them to the wind—
Go knock upon the mountain
To be let out or in
Moving where someone else has wandered
The dead trip into light—
We're learning more than we intended

Try not to though we might

No angels walk with me
All angels ride—
I give up my ghost for thee
And we will forever slide

We roll and tumble
Rattle, shake, and hum—
We're dying to be other
But we kill not to become
Grief sides with glory
They laugh deep into the night—
Learning more than they intended
Try not to though they might

No angels walk with me
All angels ride—
I give up my ghost for thee
And we will forever slide