

From Indian Lakes

"The Man With Wooden Legs"

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When was I alive?
Could it be sleep is all I know?
How could I have made mistakes?
Is there something more for me to learn?

When was I alive?
Could it be sleep is all I know?
How could I have made mistakes?
Is there something more for me to learn?
And will I ever make it back to you
And will you still want me?
Have you been waiting for the sound of my return?

I'll wait for your calling... [x4]

If I was ever an imperfect son
Or a foolish boy, or a wretched child,
I was only out looking for Jesus
I was only becoming a Godly man!

Pace the floor
Wooden legs have never been so silent
And the wind outside the window sounds like heaven,
you're almost here
Before I was made, I was close to perfection
And since I became, I've gone the wrong direction.

The lies I've told, the hearts I've stolen
How could I pretend to love so long?
My God, I'm a terrible mess today!
My God, I'm becoming a monster!
[X4]

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