

Damien Rice, Wooden Horse

Don't ask me what I think of you
I spill my mind
Don't try and ask me what I am
I am mine
So don't ask me what I think of you
'Til I change my mind
You don't understand a thing I do
That brings stain to my eye
I keep sticking my finger in
I keep stamping it down

'Cause you build a thousand walls
All you need is nine
Your rode her like a wooden horse
A hundred, a hundred times

So don't ask me what I think of you
'Cause I'm not your kind
Write down all those little things I do wrong
That brings a stain to my eye
I keep sticking my finger in
I keep stamping it down

'Cause you build a thousand walls
All you need is nine
Your rode her like a wooden horse
A hundred, a hundred, a hundred times
You're not listening
I'm talking
If you don't wanna be here
Start walking
I'd eat your head
If I'm hungry
I'm hungry
I am...

'Cause you build a thousand walls
All you need is nine
Your rode her like a wooden horse
A thousand, and a hundred, and a hundred...
'Cause you build a thousand walls
All you need is nine
Your rode her like a wooden horse
A hundred, a hundred, a hundred times
You build a thousand walls
All you need is, all you need is
Your rode her like a wooden horse
A hundred, a hundred times