

## Wood Cabin

Saint Etienne

A redwood tree, the radio  
They moved them down the hall

A beauty queen from Idaho  
Was broken in the fall

Never write a love song  
Never write a trip hop  
Never write a ballad  
Got to get a grip now  
Cause nothing ever matters  
If you hide away from it all

In twenty years this place will be  
Just like L.A. today

Never write a love song  
Never write a trip hop  
Never write a ballad  
Got to get a grip now  
Cause nothing ever matters  
If you hide away from it all