

Made Of Clay

Patty Griffin

I saw my tear on your cheek
The look in your eye that says you're all out of hope
All the rain in the sky won't wash them black sheep
It should be no surprise it's the end of the road

You should be seeing who I am
Instead you wanna talk about where I've been
Instead you ask for my love to be still
You throw it into the box of goodwill

It's too bad things have turned out this way
It's too bad I'm not made of clay
Mama I'm tired of playin' this play
It's too bad I'm not made of clay

You'd think the sky would be all rained out
You'd think that we could forgive by now
The anger in the sound of your voice
That way that I am that you call a choice

It's always darkest before the dawn
So we'll say goodbye again and we'll move on
Here's another bit of truth that is known
Who you love is not the same as what you own

It's too bad things have turned out this way
It's too bad I'm not made of clay
Mama I'm tired of playin' this play
It's too bad I'm not made of clay , made of clay

I called to you from the top of the stairs
I wonder when you stopped being there
You used to know just what to say
Oh I guess things are different today

It's too bad things have turned out this way
It's too bad I'm not made of clay
Mama I'm tired of playin' this play
It's too bad I'm not made of clay