

## Dumcane

Kevin Morby

Climbing up those church stairs  
Hanging out to a handrail  
In rhythm with those church bells  
Ringing like some angels  
You never did save a dance for me  
You always kept me in the wings  
Of some old burnt deer heart  
Waiting for the DJ to call  
My name

Mouthful of apple  
Caught me in my cheeks  
Zipper for my legs  
I'm always dancing with my wrist  
We never did have much to say  
Always chewing up that dumcane  
But to not say nothing at all  
Felt too insane  
So we talked about the rain

Fight like a titan  
Swing with your eyes wide  
Your hand around a stall  
All those words that you've thrown  
You never did put me in the rain  
You always kept me in the crowd  
Calling out, shouting your name  
Well, who's name are they calling now?  
Oh, and they said light

Climbing in that church bench  
I hum a hymn for them  
In rhythm with the beating  
Of an angel heart that's singing  
If you decide to come my way  
Bring plenty of that dumcane  
It's not to talk but just to hear  
And if you decide to come my way