

Winter On The Weekend

Julia Stone

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 6 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