

# Wishing Chair, This House

This house is built of oak and stone  
Here I make my stand  
If you want to know me  
You'll have to take me as I am

Standing in these new-plowed fields  
Mud up to my knees  
Everybody's got their words to say  
But I do just as I please  
I'm the many architects  
And I bend to their design  
...as a newlywed?  
Recall the place and time

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Life's a war of small talk  
And I hate to pretend  
But how can I weave? between  
Such voluntary friends  
My clothes, my ???, my cigarettes  
Gasoline and beer  
Slipping through the hands of strangers  
I find my way back here

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There's so much here to realize  
Cold water to my face  
I bow to tie my sneakers  
And burn the book of saints

When we were kids we used to talk  
Of staying tough and true  
Through the years the words held up  
I trust the best of me to you

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You'll have to take me as I am  
□(repeat 2x)

This house is built of oak  
And stone.