

Dyed in the Wool

Widowspeak

There wasn't no harm in it, no harmony
He never said a thing
That he didn't mean
His was a turning wheel
Which may be bad to you

But he was cut from the cloth
That was fast to the seams
Here you are, dyed in the wool
Here you are, dyed in the wool

Here you go, feel the pull through your eyelet

Pulling you along with his eyes
I never seen a hem so hard to find
Where did it stem?
Will it run from the pain?
His is a turning wheel
May look bad to you [?]

He was cut from the cloth
That is fast to the seam
Here you are, dyed in the wool
Here you are, dyed in the wool
Here you go, feel the [?]

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