

Black, Sweetest Smile

I think my heart must be made of clay,
'Cause everyone said it would be broken some day,
And now I've come to that fateful day,
So I sit on the floor with my head in my hands,
And don't tell me how to make it pay,
I write a new song every day,
I just wish I was made of wood,
I might not feel pain, even if I should,

CHORUS:

Even if I should,

If I should

The sweetest smile that ever did.

Melt the pats in the butter dish.

And if you could have believed in me.

I swear to God I'd have made damn sure.

Our hearts were warm,

And glad with wine.

I'd keep the doors locked all the time.

I just wish I was made of wood.

You might not seem glad.

Even if you should.

CHORUS:

Even if you should

If you should

If you should

If you should

I think my heart must be made of clay.

'Cause everyone said it would be broken someday.

Seems like I have come to that fateful day.

So I sit on the floor with my head in my hands

With my head in my hands.

CHORUS (Repeat)