

Daughter "The Woods"

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I asked Saint Christopher
To find your sister
And she ran out in the woods
And she ran out in the woods

Oh, it was certain then
And we were trying to stop the winter
Killing all it could
Killing all it could

And I pray a lot for you
And I look out for you

We are what we are
Don't need no excuses
For the scars
From our mothers

And we know what we know
'Cause we're made of all the little bones
Of our fathers

And I pray a lot for you
And I look out for you

And I pray a lot for you
And I look out for you

I asked Saint Christopher
To find your sister
She ran out in the woods
'Cause she ran out in the woods

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