

The Fleecing

Kevin Devine

Deep green hills, whose shoulders fade into thick grey
Tall wet grass, whose flesh makes fools of grazing sheep
Whose fleecing makes a fool of me

Who shall I blame for this sweet and heavy trouble?
For every stupid struggle, I don't know
I could buy you a drink
I could tell you all about it
I could tell you why I doubt it, and what I do believe

But I can't say it like I sing it
And I can't sing it like I think it
And I can't think it like I feel it
And I don't feel a thing
I don't feel it

Who shall I blame for this sweet and heavy trouble?
For every stupid struggle, I don't know
I could buy you a drink
I could tell you all about it
I could tell you why I doubt it, and what I do believe
And why I need it
And I was blind but now I see
And you have more drinks
And we speak of so many things
But I don't know you, and you don't know me