

## The Maker

## The Tea Party

Oh, oh, deep water  
It's black and cold like the night  
I stand with arms wide open  
I've run a twisted mile

I'm a stranger  
In the eyes of the maker

I could not see for the fog in my eyes  
And I could not feel for the fear in my life  
And from across the great divide  
In the distance I saw a light

It was Jean Baptiste  
He was walking to me with the maker

My body is bent and broken  
By a long and dangerous sleep  
I can't work the Fields of Abraham  
And turn my head away

I'm not a stranger  
In the eyes of the maker

Brother John  
Have you seen the homeless daughters  
They're standing there with broken wings  
I have seen the flaming swords  
There over east of eden  
Burning in the eyes  
Burning in the eyes  
And they're burning in the eyes of the maker  
Oh, river rise from your sleep