

How I Was Made

Kenickie

When I was made
The good Lord rubbed my face
To give it shape
He formed a callous
Thats how my face was made

Oh sweet
Change me
Teach me to think like they do
Teach me to think
Like you

When I was made
The good Lord filled my veins
Up with silt
From the river
That's how my blood runs cold

You're sweet
Change me
Teach me to think like they do
Teach me to think
Like You

When I was made
The good Lord stretched
My skin across a frame
Like canvas
That's how my sense is numb

He says I'm sweet
Change me
Change my colour
Leave me grey
There are too many moths around
When I shine