

## **Aaron Thomas**

### **"Made of Wood"**

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My shoes are filling up with rain  
You're standing by the window  
Like you're looking for something  
There's people coming over  
They storm across the lawn  
They're asking me my name

And I can't figure out the tune  
Your eyes are rolling backwards  
As the song starts breaking through  
A hand upon my shoulder  
It's tearing me away  
Just a Sunday afternoon  
Another Sunday afternoon

Believe me, if I could do this better I would  
Believe me, it wouldn't make any difference if I could  
I'm hopeless, I'm obsessed, I'm made of wood

Dark shadows move around your room  
Thunder claps against the ceiling mutsmutts start howling at the moon  
A key twists in the doorknob then a look lands on your face  
This is happening too soon

As the teeth of your family bare  
Good people don't do nothing but there's something in their stare  
I only wanna love you if you just give me a chance  
I can get us out of here  
I can get us out of here

Believe me, if I could do this better I would  
Believe me, it wouldn't make any difference if I could  
I'm hopeless, I'm obsessed, I'm made of wood  
I'm hopeless, I'm obsessed, I'm made of wood

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