

# The Woods

Ohbijou

I thought it was understood  
I'm going out into the woods  
To see what is left of me

And all these wolves  
Shoot hungry looks  
Like crowded streets of vampire teeth  
In the city

The garden grows as if she knows  
When air gets thin  
to let no one in  
She knows that nothing grows

And I foresee some changing  
With battered hearts recovering  
The woods have never been so full.

And I go outside  
To see familiar lives  
Race through to finish lines then start again  
Come on!

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