

# The Woods

Daughter

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