

## **Air Born**

### **"Wooden Boy"**

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Beware the stare of Mary Shaw  
She had no children, only dolls  
And if you see her in your dreams  
Be sure you never, ever scream  
Or she will cut your tongue out at the seam

Beware the stare of Mary Shaw  
Be sure to let your breath withdraw  
She had no children, only dolls  
Make sure you never asleep falls  
And if you see her in your dream  
Be sure you never, ever scream  
(Or she will cut your tongue out right there at the seam)

I tried to be the boy which I never were  
And the truth to me would never ever occur  
She once made me from the scrap that I would use to  
be  
She made my eyes but they were never meant for me  
to see

All of my life I have been her slave  
She will pull my strings to the grave

In this casquet shaped like a wooden boy  
She trapped me and treats me like a toy

Her soul is black, the husk of mrs shaw  
Her flesh is twisted, her mind is raw  
She heard my scream and took me for good  
She ripped my limbs and fixed me with wood

I'm held together by a couple nails of brass  
With teeth of crock and then my eyes made out of  
glass  
She is the puppeteer and I am her prop  
It's too late and now she will never stop

All of my life I have been her slave  
She will pull my strings to the grave

In this casquet shaped like a wooden boy

She trapped me and treats me like a toy  
Not once has she ever shunned the use of violence  
She demands but one thing and that is dead silence

Beware the stare of Mary Shaw  
Be sure to let your breath withdraw  
She had no children, only dolls  
Make sure you never asleep falls  
And if you see her in your dream  
Be sure you never, ever scream  
(Or she will cut your tongue out right there at the seam)

In this casquet shaped like a wooden boy  
She trapped me and treats me like a toy  
Not once has she ever shunned the use of violence  
She demands but one thing and that is dead silence

(Hush little baby, hush)  
(Be sure you never scream)  
(Be sure you never scream)  
(Hush little baby, hush)

In this casquet shaped like a wooden boy  
She trapped me and treats me like a toy  
Not once has she ever shunned the use of violence  
She demands but one thing and that is dead silence...

Beware the stare of Mary Shaw  
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