

## My Creator

Wye Oak

What kind of man, what could I be?  
Afraid of everyone I meet  
Lie forever, afterthought  
Some are men  
And some are not

And love ?  
What could I stand  
If there's my ?  
Was there your land  
Lie forever future ?  
But here I stay and here I am

And who but you?  
What could I know?  
To follow with me far below.  
My protect and servitude  
And crippling dependency

What kind of woman would I be  
If I refuse what's asked of me?  
Some lines can turn you ?  
Some names will never be forgot.  
My body can, but I cannot  
I'm sorry, mommy  
I cannot.