

# Wrestling Israel

Flobots

Hunu? got cheeks when he's wrestling  
I wanna keep my confessions so I keep throwing guesses at  
Him like suggestions don't spar him pressin' on me  
Here's a lesson tryin' to be where my best is and I  
Keep throwing lefties 'til my right's all right  
Where I left him out of reach of the people out to get him  
Don't do handouts; no I hand out concessions  
Sayin' "I ain't got nothin' but my hands. Clutch my treasure."  
A measure of a man is kindness  
Why do I preach to the choir and whatever my kind is?  
My eyes are on the other side of minus  
If my lifestyle tapes from the other side, I'm fine with  
Threats to my climate hang in the air like promise  
I wanna be seas need a planet to rise with my  
Feet on the bodies; these streets are overlined  
And from anyone the chosen one can  
rise  
For the broke and way we fight today  
And the fires burning bright as flames  
There's a balm in Gilead  
There's a balm in Gilead  
I was never one to wanna throw away the laws  
More the one to wanna floor debate the flaws  
Offer up amendments and coordinate the cause  
And keep the faith a let the Lord escape the cross  
Dear Gods,  
please protect me from those who take you literally  
Pause, bless each emotion that contols me  
Please forgive me for every time I didn't really  
Reflect peace  
or at least provide a bitter release  
To those literally burned by your followers  
Workin' for Haliburton or totin' Excaliburs  
Some of them know all the words but unaware of the  
Honorarium from Livin' on a Prayer  
Sincerely John and Brer, we deliver high (with no cannibus)  
P.S. we try to stay humble but we hope that you're a fan of us  
If not we can adjust.  
P.P.S. My God, why have you abandoned us?  
For the broke and way we fight today  
And the fires burning bright as flames  
There's a balm in Gilead  
There's a balm in Gilead  
I'm trying to walk the path of an ancient hemophiliac  
Basilisk lizard while I'm standing on a lilypad  
Retelling stories that are older than the Ilead  
There is a balm, there is a balm in Gilead  
We but the balms in the side and the side to heal  
Put the balm inside, inside reveal  
? ring hollow like a Glockenspiel  
Time for what might not be real  
So whatever your tradition, never stop wrestling  
With precedent and privilege, never stop wrestling  
With flags and divinity, never stop wrestling  
With love for your enemies, never stop wrestling  
With faith and community, never stop wrestling  
With every god you worship, never stop wrestling

Tryin' to be perfect but love who you are  
To divine your true prupose  
For the broke and way we fight today  
And the fires burning bright as flames  
There's a balm in Gilead  
There's a balm in Gilead