

# Shells

Patty Griffin

The hole in her chest is for the lost little lamb  
That was on his quest, nobody gives a damn  
In silvery days of silence they go  
Now they've lost their ways, the little lambs in the snow

These are not shells of the sea  
These are the shells of the sky  
They took my baby away from me  
No one has ever told me why  
They chewed him and spit him  
He never knew what hit him  
No little kisses goodbye  
Shells, shells, shells

I won't stand to ask for God's mercy  
I can't stand anything anymore  
They were only making angels  
In the snow in the middle of a war  
The blood of these lambs speaks of the darkness  
And the blood of these lambs speaks of the rage  
Yes the blood of these lambs is rolling to the sea  
It's writing your history on every single page  
Shells, shells, shells

Tear at the table missing a child  
Must have gone past, the river is mild  
I go to the sea, I follow the tide  
I hold seashells to me and I hear the sky

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