

## Piece Of Wood

Youth Group

All I am is a piece of wood  
Cut from something living  
Touch me I don't feel too good  
I'm cold but I'm not shivering

You say I do not know, to say

All I am is the tail of a worm  
Cut from something squirming  
Pinned to the earth I twist and turn  
For soil and roots I'm yearning

All I am is a fingertip  
Some angel's placed in cotton  
And the syphalactic doctor says he'll make it fit  
But all his learning he's forgotten