

Griffin House, The Way I Was Made

I was born, and I was made by the hands of marmalade.
I've got legends in my blood; I've got Indians in my veins.
And in the year of 44 grandpaw went away to war.
He went to Hitler's house and kicked in the door,
There began the way I was made.

And in the year of 47 that Rewey girl came down from heaven.
In 48 a bride and groom in love on their honeymoon.
And they weren't doin' nothin' wrong, but it's how my mother came along
And here I am with words and song singin' bout the way I was made.

Whoa oh! It feels so good to have your blood in my veins.
Whoa oh! It feels so good to have your blood in my veins.

My dad, he was a country kid. He loved to smoke and hunt and fish.
Mom, she was a city babe, a pretty little girl who never ate.
They met at school with broken hearts and healed each other from the start
Man and woman play your part, now we're closer to the way I was made.

Whoa oh! It feels so good to have your blood in my veins.
Whoa oh! It feels so good to have your blood in my veins.

Legend says our family tree grows black and white and Indian leaves.
And if the history books are right, none of us are really white.
In fact, I think that means, that everybody's blood is just the same.

Whoa oh! It feels so good to have your blood in my veins.
Whoa oh! It feels so good to have your blood in my veins.