

Julia Stone**"Winter On The Weekend"**

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He's a dog

But he's dressed up like a sheep
Got bones all through the backyard
But he likes to drink tea

We play scrabble on the weekend
And he talks about the weather most of the time
I thought my sacred body
With him it would be fine

And I walked into the doorway
He slid across the room
My heart, it started racing
I just didn't know what to do
And he laid me on the floor
And my screams they go unheard
The lady living next door
Well she's six feet under the dirt

Daddy, why don't you protect me
Someone's gonna hurt me
There's nothing I can do
Daddy, why don't you protect me
Someone's gonna hurt me
There's nothing I can do

He's a dog
But he's dressed up like a sheep
He's got bones all through the backyard
But he likes to fool me
And I travel through the doorway
I thought I'd be fine
But it's not the way it's gonna go this time

Daddy, why don't you protect me
Someone's gonna hurt me

There's nothing I can do
Daddy, why don't you protect me
Somebody is going to hurt me
There's nothing I can do

And all this time I needed you
And all this time I wanted you
You can't hear me now
Can't hear me now
Like you do

Daddy, why don't you protect me
Someone's gonna hurt me
There's nothing I can do
Daddy, why don't you protect me
Somebody is going to hurt me
There's nothing I, I can do

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