

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)