

Oil Skin

River Whyless

When I was a child my mother bathed me in the sink
Pulled the oil from my skin
Young, young boy, swinging in her arms
Fingers pushing back my hair
So I could see

Help me when my soul was open by the touch of autumn
I was not broken yet by time
Safe with her in the morning, but heading softly to the night

Now that I'm a bit older I try to stay clean
The coming night the anticipated slip
I was hoping to find I was justified in time
I was hoping to find what got away from me

Help me when my soul was open by the touch of autumn
I was just broken then by time
Safe with her in the morning, but heading softly to the night

I was hoping to find I was justified in time
I was hoping to find what got away from me
I was hoping to find I was justified
I was hoping to find